

# LIFE

# IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNÁ;

OR,

# SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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# INTRODUCTION.

The following Journal was regularly forwarded. during a six years' residence in India, to the writer's family and friends. Events, anecdotes, and reflections were recorded as they came before her; and this will account, not only for the miscellaneous character of the work, and for the personal details with which, in spite of her endeavours to weed them out, it is still too much encumbered, but for any failure in the attempt to exclude remarks that may be unpleasant to those on whom they are made.

The Author has been under the disadvantage of publishing at a distance from her husband, and without the possibility of referring to his opinion,

or obtaining his sanction for either the omission or retention of passages on which she would have desired them. She, therefore, protests against his being considered responsible for any statement she has made, and only claims for herself the merit of an impartial desire to speak the truth.

The Author also feels it necessary to apologize to those friends whose letters she has used more largely than she was at first aware of, in giving an account of the Panjáb Campaign. Distance has prevented her obtaining their permission, and she was unwilling to appropriate the credit of these narratives to herself, by using the facts and altering the language; but she has endeavoured, as far as possible, to avoid publishing anything which the writer might object to seeing in print.

LONDON, JULY, 1853.

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# LIFE

## IN THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENÁNÁ.

### CHAPTER I.

Life at Sea.—Trade Winds.—The Survivor of Minden.—Sermon.—Sunday School.—Calms without, Discord within.—An Alligator.—Music.—Expenses of a Voyage.—Sunset.—High Churchman.—Soldiers' Wives.—Don Juan.—Spelling.—Recruits.—Albatross.—Amsterdam.—Marriages.—Officer Overboard.—Virtuous Old Times.—Shark.—Society on Board.—Assassin and Suicide.—Latest case of Piracy.—Wine.—Arrival.—Sailors and Bibles.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1846.—We have been since September 2nd in the Tropics, the thermometer about 82° in my cabin, which is the coolest in the ship; but the evenings are delightful—the very perfection of refreshing warm weather. This last week has flown very rapidly. We have seen two ships; a little land bird came on board; one of the cabin-boys fell down the hatchway yesterday evening; and as he lay groaning, he said, "Oh, take Mr. Consitt (the chief officer) his tea." We all greatly admired this strong sense of duty in the poor little man. We also saw a shoal of Albicores, a huge white fish of about one cwt.

each, leaping and sporting in the waves; and this, I think, forms the sum total of the week's occurrences. The last few days we have had numerous musquitoes. I have been astonished to see how much less wave there is at sea than one would expect from living on the sea-coast; even yesterday it was more a great swell which heaved us up and down, than breakers and foam as I had anticipated. Captain Henning has lent me a letter of Basil Hall's (in Daniel's "Meteorological Observations,") explaining the trade winds. North of the equator, their most general direction is north-east; south of the equator, south-east: they extend to about 28° to 30° on each side of the line; but the southern limit of the N.E. trade varies with the season of the year, and follows the course of the sun, so that now when the sun is about 6½ N., we cannot expect to have the trades below 10° or 12° N., while in December and January, when the sun has a high southern declination, they reach almost to the line, but never pass it; whereas the S.E. often encroaches as much as 3° or 4° on the northern latitudes.

After losing the trades we enter a region of variable winds and calms, which is the most tedious and uncertain portion of the voyage; of course the narrower the extent of the trades, the wider is that of the variables.

The trade winds become more and more southerly as they approach the line, and as the S.E. trade is unfavourable to us, when we meet it we shall have to bear away to the west, keeping of course as near the wind (that is sailing as much against it) as possible.

The heat on this side of the Cape is much greater and more oppressive than on the other, because we get the hot wind from the African coast, of which the sirocco is a specimen.

The causes of the trade winds are twofold: first, the air near the equator, being much hotter than in higher latitudes, ascends, whilst the cool air from the north and south poles rushes in beneath it, and thus produces a north and south wind blowing from the respective poles towards the line, whilst far above in the sky the highest clouds are seen taking a contrary direction towards the poles; secondly, the velocity of the earth at the equator is about 1000 miles an hour, but in latitude 30° it is about 140 miles an hour less. The air partakes of the same velocity as the earth and water beneath it; when, therefore, this slow air is drawn towards the equator, it is at first left behind by the superior velocity of the earth's motion eastward, and thus, as we rush along with the earth, the tardy wind puffs in our faces, until by degrees its motion becomes more and more accelerated and we feel it no longer. This is the reason why as the trade winds approach the line they lose this easterly character, and retain only their northern or southern direction, which arises from the first named cause. The monsoon in the Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, and China, is accounted for on the same principles. When the sun has great northern declination, India and China become so much heated that the air from the equator being the coolest, rushes in to fill up the place of the heated Indian atmosphere, which ascends as a matter of course. This said equatorial air coming from the south, and having a more rapid motion to the east than the regions it comes to visit, produces a south-westerly wind. When, on the other hand, the sun goes to the south, the reverse takes place, and the south-east monsoon is produced. In the N.E. trades the earth is like a steam-carriage, creating a wind by rushing through the air. The northerly and southerly motion

is easily understood. I hope this is clear to you, dear people. You see there would be nothing but easterly winds if the earth were a uniform mass of land and water; but, as land and water do not retain heat an equal length of time, the great masses of heated earth produce variations in the currents of air, as I have endeavoured to expound. The reason that strong westerly winds are so prevalent N. of Madeira and S. of the Cape is, that the air from the equator, which has been sailing along high up with very little friction to diminish its velocity, has, by the time it arrives there, become sufficiently cooled to descend from its high horse (the air beneath it being hotter in those latitudes), and creates a westerly wind, just as when a steam-carriage passes we feel the whiff thereof.

C. has just interrupted me with a story Major M. has been telling him. When the 51st were at Plymouth in 1819, they heard that an old gentleman who had been present at a review of the regiment, had thanked God that he had lived to see the 51st once more. They inquired about him, and finding that he had been a lieutenant in the regiment, and had been present with it at the battle of Minden, they immediately determined to give him a grand dinner, and invited the Admiral, the General, all the authorities, and many of the county gentlemen, and in fact, gave the old officer such an entertainment as had never been heard of in the 51st before. The old man was seated on the right hand of the chair, and after the usual toasts, the Colonel gave the "memory of the heroes of Minden," which was drunk in solemn silence. Rising again, he proposed, in a speech warm from the heart, the health of their venerable guest, the sole survivor of the 51st who had fought in that battle; this was received with such pro-

longed and enthusiastic cheering, the naval men joining in a sort of ecstasy, that the poor old man was quite overcome, and at last leant his head down on the table, and sobbed. He returned thanks with difficulty, saying, that, after this, he did not care how soon he died. When he went away, the Admiral, the Colonel, and some of the principal officers (all of whom had received him as if he had been the father of each one in particular), accompanied him to the door, and saw him into his carriage.

Major M. also told us of an interview he had had with Sir James Stephen. Shortly after his return from Van Dieman's Land, he was requested to call at the Colonial Office, in order to give the results of his observations and experience in that colony. Sir James Stephen received him most blandly, then leaning back in his chair, he folded his hands, half closed his eyes, and gave utterance to a series of various apothegms and reflections, perfectly true and extremely well expressed, for the space of an hour and a half. He then rose, blandly thanked the astonished Major M. for his *valuable information*, and bowed him out of the room, without having allowed him to utter a sentence.

Monday, September 7th.—We are off the Cape Verd Islands: our worst run hitherto has been ninety-seven miles in the twenty-four hours, *i. e.* four knots an hour. Yesterday was exceedingly hot: there were upwards of twenty fans in use at dinner. The Chaplain preached a short discourse, literally in praise of religion, showing it to be a good and profitable thing, but not showing what it was, nor how it was to be obtained. A Mollah might have been thankful for the loan of it, if he had found himself unprepared some Friday morning. Yesterday, to our great satisfaction,

the missionary, Mr. M., preached, or rather read, a very good sermon; he is an Independent, but that I keep secret.

Mrs. D. and I had agreed to try to get up a Sunday-school for the women and children on board. Three of the young ladies came to help us. C. made "Paterson on the Shorter Catechism" his text-book, beginning with the first commandment, and taking only the simple parts. About eight women and children were present: we hope next time to have more—each of the young ladies helped the others to find the texts referred to. May God graciously bless this attempt to lead them into the way of salvation. Afterwards C. read one of McCheyne's last sermons, Miss M., Miss D., and their maid, being present.

To-day we have nearly a calm;—do you know that in a calm we have more rolling than in a fresh breeze? Captain H. says, that naval men owe a great debt of gratitude to Colonel Reid for his work on Storms. The best course, now that the law of storms is understood, is for a ship to lie with her head to the wind, when a gale comes on, however favourable the wind may appear to be, and the storm thus passes over her.

Tuesday.—The joyful news that a homeward-bound ship was in sight, threw us all into confusion. Every body prepared their letters—we rushed on deck—she shortened sail, and we soon approached her. She looked very pretty, breasting the waves as she passed under the stern of the "Alfred,"—but, to our disappointment, we found she was a Genoese bound to Genoa. We had, however, the satisfaction of seeing some living thing besides ourselves. I cannot imagine any one enjoying a sea-voyage unless they were making love. The monotony is very tiresome, and I have

not felt well enough to enjoy any occupation but reading. We stay in our cabin most of the day—the nights are lovely—we walk or sit on deck until nine o'clock. The Captain and his wife, the Doctor, Mr. M., and some of the officers of the ship, are very pleasant. Some of the ladies have empty heads, and some full hearts, so there is scarcely one whose conversation is at all a luxury. In the utter dearth of incident, one hails the arrival of a little bird from the African coast with more pleasure than you can imagine, just as you would a visit from Mr. B. or Carlyle. The little bird was caught, and I kissed and stroked him for joy.

I am in daily fear of becoming a gossip; the fear, I hope, will preserve me from danger;—one day one hears of a quarrel between two black-bearded passengers, because one helped the other too largely to rice-pudding—another day a Queen's officer is riotous, and all the young ladies peep behind the jalousies to see what is the matter; then "Miss A. has been *so* spiteful to Miss B."—Miss C. won't sit any longer beside Dr. D., because she thinks him *very* rude—Miss E. talks too much to Captain F., and takes pet because Mrs. H. kindly tells her of it:—and so every day brings forth its small quota of pettiness. A lady paid me a visit the other day, and spent the whole time in talking to my maid about the characters of their mutual acquaintance. She often makes me laugh. I told her the other night we were going south, which, said I, is very good—"I am sure, ma'am," she answered, "I don't know—I am not an alligator," meaning navigator!

I send you a little sketch of the morning muster of the soldiers on board; the officers nearly rival them in variety of apparel—some wear red jackets, some white;

some black coats, some brown holland, and most of them have turn-down collars, and little black neckerchiefs, such as they must have worn in the days when they "crept unwillingly to school." Two Sundays ago the soldiers appeared in white frocks and trousers, furnished by the Company, looking exactly like magnified little boys. It nearly upset my gravity.

Yesterday, there was more motion than we have yet had, so that our chairs were lashed to the posts in the cuddy, or to the legs of the dinner-table; but nothing very diverting occurred.

I have been reading Elliott's "Horæ Apocalypticæ," and Carlyle's "Revolution," with exceeding pleasure. In fact, one's chief happiness on board-ship lies in books. Miss M. and I read a canto of Dante together daily, which we greatly enjoy.

Monday, September 21st.—Every one has been more or less unwell, for the heat at the beginning of last week was most oppressive—not very intense, for in our cabin I never remarked the thermometer above 84°, but a dull, clammy heat, that made one feel sick; and even the evening wind was not refreshing, but felt as if it came over a cool bog. In the cuddy, at dinner, I think the thermometer must have reached blood heat. C. thinks that coming inside the Cape de Verde Islands, which we have done, is probably not so healthy as passing outside; for, as the African coast is pestilential, and some of the Cape de Verdes have lately proved equally so, it is reasonable to suppose that the air between them is anything but salubrious. I have not been able to eat breakfast since I came on board; but since we passed the sun, which we did on Friday, there has been a wonderful difference in the wind, which is now quite cool, coming direct to us

from the South Pole. We passed the Line early on Saturday morning—a wonderfully fine passage of only four weeks since we left Portsmouth. Captain H. is not on visiting terms with Neptune, who consequently did not appear. One of the officers caught a Vilella (a curious mucilaginous fish) and gave it to me; it is about five inches long, of a deep indigo-blue colour, with a curious fin, which serves as a sail; its mouth lies underneath, and when touched it stings. I saw many of them in the water—in sailing, they spin round and round.

I paid a visit to a lady the other day, compelled thereto by politeness, or, as Mr. P. would say, "self-respect;" some other ladies were there. They entertained me with an account of Christmas Cakes at Calcutta. One told of the cake she had had last year—the ornaments from Paris; the other did not go to see the Confectioners' show—she was prevented; and so on, the very smallest of imaginable small-talk.

Hitherto our party has been like a list of *dramatis personæ,* long and tiresome, but last week the plot began to thicken. Some ladies got up a little quarrel, and a poor mad officer made a proposal. His case is a very sad one, as he is decidedly insane, and must be invalided as soon as he arrives; we are all in fear lest he should do something rash, such as throwing himself overboard.

Wednesday, September 23rd.—The poor officer whom I mentioned is better: he came and spoke to me this morning collectedly enough. It makes one's heart ache to see him; he is very gentlemanly, very obliging, and has a mother and sister living. He showed me our track on the chart, and then explained that there were a great many other tracks to the westward, all of which we had avoided.

Last night some of the soldiers took it into their heads to sing in parts, accompanied by one of the serjeants who plays well on the flute: the effect was beautiful, and the voices, borne on the evening wind, stole on the ear like those of some choice choir. They sung slow touching airs, such as the "Canadian Boat Song," "My Highland Home," that showed they had the same feelings in their hearts as those which filled our own. Since the days of Babel, music is the one universal language left us, perhaps the only mode in which man speaks to man of his thoughts and feelings without regard of persons.

My servant R—— amuses me very much; she talks not like a "prènt buke," but like a water-wheel, and is evidently as much acquainted with all her former mistress's affairs and opinion as she herself can be. In India she has a man-servant of her own, upwards of 45*l.* a year wages, and never touches a needle from one year's end to another. She said to me the other day, when I was working, "Oh, ma'am, I wish you had some nice wool!" "Why?" answered I, in some surprise. "I wish to work a pair of slippers for Mrs. ——." She is evidently accustomed to ask for anything her mistress has: I find her very useful on board, however, very obliging and good-tempered.

The Captain was telling me the other day about his ship: he is part owner; the expenses out and home are about 12,000*l.* The midshipmen get no pay; their "'prentice fee" is 60*l.*, their mess 10*l.* per annum: so that, with outfit, their expenses for the first year are not less than 120*l.* to 140*l.* After three voyages, if one of them is appointed fourth officer of the ship, he gets 20*s.* a month, whereas a common sailor gets 2*l.* I asked why they got so little. Captain H. replied,

"Oh, they are of so little use." The second officer gets from 8*l.* to 10*l.* a month, and the first a little more. There is an uncertainty how long the ships will pay, for the rate of passage-money is greatly reduced. We pay 220*l.* for a stern cabin for ourselves, a share of the women's cabin for R., and our board. Formerly, a man coming home paid 1000*l.*, and a man and his wife 1500*l.* It is the voyage home (when both freight and passage-money are higher than on the voyage out) which pays the owners.

Thursday, October 8th.—Since September 24th, when we were in south latitude 16°, it has been cold; there is a wonderful difference in the temperature north and south of the line, the former being much warmer in the same latitudes. We are now in 40° S. latitude, or as much to the south of the equator as Madrid is north of it, and this is the first summer month in these regions, yet we have all been wearing our warmest dresses for the last ten days. I am now writing in fur cuffs, and sit all day in a wadded silk cloak over a merino gown. By the time we arrive at Calcutta, I think my wits will be in a perfect state of imbroglio in regard to time and seasons. Within six weeks we have had autumn, summer, and winter weather. In a short time we expect summer again, though not of that oppressive and overpowering heat we endured on the west coast of Africa, and then another spell of cold weather before reaching Calcutta: we ought to come out as hard and sharp as steel after these sudden alternations of temperature. The greatest heat in our cabin was not above 84°, now it is not below 58°, and yet the cold is great; I begin to think the thermometer gives no more idea of the heat one

feels than the number of years one has lived does of the real age.

We left the tropics on September 29th, and on Monday, the 28th, we saw the first of those glorious sunsets which we had expected in vain since we entered them. I cannot describe the wondrous beauty of the sky: at first it appeared like a lovely English sunset, when gradually the sun, having entered into his chamber, summoned his "royal body-guard of prismatic colours," illuminating the whole sky with gold, crimson, purple, and even green, from the most delicate tints to the most gorgeous radiance, filling the heart with delight and the eye well nigh with tears. Far beyond the dark rolling waters were continents and bays, studded with islands bathed in a flood of light, and giving some faint image of that better country, that New Jerusalem who shall descend adorned as a bride "whose clothing is of wrought gold." "Ah, if L. were here! and dear E.!" We both longed for you. When we see the reality of that glorious vision, I trust all those dearest to us will "walk with the Lamb in white."

I never had an hour of greater enjoyment. How greatly our impressions from external things depend on the state of the mind in which we see them! had I been alone, I doubt if even this magnificence would have given me anything like real pleasure.

On the 29th September we first saw some birds, which have ever since formed a most pleasing variety to our "outlook," as Carlyle would call it. Nothing can exceed the monotony of a sea view, unenlivened by the sight of any living creature—but now the ocean is alive with the huge albatross, the beautiful

Cape pigeon, and lovely little stormy-petrels, all of them incessantly whirling around us, chasing one another, diving and skimming along, or floating on the waves, full of life and enjoyment. Many of the young officers amuse themselves with wantonly shooting at these poor birds. The other day we saw an albatross wounded, sink helpless on the distant waves. Certainly some of the officers on board do little credit to Her Majesty's service: those one knows at home are always gentlemanly, but four of these on board have been under arrest for intoxication since we sailed; and I am told they do not scruple to tell the most coarse stories in the presence of ladies. They pass their time in utter idleness, and drink, on an average, a bottle and half of wine a-piece daily, besides a quantity of spirits; some of them are young men of twenty-two, with wives younger than themselves. I have seen more of human life since I came on board than I ever did before; it is an ugly picture, but I will just endeavour to sketch a part of it for you.

You know we have a Company's chaplain, and an Independent missionary on board; the latter is, I believe, a thoroughly Christian man, and Captain H. being (like several of the passengers besides ourselves) a Presbyterian, insisted on his preaching every alternate Sunday. He reads his sermons, which are very good, their only fault in my opinion being, that they are not pointed and personal enough, and that he does not appeal sufficiently to the conscience of his hearers, showing them how full they are of sin, and urging the necessity of an entire conversion. They are as inoffensive as Scriptural discourses could by any possibility be; but one of the officers on board is a High Churchman, and the Sunday before last (October 3d), when we

were obliged to have prayers in the cuddy, on account of the rain, both he and his wife left directly the service was over, and before the Missionary began his sermon. He afterwards made divers uncourteous speeches about "Methodist parsons, &c." I wonder what he would say of the field-preaching, prayer meetings, and other canonical irregularities that must have gone on when "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word?" (Acts viii. 1-4.) Mr. M. has begun a course of lectures in our cabin for all who chose to come. Many are the expedients to find and contrive seats; from seventeen to twenty attend.

Our meeting before dinner on Sundays for the women and children goes on well. We meet also on Thursday at the same hour, and the soldiers' wives come regularly, although they are all Roman Catholics; with children, women, and young ladies, our party amounts to one or two and twenty. Mr. M. also preaches in our cabin on Wednesdays or Thursdays.

Four of the young ladies on board always attend our domestic worship, and in the evening they come to our cabin and C. reads aloud while we work. He has read "Rokeby," and we are now enjoying Pollok's "Course of Time." The Doctor and the third officer, Mr. G., a most gentlemanly, intelligent young man, always attend Mr. M.'s discourses, and four of the young ensigns do the same, more or less regularly. All this has roused the antagonistic principle in the senior officer on board, who lectured each of the young officers for attending the preaching of a man "who had no more right to preach than his shoemaker," and said they would disoblige him and the Chaplain if they did so again. They all, however, declared they would not give it up, and whatever mixed motives may have

prompted their reply, we trust they may benefit by coming. He then tried to persuade C. to forbid them to come, which of course he declined, but very courteously, so that they remain on good terms. Then the said officer scolded the soldiers' wives for coming to hear Captain M. ("who," said he, "being of the Church of Scotland, is much more against Catholics than the Chaplain") when they refused to attend divine service. They all said they were Romanists and could not do so. He threatened one that he would stop her porter. She said she did not mind. My husband paid the Chaplain a visit for the purpose of assuring him that nothing was farther from his intention than showing any disrespect to him, and noticed his liberality in remaining to hear Mr. M.'s sermons.

You cannot, without seeing them, imagine the trials a poor soldier's wife has to endure. If the young Irishwoman, Mrs. A., had not got on board secretly and concealed herself till we were out at sea, she would have been left penniless and friendless in England, with no chance of ever seeing her husband again. This occurs every time a regiment leaves England, for only a certain number of women, chosen by lot, may accompany it. What a temptation to vice, and what misery for them! Few of those on board had sufficient clothes, and none of them anything like comforts for the voyage. I never knew how valuable the scraps of a family dinner could be to poor people until I saw Mrs. A. make her dinner off part of the mutton-chop which I have every day for my luncheon—I always give most of it to her, and often both she and her husband partake of it, and eat every bit, fat, skin and all, leaving nothing but a bare bone. I wish I had some more arrowroot of my own to give away, for I can get

plenty for myself, but it would not be right to be charitable out of the ship's stores.

Tuesday, October 29th.—It is long since I have been able to write, but before I give you an account of the weather I will finish my picture of "Life on board." The other day a young Queen's officer became intoxicated, as he had often been before, beat and scratched his bride, and turned her out of the cabin in the night, to the edification of the soldiers and sailors of the watch! One of the most ladylike-looking young women, a wife and mother, wanted Miss D. to read "Don Juan" aloud to her, and laughed at her scruples, saying they were "all nonsense," and another matron gravely reprimanded the first, and admonished Miss D. "if she ever did read the book, never to confess having done so."

At family worship in the morning we examine the Romans, in the evening, Matthew. The young Irish woman takes a lesson in reading daily, but gets on very slowly, *e. g.* she will call "ta-lent"—"Father," and her husband, C.'s pupil, although he reads much better, spells sometimes as follows:—"P-h-i-l pil, i-p ip," Peter!" He is rather an intelligent man, but his interpretation of some passages of Scripture shows the ignorance of the lower orders in England; for he says that he knows that most agree with his idea, that "with what measure ye mete," &c., means that if a man has sinned, perdition will be meted out to him, so that it is of no use for him to try to become better. Then he thought "Man shall not live by bread alone," meant that the rich were very wrong not to supply poor people with *meat*, by giving them sufficient wages to buy it or otherwise. However C. has set him right on these points. We have had very rough weather lately.

Friday, October 30th.—Just as I had written "lately" the ship rolled, and away went I and my chair, letter and pen, as if I had been a "fleeing dragon," to the other side of the cabin, so there was no more writing to be done that day.

Speaking of one of the soldiers' wives, the boatswain told my husband he had had his eye upon her ever since she came on board, and that he considered her one of the most respectable women in the ship; that he had often seen her in the galley, "where," said the honest man, "those brutes of recruits, who are neither soldiers nor sailors, nor anything else that I know of, insult her in every possible way, but that she never answered a word, and made the best of everything." It is impossible to describe what she has suffered from the soldiers, it is really a shame to call such wretches by so honourable a name. I never saw such faces except when we visited Newgate, and C. says in all his experience he never saw such a collection of the very refuse of society. One of the other women spoke with tears in her eyes, of the insults she had to endure, and the vile language she had to hear, although she is in a little cabin, and not like the former, in the very midst of the horde; they have a special spite at the latter because she takes up a little space in their over-crowded barracks.

Imagine the state of discipline they are in when one of the young officers, who is very strict, is pelted, and has water thrown on him in the execution of his duty, and no steps taken to discover or punish the offenders.

Some days ago a beautiful albatross was caught with a hook, it measured eleven feet six inches from wing to wing; they let it go, but in the afternoon wantonly caught another, killed it, and cut off its head! The

officers continue shooting at the poor birds in spite of all that has been said to them, so I am very happy the birds are deserting us. Major M. acknowledged it was very cruel and unmanly, but would not interfere, for they must do something. Why does he not make the same excuse for those who choose to hear the Missionary?

I have been much struck with the excellent education one of the young ladies has received, without having had half the advantages that most girls have, for she has been a great part of her life in Van Dieman's Land, and I think without a governess. Her father has been almost her sole instructor. She is a really good French, Italian, and Spanish scholar, plays on the guitar, and sings sweetly, is one of the most lady-like young girls on board, and at the same time very useful and clever with her needle and in taking care of her infant sister. It shows how much education depends on the pupil.

It is now getting warmer,—a few days ago we could not keep ourselves warm even with shawls and cloaks by day or by night. Much warmer clothing is required on board than is usually needed in an English winter. One should always have things to give away, as arrowroot, oranges, lemon juice, &c., which are all most acceptable to poor people on salt rations. Old clothes and books to lend are also very useful.

Bride cake, made in small sizes and not very rich, is an excellent thing for a voyage, and keeps good the whole way.

On the 27th we saw the Island of Amsterdam; it is 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, very rocky, with fine precipitous ravines—it is uninhabited. It was on this island that the "Lady Monro" was

wrecked in 1833. You will find it mentioned in the "Church in the Army," No. XVI. In St. Paul's, which is some distance from it, and which we could not see, there is a lake with boiling springs in it, so that fish may be caught in one part of the lake and boiled in the other.

Two of the young ladies on board have just announced their engagements. One of them is a handsome young Scotch girl of sixteen, but looks much older, whose mother has allowed her to engage herself to an officer on board, with nothing to recommend him but great height, a red cap, and tolerable expectations,—a man who does nothing but smoke and lounge, and who has been under arrest since we came on board for intoxication.* Her cousin is Irish, very stout, and rather good-looking. A civilian on board, a widower with four or five children, proposed to her after finding another lady "was bespoken," and was accepted. They are to be married a week after their arrival in Calcutta. She wept a good deal the first day, but now seems content, and says, "she is an orphan and has no home, and this would be one," &c., and so they are to be wedded without any pretence of love on either side—he wanted a wife, and she a home. He is very well off, and came provided with rings and other presents, so determined was he to marry.

The state of the clothes which have come out of the hold is lamentable. Silk comes out as wet as if it had been held over the steam of a boiler, but luckily not spotted.

We have rushed into hot weather with wonderful

* They were married, and, before she was eighteen, she was deserted by her worthless husband, and compelled to return to her parents with her infant child.

rapidity, and nothing can be less like the dreary month of November.

Sunday, the 1st instant, we again had prayers on deck. I wore winter clothes, and a wadded velvet scarf—nothing more in the way of wrapping, for it was getting *mild;* the Thursday after, I was overpowered with heat in a thin muslin dress.

Tuesday, November 10th.—We had a dreadful alarm on Sunday morning! Poor Captain B. has been getting as mad as ever, since the warm weather began; but in spite of his evident insanity, no precaution was taken by the military surgeon in charge, beyond placing a soldier outside his cabin to watch him through the Venetian blinds; and he was suffered to lock himself in and barricade his door inside. On Saturday we were speaking on the subject, prognosticating some fearful deed if the precautions that common sense dictated were not taken. The officers used to divert themselves by going into the poor man's cabin and laughing at the strange things he said, especially at his religious fits, for he is constantly praying and reading his Bible, and thinks he sees visions. I was reading in my cabin, R. was doing something at the stern-ports, when we heard a voice close to us from the water; she paused and listened, and then, clasping her hands, with a face of agony cried, "Oh, Ma'am, poor Captain B.!" I was on deck in an instant. Every one, soldiers and all, were crowding aft. He was already almost out of sight. Mr. Boulton, with great presence of mind, on first hearing the splash, and the voice crying, "Good bye, I shall be back again soon!" immediately cut loose the life-buoy. Two boats were lowered directly, but it seemed as if they would never give way. A man

was sent to the mizen mast to keep his eye on him, and at C.'s suggestion a telescope was sent up to him. I never shall forget the horror of the suspense; there was no time for thought, nothing but the horrid idea that a fellow-creature had plunged into the fathomless ocean, The kind Doctor came and assured me he thought he would be saved, as he was an excellent swimmer. I thought this would be some comfort to the other ladies, so I went below, and found a cabin full of them; every face on bŏard, man and woman alike, was paler than usual. The ship was put about, and soon we were told that the boats were very near him. As the position of the ship changed, we flew from one cabin to another to get a view of the boats. Mr. Consitt, the chief officer, came up to him first—he had got hold of the life-buoy, but would not come into the boat until Mr. Consitt frightened him by an allusion to a shark. When he came near the ship, he again tried to throw himself over, so that they were obliged to tie him down, when he began crowing like a cock and imitating a cuckoo. It was with much difficulty they got him into his cabin, and he was so violent that he nearly felled the Doctor with a blow of his fist. Two soldiers were put in with him, and he made them kneel and pray with him—I think praise to God must have risen from every heart for his rescue. We heard afterwards, that he had fancied he had seen corn-fields and gardens, and beautiful trees and flowers, in the distance (of all fancies the most natural on board ship), and wanted to get to them. In passing by the ship, he caught a glimpse of Captain H., and waved his hand to him as he swam away. Good Dr. W., calm and cautious as our dear countrymen usually are, was so transported with indignation at the shameful

negligence displayed, that he exclaimed, "If that poor man is drowned, his blood will be on the heads of those that have had the charge of him." The scene in the next cabin to ours was a strange one; one lady stood sobbing, another exclaiming; one of the ayahs weeping as in duty bound, and another crying, "Oh, Ma'am, poor dear fine gentleman!"

There was no time to have the awning rigged for church on deck, so that we had prayers without sermon in the cuddy; and neither then nor in the evening did the Chaplain insert the slightest notice of the mercy which had been just vouchsafed.

Mr. M., in his prayer in the afternoon meeting, thanked God for the preservation of one of our number from a watery grave, prayed for his restoration to health of body and serenity of mind, and, above all, for his eternal salvation.

Wednesday, November 11th, 1846.—Since yesterday morning, the sea has been like an ocean of glass: except for the smallest possible heaving, it is like a smiling, imperturbably good-tempered woman, whom nothing disturbs, and whom there is no getting on with; but of the two, the sea is the least trying to my patience.

They caught a booby a few days ago, but let it fly again; it is a stupid bird, that suffers itself to be caught, without even the preliminary of putting salt on its tail.

We have been reading our neighbour's books, to save our own for future consumption. I must send you a passage from "Chambers' Cyclopedia of Literature"; it is by Bellenden, a Scottish historian of James V's time, who, in comparing "the new manirs and the auld of the Scottis," says of "our eldaris,"—

"They disjunit airly in the morning with small refection, and sustenit thair liffis thairwith quhil the time of sowper, throw quhilk thair stamok was never surfeitly changit to empeche thaim of uther besiniss. . . . All drinkeitis, glutonis, and consumers of vitalis mair nor was necessar to the sustentation of men, war tane and first commandit to swelly thair fowth (fill) of what drink they plesit, and incontinent thairafter weir drownit in ane fresche river"! Were not these virtuous old days?

Mr. M. has lent us several volumes of "The American Biblical Repository," the best theological review I have ever seen. It is full of instructive and interesting articles, and is written in an excellent catholic spirit, worthy of the patronage of the Evangelical Alliance. I was amused at a quotation from old Camden, in a paper on Anglo-Saxon Literature. He says of languages: "The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestical, but fulsome and running too much on the O, and terrible like the devil in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready to pick a quarrel at any word"!—And then the conceited old writer concludes, that "the English, like bees, gather the honey of their good qualities, and leave the dregs to themselves!!"

It is so hot I make a partition in the cabin and let the ladies daily come in to enjoy my shower-bath. This is really a beautifully built ship. We have passed every one we have seen: she is wonderfully steady, though very long; she only wants more ballast to keep

her from leaning over so much, for at present she is like a cork on the water. We have now and then a cats-paw (which C. explained to me to be a sea zephyr), but no wind. However, after such a beautiful voyage as we have hitherto had, it would be most ungrateful to complain.

Tuesday, November 17th; 10° 40′ N. latitude.—Ever since I wrote last we have had very little wind, but excessive heat, and instead of beautiful runs of 220 and 250 miles, we have only made from 40 to 70 daily. To-day we have a little breeze, more welcome than can be described. Two events; killed a centipide in our cabin; it was about two inches and a half long, very like a caterpillar, only with feet like claws. A shark was also caught: the water was so still and transparent that I saw him quite plainly rushing about and seizing the bait. I could not have imagined so powerful and boisterous a fish; he was only about eight feet long, but with immense fins, and rushed on his prey with amazing bustle and voraciousness. They hauled him up, and for some time he hung close to one of the stern windows, where we saw him perfectly; he was brown on the back, and white underneath. I saw quite down his throat which was all white; his teeth in rows lying flat; his mouth was quite big enough to have snapped off one's head. They let him into the water again and towed him round to the starboard side. I went on deck to see him hauled up, but it was ill managed; the shark gave a violent jerk, broke loose (although the hook had gone quite through the upper jaw, or at least through the cartilage), and we soon saw him tumbling about in a terrible rage. If you wish to see 150 men in one unanimous pout, you should have been

on deck then; the very Captain was so annoyed that he passed me with downcast looks and without shaking hands.

We have lovely sunsets and sun-risings. The dawn yesterday surpassed any I ever saw, and almost every evening the sky is adorned with huge tracts of the richest amber, and others of the most glorious crimson hues, with light clouds above of the most brilliant rose colour. Sometimes near the sun there is even a greenish tinge. Remark this fact, for artists generally say there is no green in the sky, but I have observed it repeatedly. Two days ago there was a beautiful appearance at sunrise, a white cloud hung down like a curtain, in front of it floated a darker one with bright edges, like a huge fish, while far behind and around both, stretched, as it were, an ocean of transparent ether in which they floated, it was like clear water in the sky. The sky at night is most lovely. I only saw the Southern Cross once, we have now lost sight of it. I never saw the new moon with an old moon in her arms so clearly as sometime ago. The whole orb was distinctly visible. Arnott (whose "Elements of Physics" I have been reading) says that it is the light reflected from the illuminated side of the earth, which renders the shady side of the moon thus partially visible.

We have made ninety-two miles to-day in the right direction, so that we may hope to be in Calcutta early next week. Mr. M., the missionary, told us a very interesting story of an Afghán who fell sick and was robbed on his way to sell figs and grapes in Calcutta. He sought assistance from his co-religionists, who recommended him to apply to the Mirzápúr Mission. He did so, was kindly treated, recovered his health, and

showed a daily increasing interest in the gospel, which at last ripened, so far as human judgment could ascertain, into a joyful reception of it. He was baptized and gave the greatest satisfaction to the missionaries, until he could no longer repress his desire to make known the glad tidings of salvation to his own kinsfolk. He started for Afghanistan, but died on his journey. Much as one regrets that he was not permitted to preach the gospel in his own country, it is a joyful thought that at least *one* Afghan is safe within the city which hath foundations whose builder or maker is God.

Monday, November 23rd, 1846.—Bay of Bengal, seventy-seven miles from the Sand Heads. The weather continues exceedingly warm. We were in hopes we should have got the pilot on Saturday; but the wind is right ahead of us, and we have to tack, etc., and are so far come down from our former ambitious hopes, that we are very glad if we make forty-five to seventy miles of latitude in the twenty-four hours. This, however, was to be expected at this season. From England to crossing the line the second time we made an average of 181 miles daily. We have had beautiful weather, very little rain; and I think nothing can surpass the deliciousness of a tropical evening on board ship, when there is plenty of air: the breeze is at once so mild and so refreshing. Almost every one has improved in health during the voyage. The food, which at first seemed very bad, has been very good since we became stronger and not so dainty. Now, alas! our two cows are both sick, so there was no milk at all this morning. I have just breakfasted on lime-juice and water and bread and jam; no great hardship, you will say.

We have lately seen some of the luminous creatures

which abound in tropical seas. Sitting in my cabin, in the dark, the other night, the dark blue sea, with the living stars flashing forth their brilliant light in the wake of the ship, formed an exact counterpart to the starry firmament above. The sunrise on Sunday was most lovely; no description can convey an idea of the brilliant rose-colour flames which illuminated the sky.

Wednesday, November 25th.—Yesterday morning, on rising, we found the sea green, instead of the deep, dark, beautiful blue it has hitherto appeared. This is a sign that we are really approaching land. The time has passed very quickly of late; and if it were not for our anxiety for letters, I should be in no great haste to arrive. For the sake of several on board I shall rejoice: two of the most amiable and lady-like girls have been making geese of themselves, by associating with others, whose society is anything but beneficial. I do not think a girl can be put to a severer trial of character and taste than by being sent on a voyage to India: I only trust our children will never be exposed to it. I never knew before how much the best inclined girls required guidance, or what errors they unavoidably fall into from their ignorance of the world, when deprived of a mother's care.

On Monday Mr. Consitt, the chief officer, told us some very interesting stories. When he was about eighteen, he went out to Montreal as second mate, in a vessel of 350 tons. The whole ship's company, with the exception of the Captain, the carpenter, himself, and one of the men, were carried off by the cholera morbus; they were, therefore, obliged to make up a crew as best they could, and such a set were seldom seen. Only two or three could steer; most of them were mere landsmen; the majority Irish, and of very

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disreputable appearance. Mr. Consitt was now chief mate; and he and the Captain had to take watch about. They had great trouble with the men, particularly with an Irishman named Dennis, who constantly pretended to be sick when he was not. The Captain kept him on deck for two or three days, and made him work, which of course displeased him very much. The vessel was laden with timber up to the top of the bulwarks, so that there was no railing or other protection against falling overboard. They were off the coast of Newfoundland, the weather very stormy, and the crew very inefficient; one very dark night Mr. Consitt had the first watch, from eight to twelve, when a man came aft and said Dennis was sitting in the chains drinking salt water; they had been on short allowance for several days. Mr. Consitt went forward, and asked him what he was doing: the man said "Nothing," came aft, and leant against the shrouds. He was dressed merely in his shirt and trousers, and stood with his right hand concealed in his bosom. Mr. Consitt asked him what he wanted; he said, "To see the Captain." Mr. Consitt answered, "Well, it is now half-past eleven, he will be up at twelve,"—and as he turned away, this huge ruffian seized him by the collar, and stabbed him thrice with a large carving-knife; one blow went through his arm, another split one of the buttons of his pea-coat, and broke against his breast-bone. The man hurled the haft at Mr. Consitt's head, and joining his hands over his head, plunged into the sea. The only boat was hanging between the masts for safety, the night was dark, the wind was high, and not even an attempt could be made to save the wretched man. No clue to his former circumstances was found in his chest. If instead of stabbing, he had endeavoured to throw the

young officer overboard, the destruction of the latter would have been inevitable.

Mr. Consitt also told us, that the last attack known of pirates upon a vessel of any size, was about ten years ago, when "The Morning Star," of about 300 tons, was within two days' sail of St. Helena. A Pirate brig hove in sight: the Captain of the vessel was for resisting, but a Major, in command of fifty invalids on board, refused, and recommended submission. The Captain and one of his officers, who went on board the Pirate, were sent down below and cut to pieces. The Mate of the Pirate brig came on board "The Morning Star," with some of his vile crew, put the passengers under the hatches, which they fastened down by placing casks upon them, ransacked and plundered everything, and forced the servants to wait on them with wine and food in the cuddy, where also they kept five or six ladies who were on board. At last they scuttled the ship and left her. The ladies, whose hands were tied, managed to get them free, and released the passengers and crew, who found out the leak, plugged it, and bore away for Ascension. Some years after, the Pirate Captain, who was a Spaniard, was hung at Gibraltar, and confessed that he had given orders to his Mate to murder every person on board, and such was his indignation at finding that the ship had only been scuttled, that he had returned to the spot to complete the work of blood, but fortunately "The Morning Star" was already out of sight.

I must mention one thing which truly has no connection with the foregoing. It is the quantity of wine most of the ladies drink. One young bride of twenty takes pure brandy in large quantities, and even well-behaved, lady-like young girls take more wine than C. does. A

glass at lunch, two or three at dinner, with beer, and a glass of negus at night, is scandalous, yet this seems to be a general practice on board passenger-ships; but surely this habit must have been begun at home. I no longer wonder at foreigners reproaching us with it. It strikes me more now from seeing the temperance of the Germans. *

We are now very near Calcutta. On Tuesday, as we were at dinner, we heard that a steamer was in sight, and had offered to take us in tow. You cannot imagine the excitement—she came rushing towards us, and never did I feel such admiration for her self-propelling power, as when I saw her moving freely towards *us*, who were the slaves of a contrary wind. She was the "Dwarkanáth." Some natives were on deck, at first I almost took them for wooden figures, so immovable were they, and so thin. Every one crowded to the bulwarks, solemn silence prevailed while the Captain roared questions through his trumpet. "All quiet;" "the Governor-General in the Upper Provinces." These were our first bits of news, for which we listened as for the notes of a nightingale; then a man brought some papers with nothing in them, and soon after, amid immense bustle, the "Dwarkanáth" took us in tow. We felt ourselves once more members of society, and inhabitants of the world. Such a sunset! so gorgeously magnificent, came to add to our pleasure. About nine o'clock we got the pilot, ninety-four days since our English one left us—an excellent passage for the season. The Pilot is not a rough tarry creature as I expected, but a gentleman, with very pleasing manners. We crowded round him to hear the news; there was not much. We have been talking of little else but "the Pilot" for the last week.

Thursday, November 26th.—On getting up yesterday morning, we were in the Húglí, near Ságar Island; my first address on seeing it was,—"You dirty, ugly, sluggish thing," the water drawn from it was so muddy that it was impossible to bathe in it. A boat came alongside with ghostly figures robed in white; to my great satisfaction it remained under our windows, and I made a sketch of it, which I mean to send home. Other boats soon came with plantains; R. bought some, and I thought them very good, though I was told they were very bad ones. We had eggs for breakfast—I ate a mouthful, drew a figure, ate a little more, and could settle to nothing.

In the middle of the day we came to Kedgéri, where the first post office is. A Dák boat put off and brought letters for several of us; a most affectionate line from Julia C. for us. One lady was joyful, her husband had got an excellent appointment, and was to be in Calcutta in a fortnight, and she is spared a long journey by herself to Kashmere. Another, who cannot care much for her husband, went into hysterics at hearing he was well. Several shed a few tears at receiving no letter, though they could not expect one. Towards evening, the river grew narrower, and we inhaled the delightful smell of land. No perfume can equal it: it has been cooler the last few days, the thermometer about 77°. I was much amused by seeing the boatmen eat; they wash their heads, their teeth, their bodies, their arms and legs most diligently, then each man sits down to a huge metal dish of coarse rice; then they washed, washed, washed again, then some of them ate more rice, and then began again to wash; they are very slender, but well made, and their attitudes most picturesque. They wear a long cloth wrapped round the body, some-

what like a pair of drawers, and when cold a large chaddah, or sheet, which they usually draw over the head; it is just like the Roman toga, and makes beautiful drapery. Some of the men wear their hair à la Chinoise, knotted up like a woman's; the others, shaggy-wise and short.

A lad came on board in the evening with some fish; he was thirteen, very slender, and, like the rest, seemingly very poor; their garments are coarse cloth of whitey-brown hue. He asked us for—what do you think?—a pack of cards to play with; which we had not. So C. gave him a shilling instead, which he said he would give to his mother. Mr. M. brought me a mango fish and a prawn to see. The former is such a delicacy, than an epicure of bygone days pronounced it worth coming to India for: it is about eight inches long, with a beard longer than itself; the prawn was nearly as big, beautiful to behold, but terrible to eat, for they feed on the bodies washed down the rivers. It was a beautiful chrysoprase green, semi-transparent. The shores are quite flat, just like Holland. As we came nearer, I was struck with the unforeign appearance of the scenery; there was nothing to distinguish it from the banks of the Thames, save the absence of houses (all of which are here hidden amongst the trees), and a few palms, which at a distance formed no prominent feature of the landscape; but then the sunset recalled one to the tropics. The sun went down like a burning ruby: you may imagine how glorious the red light was when I tell you my attention was drawn to it by seeing a mahogany door of a beautiful crimson. The evening would have been perfect had not the chief officer, incited by nautical vanity, nearly poisoned us by painting the ship.

We hope to be in to-day about four P.M. I forgot to tell you that we anchored both last night and the night before on account of the tide; we got up about five miles beyond Diamond Harbour last night. Had it not been for so opportunely falling in with the steamer when we did, we could not have arrived before Friday. My servant is packing up with great joy.

The other day C. asked an old quarter-master if any of the men wanted Bibles; four gave their names, and added at the end of the list, "We shall think it very kind of you;" and when C. gave one some tracts he said, "Ah, many people think, sir, that sailors never think of these things, but that is not the case." We finished Romans last night.

## CHAPTER II.

Calcutta.—The Course.—Free Kirk.—Native Town.—Dr. Duff.—Sparrows.—General Assembly.—Institutions.—Cricket.—Crows.—Botanical Garden.—Jacob.—Jewish and Armenian School.—Miss Laing's School.—Dumdum.—The Sind Amir's idea of Prayer.—Suburbs.—Catechists Jagadishwar.—Prasunár's Elopement.—The Old Rajput and his Sons.—Kapútli Nach.—Caricature of English Manners.—Bonamali.—A Yoghi.—General von Gagern.—Medical College.—Mussulman Obduracy.—Church of England.—Muharram.—Krishna Mohan Bánerji.—Alipore.—New Year's Day.—Union Chapel.—Calcutta Christians.—Mr. Wilson's School.—Telegraph Hay.—A Brahman Convert.—Poinsettia.—Bathing.—Bearers.—Rev. J. Macdonald.—Communion.—Miss Laing's School.—Charlotte Green.—Examination of Baranagar School.—Bengal Brahmans.—Death of Dr. Carey.

Friday, November 27th.—A happy woman am I to be here in Calcutta, and to have had such good accounts of those so unspeakably dear to me. No one can tell how I longed to hear of you, and how I long that you should know what we are doing. We dined yesterday at two o'clock, and immediately after went on deck: the nearer we approached Calcutta the prettier the shores became, from being studded with numerous European houses and gardens, the former much handsomer than I expected, and mostly two stories high. Suddenly the anchor was let go; every one asked "Why?" with disappointment in their looks—the simple reason was we were arrived! The scene was pretty; numerous ships

at anchor around us, and curious boats of various kinds; some gentlemen were seen approaching, with bearers holding umbrellas over their heads, coming for the ladies on board;—imagine the bustle. We went on shore in a boliah, a kind of gondola only larger, and rowed in the ordinary way. C. exhorted the men to pull by crying "Shabash," "Bravo," etc., to which they responded by a simultaneous shout of quite dramatic effect. We were carried over the mud on a wooden seat, and found the Camerons' carriage waiting for us. Two of the ladies and I, with two birdcages and L's picture (which, a few minutes before, had been in the arms of a dirty cooly!) were packed into the chariot, and despatched to Mr. P.'s, at Alipúr.

While waiting on the shore the scene was most picturesque. It was a lovely moonlight, so still and silent that, as the white-robed graceful figures marched slowly past, it appeared like a scene in a drama. We drove over a fine suspension bridge and along the course, passed a native village, which, in the uncertain light, looked like a fair, and arrived at a noble house in the midst of a small park. I was astonished at the size and beauty of the houses. After depositing Miss D. at Col. Forbes's, a fine old gentleman, who came out and pressed me most hospitably to stay to dinner, though he had never seen me before, I arrived at the C.'s, and met a warm welcome from Julia. I was amused with my drive; the carriage was an English-like chariot, with a roof above the real one, projecting half a foot on every side, and with a large open window at the back as well as in the front; it looked very droll to see a coachman with a little turban. I just looked at the letters to see that you were all well, and then went to dinner. Mr. C. is

small and slight, with a very intellectual and *young* face, and bright eye, with long snow-white hair combed backwards; I like him much, and felt at home directly. The iced water and delicious fine white bread were luxuries to us: and it was pleasantly cool, even with a silk dress on.

The servants who wait at table are always Muhammadans; they were dressed wholly in white, with white and crimson turbans—very picturesque. The people here have nothing of the heavy sauntering motions of the negro; all their movements are remarkably free, unconstrained, and graceful. Six servants waited at table, besides which, a bearer, clothed in crimson, and an ayah, sat on the floor in a corner amusing little Ewen, who is nearly three years old, by setting up his toys for him. The rooms are very lofty (about twenty feet high), handsomely furnished; but the rafters are all seen, which, although they are painted green, gives an unfinished look to the interior. Very spacious verandahs surround the houses: the beds stand in the middle of the room with a Phanka over them.

Lord Hardinge has written to offer C. the command of one of the four Sikh regiments to be raised on the Satlej (pay about 800 rupees a month), if he thought it worth his acceptance. C. immediately decided on taking it, and as this appointment has thus been put into our hands by a bounteous Heavenly Father, without any exertion on our part (beyond forwarding the letters of introduction), it seems all the more clearly His will that we should go, and my heart rose with thankfulness to Him for His innumerable mercies.

C. was sitting in the verandah with Mr. C. and

another friend. A man came and made salám: C. said, "How are you? Have you a place?" "No!" "Then go up and brush my clothes." The two gentlemen stared at each other, until he explained that this was his old sirdár bearer or (chief bearer) Bonamáli, who was with him in captivity, and whom he bribed an Afghán to send to Jelalabad, instead of which they made him eat beef and lose caste.

It is odd to feel dumb. This morning I put my head out of the door, and two graceful, bearded, grave Muhammadans came and made salám to me: I said, "Rivers:" they made another salám. "Rivers," said I again, and they salámed once more, till at last I cried "Ayah," when they nodded their heads intelligently and departed. In every room there are three or four people—two at least on each landing, J. has sixty servants in all: she has four or five European women in the house, who seem to help each other in doing nothing.

On Saturday I drove with her and the children on the course and through the fort: the former is the fashionable drive along the river, and was crowded with carriages,—some very handsome, some odd Palanquin-carriages, hackaries drawn by small oxen, buggies, and many equestrians. The native grooms often run by the side of the carriages. All visits are paid before two, after which no one comes, as it is too hot.

On Sunday we went to the Free Kirk; the service began at ten o'clock. It was very cool and pleasant, and the room reminded me of Mr. Lovett's Chapel at Paris: Dr. Duff preached. C. went into the vestry after service, and Dr. Duff asked us both to breakfast with him on Tuesday, at half-past eight. In the evening, at seven, we heard a younger minister. A

child was baptized. The service is so simple and so scriptural, Priscilla and Aquila might have brought their first-born, and Paul might have received him into the visible church of the faithful without a change.

Yesterday, C. and I took Mrs. D. and Miss M. a drive to Garden Reach, about three miles from Calcutta. We passed through a native village. It is dark here by six o'clock, the moon high by half-past six, and I cannot tell you how picturesque the huts appeared peeping from among the trees, with sheds before them full of grain, fruit, &c., for sale, with several lights in each, and the groups of the white-robed natives seated or strolling about.

This morning we had a delightful drive to the Baitakháná, where Dr. Duff lives. It was through the native part of the town; and so picturesque are the people, so beautiful their forms, so free and graceful in action, and so remarkably still when in repose, that it was like seeing a succession of pictures, or a gallery of antique bronze statues. Their faces are often very fine, and one is not at all struck with their scanty clothing. They give one more the idea of modesty in dress than half the young ladies you see at Court, or in full costume; I think this arises from the intention being in the one case to hide the figure, in the other to display it.

Whenever a carriage drives up to a house the gate-keeper gives as many strokes on the gong as there are persons within. Dr. Duff met us at the door in the most kind manner, and we were equally pleased with his wife. The rooms have as many doors in them as possible for coolness, and the one we breakfasted in was on the ground floor, the walls quite bare, the room matted, and rather dark, with no windows whatever,

but two great doors opening into the porch, very cool and pleasant. We sang the last three verses of the 43rd Psalm, read a portion of Scripture, and then Dr. Duff prayed. He gave me the "Life of Mahendra," and that of "Koilas," and to C. his own "Lectures on the Free Kirk." He is a much younger man than I expected, but seems in delicate health, and draws his breath every now and then, as if his chest were weak. In speaking of children, he said he thought the prayers and the correspondence of the parents, great means of conversion. The school which was formerly Mrs. Wilson's is now much fallen off, both in numbers and efficiency, but the Free Kirk has an Orphan School of its own for girls, under the superintendence of Miss Laing, which we are to see. Dr. Duff has asked us to breakfast with him again on Saturday, to accompany him to the College, and to bring Captain and Mrs. Henning and Dr. Welsh with us.

Thursday, December 3rd.—I have just ordered two pairs of shoes from a Chinaman with a long tail. Our two bearers come in as soon as I am ready in the morning, to make the bed—such a bed! it makes one ache all over; it is only one mattrass, as hard as a board, and this they say is wholesome. In the evening the bearers come in again to prepare the bed, and put on the musquito curtains, and then, with equal gravity, put on Dicky's over his cage—without one he would be killed by the musquitoes. It is a very odious custom to have man-servants for ladies' apartments. I sent the other day for a tin-wallah (I think "wallah" must signify man or fellow) to open my case of dresses —one of the bearers came in to help him; the latter inserted the point of a chisel, with a huge head, under the lid; the tin-wallah struck it with a queer-looking

hammer, each man using only one hand. The natives are very quick observers of manner, and are very sociable and frank (though perfectly respectful) to those who, like C., they know will take it kindly. On going to dine with Maria J. last night, we had three men behind the carriage, and one on the box beside the coachman, the superfluous ones came because they liked the drive. It is a most picturesque thing to go through the native streets at night and to see rows of sheds, like out-houses of the most pitiful kind in England, and in each of them lights, with a group of men hard at work at their respective trades. I never enjoyed driving about any place so much as this. Some of the better dwellings remind one very much of those at Pompeii, for they have no light except from the door, and are excessively small. Doubtless the habits of the people were very similar. It is curious to see the sparrows flying about the drawing-room; they build on the cornices, and their twittering is very cheerful; they did so of old in the Temple, see Psalms lxxxiv, 3; and when I see them flying in and out, I can understand how David must have envied them their familiarity with that holy place, from which he was exiled.

Tuesday, December 8th.—I have been longing to tell you about our visit to the Free Church College, on Saturday. Dr. Welsh accompanied us to Dr. Duff's, where we breakfasted, and immediately afterwards Dr. Duff and I, in a close carriage, and C. and Dr. Welsh in a buggy, drove to the institution. Our road led through the native town, the varied groups in which afforded me as much pleasure as usual. Mrs. Duff is a very attractive person, seemingly a most fit helpmeet for him. Dr. Duff is not much like that print at Nisbet's—the nose there is too short, and the

face too broad. He is a man in the prime of life, but apparently far from strong; the sharp blade is wearing through its earthly sheath. The institution is situated in the best part of Native Town, and was formerly the house of some great personage. We found numbers of pupils waiting for the bell, which rings at ten o'clock, and were introduced to Mr. Ewart in the library; a fine, tall, clerical-looking man, with a very mild, calm face. Captain Henning joined us, and Dr. Duff then led me into a long gallery, with windows closed by Venetian blinds on each side. Here one of the missionaries offered up prayer. About 200 of the elder pupils voluntarily attend; they were all dressed most simply, like the majority of natives here, in white; their hair short, like English boys, with no mark of caste, and many of them with shoes. I never saw more steadfast and apparently devout attention. Remember these are heathen youths, attending by choice on Christian worship. Out of 1000 pupils only about twelve are professed Christians. Dr. Duff then took us round the building, which is very spacious, so that each class has plenty of room.

The first class we heard examined had been in the institution about a year. To my surprise their teacher (one of the senior pupils, each of whom teaches a class for one hour daily) asked them in English, "Who was the first man?"—"Adam," was the answer, shouted by half a hundred young voices. "Who was the first woman?"—"Eve," cried they. "Who made them?"—"God," answered they. "In what state where they—how did they lose that state?" were the next questions. Dr. Duff explained to them in English the deceit of the serpent, spoke of lying, asked them if they did not often hear lies; to all of which they answered perfectly well,

just as well-taught children at home would do. But what struck me most was the eagerness and animation with which they answered; the intelligence and mirth which sparkled in their eyes whenever anything amused them, and the pleasure with which they listened to what was said. I never saw a teacher on such delightful terms with his pupils.

When Dr. Duff spoke to the boys, he was answered by them exactly as a beloved parent. The next class were of the same standing, and were taking a lesson from a learned Pandit in Bengali. We then descended to what was formerly the domestic temple, a beautiful hall, with arches opening into the court round which the house is built. Here the two youngest classes were learning—they teach them as follows:—The monitor puts an O on the stand, and tells them that letter is called O, they all repeat it. He then puts up an X, tells them its name, and then teaches them that these two letters form the English name of an ox. He makes them describe the ox, and tells them the English word for every part of it. This he did before us, asking them in Bengali what has an ox on his head, they cried, horns, ears, eyes, and mouth, &c. in English. He cross-questioned them about it. "What are its feet for?" "To walk" shouted they.—"Why, then, does not this (pointing to the stand) walk?"—"Because it has got no life," was their answer. Some of the children were very pretty. All have the most beautiful large diamond-like expressive black eyes imaginable. The next class above this have a book given them, and seeing the same words they have already learnt, find they have begun to read. They learn short phrases, and are questioned on each. "Chalk is white." "What is white?" "Chalk." "What is chalk?" "White."

All in English. In every lesson, and at every stage, they are questioned and cross-questioned in every possible manner which the ingenuity of the teacher can devise, whereas in the native schools they are merely crammed with so many words by heart, and no pretence is ever made of teaching them the meaning. As each monitor is only employed in teaching one hour in the day, his energies are all fresh, and I never saw any school where there was so much life and spirit displayed both by the teacher and the taught. Every one was alive, awake, eager, happy, and intelligent; certainly they are a most quick-witted, intelligent race; they understand a word or a sign in a moment, and prick up their ears at everything that is going on.

The next class we stopped at was composed of elder boys,—they were reading an English history of Bengal; Dr. Duff questioned them on it, and then led them to consider the origin of the diversity of language in the world. They could not answer him at first, but when he broke up his questions into smaller ones, they replied rightly. When they can understand English they are instructed *exactly* as Christian boys would be. An hour each day is devoted to the Bible or the Evidences; their very earliest books contain Christian instruction, and those in the College department learn the shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith, and read such books as "Horne's Evidences," "Mundy's Christianity and Hinduism Contrasted," and "Erskine's Internal Evidences." Dr. Duff loses no opportunity of bringing *every* subject to bear on the one thing needful. In this instance he asked them what "Pújá" was? they replied "Worship offered to different gods"—one said in a loud voice, "to false gods." "Did they know any commandment forbidding that?" They quoted the first

and second. "Was it lawful to do so?" They answered "No;" and one cried, "it is dishonouring God." Dr. Duff asked them who several of their gods were? and how they were represented? "The God of War is represented riding upon a pig." "A pig!—that is a very warlike animal," said Dr. Duff right merrily, whereupon there was such a display of white teeth, and such mirthful looks, as showed they had wonderfully small respect for the warlike deity. He then made them describe Durga, the consort of Siva and Goddess of Destruction. "A very sweet and merciful goddess was she not?" This they denied laughingly, and told how she had a dozen arms to slay men with, and a necklace of sculls, and a girdle of hands and feet; in face quite black, and her tongue hanging out the length of a span! Then he asked them the name of the Governor-General, the name of the Queen, whose deputy he was, and inquired what they would expect him to feel if some of his subjects, instead of going to make salám to him, were to go down to the river side, take some clay, make it up into any shape they pleased, and then salám to it; would he not be much displeased, and look on it as an insult that they should consider it better to pay respect to this clay than to himself? And so it is with the Most High God. I can only give you a very imperfect account of all Dr. Duff said.

We then returned to the chief lecture-room, where one of the younger classes received a lesson on Natural History, repeated some texts and hymns, among them that beautiful one, "Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!" Was not this enough to stir the very depths of one's heart? An elder class were then examined in geography, and a still more advanced one, in the use of

the globes. The teacher of the latter is a regular master in the institution, and was one of the first pupils when it was opened fifteen years ago. His name is Isha Chandra De. He asked them, among other things, how they could prove the earth was flattened at the poles? The answer was by the increased velocity of the pendulum, and they explained this step by step. They use "Keith on the Globes," and stated the names of the planets, and the distance of several of them. Here again, after other questions, Dr. Duff spoke to them of their responsibility on account of what they knew of the way of salvation. They answered as Christian lads would have done, and he then urged them to lay these things to heart, and to beware of resisting the truth. While we were afterwards pausing for a few minutes, C. asked Isha Chandra De if he were a Christian? He said, "No, God alone can give belief." C. told him of the anxiety he felt that others should share those blessings, which he *knew* the Gospel offered, and promised him "Gregory's Evidences," which he accepted with great pleasure, and said he would read it. This young man has taken pains to instruct his wife, a thing which is always vehemently opposed by the family.

Looking out on the court, we saw the younger boys enjoying football and cricket, which is considered a kind of miracle in the soft indolent Bengális. Here there was nothing but energy and life, yet I remarked how much more gentle, and therefore gentlemanly, they are in their manners than English boys, there was no rough horse play, no rudeness; they say an Indian boy never dreams of robbing a bird's nest, hunting a cat, boxing, or any other of those innumerable cruel acts which many English fathers view with complacency as evidences of the manly spirit which is to fit their sons for the

hunting field. In this matter the heathen boys behave as Christians should do. We returned to the lecture-room and heard one of the senior classes examined in logic and political economy. All the examinations were impromptu, so that in many instances only one or two in the class could give the exact answer—they showed that in a syllogism the predicate is contained in the major proposition. Dr. Duff then asked them if this was the case what is the use of logic? and explained it to be a process of developing truth, which really is there, but which is hidden from the person to whom you speak—just as in chemistry, you affirm that the air is composed of two gases. Another says, "How can it be, I don't see that." The chemist analyses the atmosphere and shows it to him—so in logic. You say man is responsible, another denies it. How would you prove it. Man has freedom of action, conscience, intellect, &c., &c. This is granted, but these faculties would not have been given him by God except for some good purpose—wherefore man is responsible to God for the use he makes of them; this was elicited from the pupils, by questions.

In Political Economy they showed the use of division of labour, of merchants, of the learned and theoretical members of a community. I asked (through Dr. Duff) what was the use of those persons who lived on their own resource without working; they answered, "None at all," and one added, "unless they spend their money in doing good." It never struck me so forcibly before, how utterly useless is the state of those "who live at home at ease," unless they fill the office God has especially allotted to them of caring for the poor.

Here we were interrupted by a crowd of white-robed students bringing in a model steam-engine. Bona

Máli De, one of the teachers, brother-in-law to Isha Chandrá De, explained it most clearly. He told us he was of the Weaver caste. We saw the room where evening service is held every Sabbath in English, many of the pupils attend, and also some from the Hindù Government College. In fact they are better instructed in Christianity than half the young men at home. But Satan and the evil heart of unbelief keep them from renouncing all things for Christ's sake; yet they believe Christianity with the intellect, will argue for it and will prove it. The very worst, those who most entirely go back to Hindu habits on leaving the institution, yet better than uneducated Hindus, and desire education continue for their children. Many instruct their young daughters and wives. About three-fourths of these lads are married. The daily attendance is nearly 1,000. More than 1,280 are on the books, and even during the Hindu holidays, when every other educational institution is closed, and all the public offices shut, the average daily attendance has been upwards of 600. On the greatest day of the Durga Pujá in 1844, 125 were present. I look on these two last facts as the most remarkable of any. It shows what a shake Hinduism has received. Pray that the Lord will send down the dew of His Spirit on this institution and this land, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of His Holy Name!

Monday, December 14, 1846.—Since last I wrote we have been busy preparing for our Dâk trip, and nothing very worthy of record has occurred; but I must mention the crows, who are the boldest and most impudent birds I ever saw; a London sparrow is shy and retiring in comparison. I saw one the other day come into a room in Spence's Hotel and eat a piece of

meat on the top of the Phankáh. Saucy sparrows building in the drawing-room, crows haunting one's bed-room, and jackals howling under the windows at night!

Tuesday, December 15th.—We went to Garden Reach to spend the day at Sir Henry Seton's (one of the judges), who placed his house at our disposal. It is close to the river, and has a pretty garden. J. took us to see a small dispensary, which she has built in memory of her mother. It consists of two rooms, one for the sleeping-room of the native doctor, and one to receive the patients: she pays him twenty rupees a-month. We returned to a sumptuous tiffin, fit for a dinner-party, and afterwards went across the water to the Botanical Gardens. A steamer appeared just as we left the house, which to our great joy proved to be the long-wished-for mail from England. The sun was exceedingly hot, so that I rejoiced greatly when, after a walk, we reached the two banian trees, one of which is the boast of the garden. Here we sat, and I sketched a little boy holding his infant brother astride on his left hip, the usual way of carrying children here. It was a little, soft, smooth thing, with no other clothing than necklace and bangles; its large eyes disfigured with the black dye called surma, and its eye-brows painted very thick and made to join in the middle, which quite destroyed the sweet expression the Bengáli children usually have. I then drew a queer little child of five years old, wrapped up in its single garment from its head nearly to its feet, the father standing by quite pleased. Then came a bigger boy with a burden on his head, evidently on purpose to be drawn, and stood as still as any professional model without being told. On our return, Sir Henry Seton,

a most courteous old man, met us at the steps and gave us tea before he would let us depart.

The next morning we received our home letters, and in the afternoon came the lovely little watch. Just after breakfast to our great joy Jacob, our most faithful and invaluable Christian servant, rejoined us, having arrived by the steamer, and with him a Jew from Madras, named Abraham Joseph, a native of Damascus, who was converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Lugard, an English chaplain, in 1845. A cousin of his, named Jacob, professed Christianity at the same time; they were both baptized, and, after some delay, forwarded to Jerusalem. When they arrived the bishop had just died, and the rabbies were using every means to oppose Christianity. Abraham stood fast, but his cousin relapsed to Judaism. Eventually the former expressed a wish to return to Mr. Lugard, and Mr. Nicolayson accordingly sent him back; a most unfortunate step, since there is not a single Jew in Madras: nobody speaks Hebrew, and very few know ten words of Hindústáni, which are the only two languages Abraham understands; he was, therefore, wholly deprived of Christian society, and of the means of grace. Mr. Lugard, therefore, having consulted, as he says, "with our dear friends of the Free Church Mission at Madras," sent him to Dr. Duff, who has a small Christian congregation of about twelve Jews, to whom he preaches every Sabbath in Hindústáni. My husband sent him in his buggy to Dr. Duff, who has lodged him for the present with the old Jewish convert and his two daughters, of whom you read in the "Free Church Missionary Record" last year. After disposing of Abraham and talking to Jacob we drove to Mrs. Wylie, who called upon me the other

day, a very sweet young woman, wife of the excellent young barrister whose name you see often mentioned as most active in recovering young converts who have been carried off by their parents or friends, and who is an elder of the Free Kirk. She took us, with Mrs. Hawkins (wife of one of the judges, and who is both interesting and decidedly pious), to see the school for Jewish and Armenian girls under the care of Mrs. Ewart, the wife of one of our missionaries. Mrs. Ewart had been longing and praying to be made useful to the native women, when an excellent Armenian Protestant Missionary, Mr. Aratoon, came and asked her to open a school for his countrywomen. She agreed on condition of his finding a place. He took a very nice room in a native house; she went there but no pupils came. For three days she and the aged missionary met and united in prayer; on the fourth two little girls appeared, and she has now about seventy, not quite half of whom are Jewesses.

Mrs. Ewart seems far from strong. The elder class read very nicely a chapter in the New Testament, with a perfectly pure English accent. They learn geography, write, and work very neatly, and have a good acquaintance with the main doctrines of Scripture. The progress they have made during the short time the school has existed is quite wonderful. The Jewish parents make no objection to their daughters reading the New Testament. My husband spoke to them on disobedience to the law of God constituting the very essence of sin, and on the willingness of Christ "the Messiah"—"the true God"—to save all who come to him; but they are very shy, and it is difficult to get them to answer. They are taught entirely in English.

One or two of the Armenian girls are lovely, with beautifully chiselled features, and a clear brunette complexion, so fine and delicate, that no fair one could be prettier. They look much older than they are; those of eleven look like fifteen. Most of the Jewesses were very plain, with very coarse features, and some with a moustache; many of them gaudily dressed with silver lace on their robes, and beads round their necks.

The Armenians, who intermarry frequently with the Portuguese, who are as dark, if not darker than the Hindus, dress like Europeans, only with a profusion of flowers and trimmings. The Jewesses wear a tight fitting robe, fastened beneath the bosom; and one little girl had a train to hers.

Mrs. Ewart gave me a sampler "to send to my sister." It is worked by a very good little Jewess, named Jamilah Musa Bakahia, about ten or eleven years old. Her parents wished to take her away to marry her, and had even bespoken her wedding garment; but she is so fond of the school, that she prevailed on them to allow her to stay another year.

The pupils sang a hymn, and we then went to the lower room, where there is a class of about forty infants; such a variegated bank of babes would astonish any English teacher, for the little bodies were arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. One small thing of two years old had a turban, and several had patches of opium the size of a sixpence, on the forehead and temples, as a cure for colds. Two half-cast teachers assist Mrs. Ewart, both of them very pleasing. The little children answered many questions similar to those in "Watts's First Catechism," extremely well, and then sang the "Infant School Hymn," which,

doubtless, you know—"We wash our faces, we comb our hair." I never saw a prettier sight.

When we thanked Mrs. Ewart for her kindness, she expressed herself in the most grateful terms for our visit. She said it was such an encouragement to her, for hardly any one visits or knows anything about this most interesting school, although it is one with great prospects of usefulness, and, at the same time, with many discouraging circumstances attached to it. The girls do not stay long at the school, on account of their early marriages; and the influence they are under at home is often quite contrary to that which is exercised over them during the hours of instruction. But still we are sure that the good seed will bring forth fruit; and that the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void, but *shall* prosper in that whereto He sends it. It would be a kindness to send any simple English book (some of Albright and Wright's, or Groom's, for instance) for the use of the school. I told them you would take the sampler to the Pye Street School, and show the little Jewesses there what their sisters in Calcutta have done.

Thursday, December 17th, 1846.—According to appointment, we drove to Dr. Duff's house this morning, and he accompanied us to the Female Orphan School, in connexion with the Free Church. At the time of disruption, the orphans were all taken by the Established Church, with the exception of a few of the elder girls, who followed Miss Laing. The majority of the present pupils have, therefore, only been under her care since 1843. She has just moved into a new house, with a nice garden, and accommodation for one hundred pupils. As yet she has only thirty, besides one

day scholar (a country-born girl), and a little Bengali child of three years old, who comes of her own free will. Most of the orphans are of Portuguese origin: they are all dressed according to the custom of their respective nations. Miss Laing is a very lady-like, attractive person, the daughter of a captain in the army, and has devoted herself to this good work from love to Him who said "Feed my lambs." The children were all assembled in three classes, in a spacious apartment on the ground floor, open on two sides to the outer air. Their copy-books were laid out for inspection, and, like those at the Jewish school, were remarkable for their neatness; there were no blots, no letters left out, no carelessness, like *some* copy-books at home. The first thing that attracted our attention was the youngest class, under the charge of Mahendra's widow Rose, the sweetest looking young Bengali I have seen. Her face is quite lovely, not only from feature, but from the sweet, modest, pathetic expression. She was dressed like all her country women, in a white sort of sheet wrapped round her head and figure. Her little girl, a beautiful child of about two years old, clung to her. You will understand the interest with which we looked on Mahendra's wife and child. I took her hand; but, like all the native women, she is too shy to speak before strangers. She was brought up at Mrs. Wilson's school, and is the bosom friend of her fellow-pupil Anna, whom Koilas married. They were wedded on the same day, and became widows within six weeks of each other. Rose is well educated, her husband having taken great pains to instruct her; she is very useful in the school; and they have every reason to believe her a converted person. Dr. Duff pointed out one little girl in

the class whose parents were slain by dacoits (robbers), and who was found on the road, where the jackals had already began to eat her. She looked up in my face with such a pretty smile, and such beautiful, merry, black eyes, it was impossible not to pet her. The eldest class then read the 2nd of John. Dr. Duff questioned them upon it, and cross questioned them most strictly. They answered perfectly. He examined them on many different parts of Scripture, with all of which they were well acquainted. He explained to them the nature of the union between the Lord Jesus and His people, and illustrated it by the fate of a branch broken off from a tree. He said, "What would become of a branch broken off? What is that like? When they fully understood this illustration, he asked for some text wherein our Lord was spoken of as a vine. They immediately quoted, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." He then illustrated it by the dependence of an infant on its mother for food and support; and questioned them again on what he had said; asked them what our Lord said of children coming to him. They quoted, "Suffer little children," and "He took them up and blessed them." After this examination they sang "Glory, Glory," and then the 58th Paraphrase. Dr. Duff then examined them on Geography, in which they answered very satisfactorily.

Miss Laing showed us the house; it is very clean and simple; everything is done by the girls, who learn to wash, cook, and all kinds of household work. They have no communication with any native servants; and only one bearer is kept to clean the walls and the lights. The children are brought up exactly like natives, and sleep on bare wooden bedsteads, with no mattrass or pillow. The very little ones have a small

pillow; in the cold season each has a blanket, and in the hot weather a sheet, to wrap herself in; they live on curry and rice twice a day. The only thing that can be done for them, as they grow up, is to marry them to Christians, as it is impossible to send them to service in *any* family, on account of the heathen servants they would be obliged to mingle with. Some have been baptized in infancy; of course, none of the others are until they give evidence of conversion. One girl has been lately received into the Church of Christ—I had remarked her extreme interest when Dr. Duff was speaking.

Miss Laing conducts morning and evening worship daily, and one of the missionaries preaches to them on the Sabbath; they are taught Bengali and English simultaneously, as at the College. Miss Laing told me that the average expense of each child, exclusive of house-rent (which is very high in Calcutta) and of the teachers' salaries, is three rupees, or six shillings a month! How many could subscribe this sum, and thus rescue an orphan from wild beasts, or from men who are even worse! A little girl died about a fortnight ago with all the confidence, joy, and faith of an experienced saint! She longed to depart, and be with Jesus, and spoke to all her companions with the greatest earnestness, exhorting them to flee to Christ for salvation.

Miss Laing says it is quite useless to send fancy articles for sale here; they hardly pay for their carriage. The only things that sell well, are good baby and children's clothes, such as rich people would buy. Calico prints are very useful for clothing the Orphans, or any old clothes, of a simple kind, that could be adapted to their use. If any are sent ready made,

they should be fashioned like night-gowns, with a band round the waist. We are to have a little Orphan of our own at the school; and I am going to write to our children to propose that they should have one between them; they will easily be able to give sixpence a month each, and the remainder they can collect.

On Tuesday, December 18th, we went to Dumdum to breakfast and spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. S. They are a very consistent young Christian couple, and have a sweet baby three months old. They took us to call on some excellent people, Dr. and Mrs. Clarke; the latter draws beautifully—we saw some of her views near Simla. Dr. Clarke is in medical charge of the Amírs of Sind, several of whom are here; he spoke of them with great interest. One of them (whom we afterwards saw driving about in an English undress uniform), Prince Muhammad Ali Khan, is very clever—speaks and reads English, and will even read the Bible. He broke his leg some time ago, a very bad compound fracture; and, in the course of attendance on him, Dr. Clarke expressed a hope that he sometimes prayed. "How can I pray?" said he; "my leg is broken." Dr. Clarke explained to him the nature of prayer, which he seemed fully to comprehend. He never joins the others in the Muhammadan forms; but this appears to be from disbelief in Islam, rather than from belief in anything else. We dined early, and then went to see the gun-practice. I heard the whiz of the cannon-balls distinctly as they passed us. Saw some of the Amírs driving out. The drive to Dumdum is very pretty; there are native huts almost the whole way, except where the fine villas and grounds of the rich Bábus of Calcutta intervene, with

gardens and railings, apparently very much in the English style.

Saturday, December 19th.—C. and I took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Duff, to meet the four native Catechists;—one is a Brahmin, named Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya; another a Kúlin Brahman (which is the very highest caste), named Prásuná Kumár Chatterjia; Lal Behárí Dé (pronounced Day), of the Banker caste; Behárí Lal Sing, the Rajput, was ill, and could not come. They are all young men, remarkably quiet and gentlemanly in manner, with most intelligent countenances. It was on the 2nd November, 1841, that Jagadishwar first opened his heart to the Missionaries, and expressed his desire for baptism. This was the very day that the insurrection at Kabul broke out; and, strange to say, owing to a very remarkable conjunction of the planets which took place at that time, the conviction was universal among the natives that some great calamity was impending over the British Empire, so much so that business was almost suspended, and the people wandered about doing nothing. When they heard, therefore, that a Brahmin was about to be baptized, they looked upon this as the immediate beginning of the calamity, and on the following morning the Institution was besieged by thousands. Dr. Duff had to throw himself into the midst of the crowd to rescue Jagadishwar from the friends who were dragging him away. He said, "I looked as fierce as Captain Mackenzie was doing at that very time, and told them they should only have him by passing over my body." The lad was rescued, but the clamour continuing, Dr. Duff went to fetch the police. The mob suffered him to depart; and, to prove he was not carrying the young convert

away with him, he ordered the carriage to be driven all round the court, that they might see that he was alone. When the police came, the immediate danger of the house being forced ceased; and the Missionaries being perfectly satisfied with the state of the young man's mind, from the long conversation they had had with him the previous night, came to the conclusion that it was advisable to baptize him immediately; this was accordingly done, in the hall of the Institution, in the presence of all the pupils.

Immediately the natives heard that he had cast away the Brahminical cord and received baptism, they looked upon it as "un fait accompli"—an irrevocable act—and quietly dispersed. He is a very handsome young man, rather like Mr. G. of K., with very small delicate hands, aquiline nose, and magnificent eyes, as they all have. The Kúlín Brahman has not such regular features; his nose is a little *retroussé*, but he has a very sweet expression, and and a remarkably well-formed head. One of his prerogatives, as a Kúlin Brahman, was that of marrying as many wives as he chose; and many Kúlins make a livelihood by going about the country to marry the daughters of any Brahman who will give a large sum for the honour of allying his family with the illustrious race of the Kulin Brahmans; he then leaves the said wife in her father's house, and perhaps never sees her again. Fortunately Prasúná had only married one wife, and, following the Divine directions, he felt he had no right to cast her off, if she were willing to come to him. This he had reason to believe was the case, although since the day of his open profession of Christianity he had neither seen nor heard of her. He however kept up amicable intercourse with his sister,

who lived some distance from Calcutta. At the time of a great festival, his two friends, Jagadishwar and Lal Behári Dé, advised him to go and pay a visit to his sister, in hopes of hearing something of his wife; he thought it of no use, but went. At first his sister was out—he spent the time in reading the Bible, and praying that, if it was God's will, a way for the recovery of his wife might be opened to him. He returned to his sister's house, and found his young wife there;—this was the first interview since his conversion. He found she was willing to go with him to the ends of the earth; so, directing her to return home, as if nothing had happened, he went to the river side and engaged a boat. She met him in the evening; they entered the boat, and arrived safely in Calcutta. He then began to teach her, and she proved a most docile and intelligent scholar. She was soon baptized, and they have now an infant, whom Dr. Duff had the pleasure of baptizing a few weeks ago. I asked Prasúna if his wife was very young; he said, "*Not* very—about sixteen or seventeen." It is looked upon as a calamity, in a Hindoo family, if a woman receives any kind of instruction; notwithstanding this, some of the educated Hindoos have begun to teach their wives. Dr. Duff said it had often been a matter of serious consideration among the Missionaries, what should be done in case of the conversion of one who had already married several wives, because all these marriages being legal, how could they be broken? One thing is clear, that such a person could not be admitted into any office of the Christian ministry, as both a Bishop and Deacon is required to be "the husband of *one* wife."

The story of the absent Catechist, Behári Sing, was

very interesting. About twenty years ago, an old Rajpút, the highest caste next to the Brahmans, came down to Calcutta. He had two sons, whom he subsequently placed in the Scotch College, where they both became convinced of the truth of Christianity, without being brought to feel their personal need of it. When the elder one, Behári Sing, was asked by Dr. Duff why he did not become a Christian, he answered, "I believe everything, but I feel nothing." They both left the Institution; the younger made his way up to Chunár, near Benares, where he fell in with Mr. Bowley, a Church of England Missionary, who, astonished with his acquaintance with Christianity, determined to water the good seed which Dr. Duff had planted. God gave the increase; the young man was baptized (I am sorry to say by the name of Timothy, instead of his own name), and then he began to urge his brother by letter to follow his example. Behári Sing was at this time a Government servant at Jubbulpore, under Mr. Macleod, a pious civilian, who had formerly maintained him at College; and whose exhortations, joined to those of his brother, were soon blessed by God. The first sign he gave of his sense of the value of the Gospel, was by sending eighty rupees—a whole month's salary—toward the support of the Institution. Soon after, he came down to Calcutta to receive baptism. On his road, he met, at a small station (where good Mrs. Wilson then resided), some English High Church gentlemen, who, on learning his intentions, plied him with arguments in favour of Apostolic Succession, Episcopacy, the efficacy of the Sacraments, and told him that such baptism as Dr. Duff could administer was no baptism at all. He listened patiently, and then solemnly asked: "To a

soul trembling in the presence of a holy and just God, and longing for salvation, what is there in all you say to meet his case?" They had nothing to reply. After his baptism, he gave up his salary of eighty rupees monthly, and his prospects of advancement, for the pittance of eight rupees per month and the privilege of working in the Lord's vineyard; and, to crown the whole, the stern old soldier—of whom Behári had said, "If I were to become a Christian, my father would cut off my head"—followed his sons' example, and also enlisted under the banners of the Captain of our salvation. Does not this call on us to bless and glorify God?

I cannot tell you how our hearts warmed to these converts; I felt the very sight of them as much a means of grace as any sermon could be, stirring one up to thanksgiving and praise—the dazzling whiteness of their native dress reminded one of the costume of the early Catechumens.

Dr. Duff told us of a young Socinian, who had been brought up as such from his infancy, who came to him wishing to partake of the communion. Dr. Duff had much difficulty in making him understand that the Lord's Supper was a sign of communion in faith, and therefore could not be administered to any but those who appeared to be members of Christ. He could not see this, but said he wished to receive the sacrament, for he wanted comfort; he had no comfort in religion. Dr. Duff had many conversations with him; he received the truth very slowly, but gradually;—at last he became very ill—was put on board a ship, and died (I think before leaving the river) full of faith and hope.

Wednesday, December 23rd, 1846.—We went to Miss M's. wedding. She looked very well. The old

cathedral is a very plain building; but I looked at it with interest, as the place were Heber and Henry Martyn preached.

This being little Ewen's birthday, we had a kapútli Nách, *i. e.* a dance of Marionettes in the dining-room. It was a most picturesque scene, there was a band of three or four musicians, who played on a kind of guitar, drum, and other instruments, and sang discordantly. The chief man showed some sleight-of-hand tricks, such as making four or five pigeons come from under an empty cover, and afterwards a little Marionette, danced as a Nách girl; some Sepoys and other figures came on, to the great delight of the children, of whom there were many present. It was very pretty to see all these little ones, quite specimens of "Mammas' darlings," with long hair, velvet dresses, ornamented pinafores, cashmeres and velvet to wrap them up in. The Ayahs, in their white draperies, sitting with some on the floor; a Chinese woman waiting on another; moustachoed bearers attending on most of them, with divers little native and half-caste children, and the servants in scarlet and gold, glossy silk or white garments, and a crowd of tailors, gardeners, and hangers-on of all kinds, filling up the background.

After tiffin, C. peeped in again, and found the audacious Tamáha Wallah (literally play-fellow) had dressed himself up as an officer, with a white mask, and was (the ladies having departed) showing how a young Ensign treats his bearer. I immediately went to see, and never was more diverted. He did it admirably, and showed such a perception of European follies, as to prove an effectual warning to all present not in any way to commit themselves before these quiet, quick-witted natives. He had laid hold of one of Julia's

bearers, and was making him walk backwards and forwards for his amusement, bestowing a kick every now and then to quicken his movements. He then sent him for a bottle of brandy, stamped and rampauged about, and finally began to dance, exactly like an awkward Englishman attempting a hornpipe. He then forced his supposed servant to dance, looked at him through an eye-glass, and finally, "saving your presence" (as the little Irishwoman said to me, when speaking of washing her face), took a sight at him, and taught him to do the same. He then brought in one of his companions dressed as a lady, dragged her about by way of taking a walk, and then danced with her in imitation of a quadrille and waltz. I cannot understand any one venturing to waltz before a native, after seeing this apt caricature of the performance!—It was very droll, and only too true.

I have since found that a Mullah, in controversy with Mr. Pfander of Agra, alleges the custom of "kissing and putting their arms round the waists of other men's grown-up daughters, sisters, and wives," as an argument against Christianity. The "kissing" appears to have been added by the imaginative Mullah, but I do not see how a waltz or polka could possibly be defended in the eyes of an Oriental. I hope Mr. Pfander explained to him that Christianity does *not* (as he alleges) sanction these practices, for it teaches us to "abstain from all appearance of evil."

We have been anxious about our Sirdár Bearer, Bonamáli. He wished to go up the country with us, but his mother was exceedingly opposed to it. The other morning he came to us so ill that C. thought the old woman must have mixed some witch potion (which is generally a poison) with his food, to prevent his accom-

panying us. He mentioned his suspicions to the poor man, who said that it was very probable; he was sick incessantly after eating, and looked so ill, and pinched, and drawn in feature for two days, that I was quite frightened. We gave him arsenicum, which relieved him of the burning sensation, and he soon got quite well. Jacob used to talk a great deal to him during their captivity in Afghanistan, on the subject of religion, and he has begun again to do so. The man's mind is apparently in some degree awakened to the folly of Hinduism—he has thankfully accepted the Scriptures in Bengali, and I also gave him a Christian almanac, containing some of the first principles of astronomy, which, of course, overthrow the Shasters. He is very intelligent, and, like most of the Bengalis, reads and writes fluently. The Hindus of Bengal are remarkable as excellent accountants.

The other day C. was speaking to Bonamali on there "being only one God,"—he assented; "only one Intercessor, the Lord Jesus Christ,"—he assented again, in a kind of general way; C. then said, "but you see the people here all bowing down to images, worshipping idols,"—he rejoined with vigour, "It is one great lie, it is the invention of Satan."

The servants here generally sleep at their own houses, and go back for two hours in the day to bathe and eat; they generally wear white, but Julia's servants have scarlet dresses, by way of liveries, which look very pretty. The houses here are all within courtyards (called compounds) with gates. The Durwân, or gatekeeper, here is a Brahmin of very high caste; part of his business is to let no one carry anything out of the compound without a warrant of some kind that he is authorized to do so.

I drew a Bairághi, or Yoghì, *i. e.* a Hindu religious mendicant, who sat himself down in the Durwân's shed, so that I had an excellent view of him from one of the windows. He was a fine tall young man, with mild expression, his beard shaved, but his moustache and hair long; his left arm he carried bolt upright, never to come down again, I believe they devote the limb to some god. It was rather shrunk in size, and the nails came through the back of the hand; he was dressed in a tiger-skin, with a cap of the same. He had a staff, and a small linen bag slung over his right shoulder, I suppose for provisions. I saw him reading a book which one of the servants lent him.

Thursday, 24th.—C. accompanied Mr. Cameron, General van Gagern, of the Dutch service, and his Aides-de-Camp, to the Medical College. C. came back quite sad. Among other sights, was a poor little Brahminí girl, about ten years old, dying of mortification in the leg; it was too far advanced for amputation to save her, and he said that the expression of agony in her face, when the visitors approached her bed, was painful to witness—the young Aide-de-Camp was quite overcome. General van Gagern is from Nassau, and has offered to go and see our children on his return. It is a curious fact, that the first class of Students at the Medical College, *i. e.* those who go through a course of study sufficient to qualify them for Assistant-Surgeons, are almost exclusively Hindus; the second class, or those who, without learning anatomy, are qualified for hospital dressers, dispensers of medicine, &c., are almost exclusively Muhammadans, and the sons of Sepoys.

The character and prejudices of the Muhammadans are stronger than the Hindu, although the religion

of the latter is much the most opposed to surgery. The Mussulman holds the prejudices he has learnt from the Hindu much more strongly than he from whom he has acquired them. There are hardly two Mussulmáns at the Free Church College, and converts from among them are almost unknown.*

Saturday, December 26th.—C. was not very well, so I was obliged to go to tea at Mrs. Wylie's by myself: I found nine of the converts there, which made me regret more than ever C.'s absence, for they are very shy and modest, and will not speak unless spoken to. It was, however, a great pleasure to see them.

Mrs. Wylie has a darling little boy of two years and a half old, one of the sweetest children I ever saw, who came and laid his head on my bosom, and called me "mamma." Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were both members of the Church of England, but have left it to join the Free Church. He told me that some time ago a small prayer meeting of members of the Church of England was held here, all of whom, except one, are now members of the Free Church. He said it was interesting to see the "footsteps of the flock," all tending in the same direction. Mrs. Wylie has just had a letter from a Lady in England, an Episcopalian of great piety, who says that during a late season of ill-health she had been much troubled with scruples about the Church of England, and requested Mrs. Wylie to send her an account of her reasons for joining the Church of Scotland: this lady has had no communication with any one else on the subject. Mr. Wylie said that he knew many English clergymen

* There are now several (among them a learned Hagím or Doctor), chiefly through the instrumentality of the catechist, Behári Lal Sing (1852).

who had scruples about the baptismal service, the want of discipline, the ordination service, and other defects of the English Church,—but none who carried out these scruples to their legitimate consequences; and that he had remarked that those who acted thus, and stifled the murmurings of conscience against these things, often became backsliders in the Christian path. For instance, an excellent clergyman (by name, I think, Steel) was offered a living; he questioned himself seriously as to whether he could ex-animo subscribe to the Prayer Book, and found that he could not; he therefore refused the living, came out to India, and, for the last fifteen or sixteen years, has devoted his private fortune, which is considerable, to the support of Missionaries. He came out in the same ship with the present Bishop of Calcutta, who joined with him in prayer until they passed the Cape, when, being in his own diocese, he refused to do so any longer. This good man told Mr. Wylie that before leaving England he had conversed with Mr. Sibthorp on the subject, and found that he agreed with him on all points *except* the practical result, *i.e.* that he was bound to leave the church to which he belonged. Mr. Sibthorp excused himself on the plea that by his preaching he could do much good. Behold what followed! Mr. Wylie made two other observations which struck me much. One is that in every clerical secession from the Church of England, almost all the seceders have fallen into grievous error, at any rate for a time; this was the case with the Baring secession, and with some others which he named, and arises probably from the very defective theological education which is given in England. Another was, that Church of England

Christians have but little feeling for the public weal of the Church,—they are content to go on doing as much good as they can in their own little orbit, but never do anything for reforming the Church. I think this want of public spirit in the Christian commonwealth is owing to the same cause as want of public spirit under despotic monarchies; an Englishman has no more share, and consequently no more interest, in promoting the well-being of his Church, than a Russian has in promoting the well-being of his country, whereas a Scotchman takes a lively interest in both, because he is accustomed to take an active part in the affairs of the spiritual as well as the temporal community. I had the pleasure of shaking hands with all the converts when they took leave.

Sunday, December 27th.—Heard a little of Mr. M'Kail's discourse—he is just come out as minister of the Free Church here.

Monday, December 28th.—Being very anxious to see something of the Muharram (the Muhammadan festival in remembrance of Hasan and Hoseyn, the two sons of Ali), I borrowed Julia's chariot, and started about three o'clock alone, taking Jacob on the box to interpret for me. C. was too busy with preparations for our dâk journey to come with me, but you will see what exploits I perform when I take a frisk by myself. I often wish for you my darling L. and E. when there is a huge vacant place in the carriage, but especially when I go upon any expedition. I took my sketch-book with me, and we had not gone far before we fell in with divers nondescript looking camels of wood with human faces and turbans, their bodies painted orange; they represent the camels on which Hoseyn fled—but

it was only by the force of genius and erudition united that I found out they were meant for camels at all. Dr. Welsh took them for ostriches! By-the-by the Persians call the ostrich "shutr-murgh or camel-fowl." There were also divers little towers about eight feet high, very prettily adorned and painted, in each of which a silver hand is placed. It represents the hand of Hasan, which was cut off when he was slain. I stopped to draw one of these, and then a camel stopped to be drawn—I will send you these "pleasing images." A few annas made the bearer of the said monster quite happy—in fact the natives seem to take special delight in being drawn, and as soon as they perceive that you are sketching, keep quite still till you have done.

We drove slowly through the Bazár, which is nothing more nor less than streets full of shops, Bazár meaning simply market or High-street. These streets are extremely picturesque, the houses being generally of one story, very low, with far-projecting pent house-sheds along the whole front which is open to the street. I never saw so populous a neighbourhood as this—every little shop has half a dozen persons in it. I drew two shops—in front of one was a boy winding thread by holding the skein over his knees. Thus, after many stoppages, I reached good Dr. Duff's house, paid them a short visit, and saw their daughter who is just arrived from Scotland, a nice frank girl of sixteen. I then drove on to Miss Laing's, which is near—found her walking in the verandah after the labours of the day, and sat there with her. I told her of the great benefit we had derived from homœopathy, and found her quite ready to adopt a system that has already benefited her so much. I saw two of the younger children, a little merry Jewess called Tobah (Mercy), and another

child about three years old, whom Miss Laing took on learning that her father, a civilian in high station, was about to allow her to be taken away and brought up by the mother, a Múhammadan. He has never made the slightest inquiry about her!

On our way home we stopped to see numerous towers, and also to buy sweetmeats in the Bazár—I send you some sugar-plums I got there; they sell them in little cups made of leaves; the natives generally eat off plantain-leaves, as they are thus secure from the danger of eating off a plate which has been used by a man of lower caste. I was very much amused with my expedition, and the servants seemed delighted to have a lady who was so curious, for they looked at each particular tower with as much interest as if they had never seen one before, and came to tell me the expense of each. One cost eight, another twelve rupees, and the groups of white robed Múhammadans anxiously watching the completion of the towers were very picturesque.

Krishna Mohan Banerjéa and his wife dined here in the evening. She, sad to say, was in the European dress, which is always unbecoming to a native. He wore a handsome shawl and the usual native dress with the addition of trousers and boots. The lower part of his face is very like that of Napoleon. He is a man of great talent and energy, but I was not so much pleased with him and his wife as with the converts I had previously seen. There was nothing like the same simplicity. Mrs. Banerjéa, as she calls herself on her visiting cards, imitates the European lady, and by adopting the European dress and customs she is as much cut off from all influence over her countrywomen as if she were the wife of any other Pádre

Sáhib—very different from the position taken up by Rose. I do not know if she has any schools. I did not know that Krishna was a convert of Dr. Duff's, and baptized by him, though not educated in the Assembly's Institution, but during Dr. Duff's absence was prevailed on to join the Church of England, of which he is now a clergyman, with a church and parsonage of his own. At one time he superintended Sil's College, founded by a rich Hindu. He is now publishing, under the auspices of Mr. Cameron and the Council of Education, an "Encyclopedia Bengalensis," consisting of articles original and selected, in English and Bengali. The third volume, which I am to take up to Lord Hardinge, contains Arnold's Account of the second Punic War, Aphorisms from Plutarch, and other tales and bits of information. Mr. Cameron says it has done a good deal in awakening the native mind.

Krishna spoke slightingly of the conversions of Krishnaghar, but at the same time very cautiously. He attributed the exaggerated accounts to the necessity of creating a sensation at home at public meetings in order to raise money! C. having mentioned the state of the German Churches, Krishna remarked that "it only showed the necessity of Episcopacy." He did this with such an evident conviction of the perfect agreement of his hearers in the proposition he enunciated that it was with difficulty I could preserve a decent gravity of expression, especially as C., who was ignorant of his history, immediately opened his batteries upon him, and spake warmly anent the Free Kirk, ending by promising him a copy of Baptist Noel's "Case of the Church of Scotland." Krishna was very cautious and seemed to think "least said soonest mended."

Tuesday, December 29th.—Crowds of people sur-

rounded the tank opposite our house the whole morning, throwing the figures of camels into it, this being the last day of the Muharram.

Thursday, December 31st.—I drove to Alipúr to call on two ladies; the road is very pretty, and the houses the most agreeable I have seen, quite in the country, and very handsome. In the evening kind Captain and Mrs. Henning came for me, and I had a pleasant drive with them. C. went to hear the Preparation Sermon at Union Chapel.

New Year's-day, 1847.—We had been (as every one else was) invited to a ball at Government House, and, after divers cogitations, agreed that it was best not to go, but not to say anything about it, as good reasons are lost upon some people.

At midnight, we heard the salute announcing the New Year, and prayed for a blessing on each other, and on those dear to us. The next morning breakfasted early, and drove to Union Chapel (taking Jacob with us), where every New Year's-day there is a truly catholic Communion, in which all the Missionaries, of every denomination (except the Church of England), and any other Christians who wish to do so, join in celebrating their Redeemer's Feast. We were in the front row, close to the communion-table. Mr. MacDonald of the Free Church was just finishing the prayer; Mr. Lacroix, a Swiss Presbyterian, of the London Missionary Society, then preached a very animated, simple, but most touching sermon, on "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." He spoke of the certainty of God's promises, the sureness of salvation contrasted with the transitoriness of all things earthly, and ended by saying, "A few more years may see a congregation met within

these walls for the same purpose that we are; but another minister will occupy the pulpit, and of all now present every one will have passed away to the Judgment Seat of God,"—and then prayed that it might be only to enter into the inner Sanctuary, to dwell with the Lamb for ever and ever. A young minister, of the Scotch Establishment, Mr. Henderson, prayed with great fervour, so did a venerable American Baptist Missionary; Mr. Boaz, the minister of the Chapel (an Independent), made a most touching address before the delivery of the bread, and another before that of the wine, on "This do in remembrance of me." The first was on remembering what Christ has done for us; the second, on remembering what we are bound to do for him. Mr. Ewart, of the Free Kirk, was one of those who distributed the Elements. We all sat still in our places, and the bread, cut in little pieces, was handed round. After the service, we sang the hymn, "Once again before we part." Mr. Boaz afterwards shook hands with both of us, and gave us back the communion cards to keep in remembrance of the day. I cannot tell you how affecting a service it was.

We drove to the Wylies—a most fit house to visit after such a service. We found Mr. Hawkins, the excellent Christian Judge, there, and also a young man belonging to the Exchange (a kind of large shop), who was treated with as much kindness and respect as the man in high office beside him. This is one feature which distinguishes the Christians in Calcutta, that their houses and society are open to all who appear to be truly Christian people, although their station in life may be a humble one. Mrs. W.'s darling little boy came and tried to pull off my gloves,

to show he wished me to stay. He is one of the sweetest children I ever saw, and as independent of servants as any child born at home. Mrs. Wylie told me that Mr. Lacroix has been here for the last twenty years, and is the most acceptable Missionary of any to the natives. Not long since he went to Europe for two or three years, and was very useful in stirring up an interest in missions in England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland. He brought several young men from Geneva with him, one of whom has married his eldest daughter. They are settled at a village near Alipúr, where the young Missionary's wife is most useful. She has a school under her care for native girls, and speaking Bengali like a native gives her great opportunities of doing good. They say it is beautiful to hear her pray with her pupils.

Mrs. Wylie was most intimate with Mrs. Wilson, and gave me the same account as every one else has done, of the sad state of decay into which her school has fallen. Mrs. Wilson was admirably qualified as an instructress; her dignity of manner and her gentleness were invaluable gifts. All the villagers of the place (about nine miles from Calcutta) looked to the Mem Sáhib for advice, help, medicine, assistance of every kind. Her school included about 200 girls, and prospered in every way. She gave them such an education as charity children receive in England, comprising reading, writing, work, and a thorough knowledge of Scripture. Their mode of life was such as is common to the poorest. In the midst of her usefulness she left the Church of England and joined the Plymouth brethren, and Archdeacon Dealtry thought it impossible to let her remain. Other teachers have since been appointed in her room, but they have been wholly

inefficient, and the number of pupils has dwindled down to thirteen. Some have run away, many have married the so-called converts of Krishnaghar, men who had been baptized simply on expressing a wish to be so, and whose Christianity consists in nothing but a renunciation of idolatry, so that their poor young wives have walked miles to see Mrs. Wilson and to tell her, with bitter weeping, that their husbands were hardly Christians even in profession. One did not even know who Jesus was! I would by no means have you think that *all* the Krishnaghar converts were of this sort, but too many of them were so. Such is the bad management of the school, that even the docile Bengáli girls have become wholly insubordinate. Mrs. Wylie gave me an interesting account of a visit which Mrs. Wilson paid in their company to the scene of her former labours. They went in a boat and arrived at a time when the little girls were bathing. No sooner did they recognize Mrs. Wilson than they rushed into the water as far as they could to meet her, and when she landed they hung about her with the most touching marks of affection. On arriving at the school, Mrs. Wilson seated herself in the midst of them, and began to tell them how grieved she was at the accounts she had heard of their behaviour. One little head after another sunk within the folds of their chaddahs (veils), and soon there was not a dry eye among them.

Mrs. Wylie told us of a remarkable conversion which took place here. A young man, of the name of Hay, was extremely wild, and wholly ignorant of religion. A horse of his having won a race, he was known by the name of "Telegraph Hay." He was the son of Captain Hay, who lost his leg in command of one of the East India Company's China ships, when they beat off the

French fleet. In a wrestling match with a man who owed him ill-will, the latter injured him so much that he never recovered from it. While ill, he took up a book called "Letters from a Father to his Son." This made him think seriously; but he spoke to no one of the state of his mind. He was obliged to go to Europe for his health, and meditated deeply on these things; but without knowing what he wanted, or having any clear views on the subject, until the first sermon he heard from Mr. Close seemed like a flash of lightning to illuminate his mind. It showed him at once what he needed, and the remedy for his need; and he became a new creature in Christ Jesus. He returned to India, and so bold and open was he in proclaiming the truth, that his old acquaintances thought him mad. His health gradually declined, but his faith increased. He became too weak to move, and was told that from henceforth he must keep to his room. The last note he wrote Mr. Wylie was just before he was taken there for the last time, telling him, with a kind of joyful indifference, that he was "just going up stairs to die." He lingered about three weeks more, and then fell asleep in Jesus, full of joy, hope, and love.

I must not forget to tell you, that one of the young converts I met at the Wylies' (a Brahman), owed his conversion to the death of a fellow-scholar, who was brought out to the Ghát (as the custom is) to breath his last. He called his companions to him, and said, "Do not do as I have done: I have believed in Christ, but have been ashamed to confess Him before men." This dying admonition was blessed to the young hearer; and may we not hope that the dying confession of the weak believer was a sign that he too

was one of the fold of Christ? We took leave of these dear friends, for such we felt them to be.

Saturday, January 2nd, 1847.—We all went to Sir Lawrence Peel's breakfast. Lunched in the garden; about 300 people there; left about six. The gardens are very pretty, and abound in a beautiful shrub which is common enough here, called Poinsettia. The leaves are large and long, not unlike those of the chestnut, but of a brilliant crimson. Two of Tippù Sahib's great-grandsons were there, ugly, mean looking men, with bad expression.

The houses in Calcutta are remarkably fine, with flat roofs. Almost every bed-room has a bath-room attached, which is paved, and rows of chattis (earthen pitchers), full of water, are placed there for pouring over oneself. The natives seem to be incessantly bathing. Little conduits run along most of the large streets, and there they are pouring water over themselves from morning till night; but they do it very decently, never wholly unclothed. None but women of low caste are ever seen in the streets: some of them wear rings in their noses. The native hackney coaches are very droll. There is generally a servant gravely seated, cross-legged, on the top. The bearers, who are all Hindus, and who, in a family, perform most of the functions of housemaids, such as making the beds, dusting the furniture, &c., generally wear their hair long, and turned up *à la Chinoise*, with a knot behind. The common bearers have their heads bare; but those in service wear a white turban with their queer little knot projecting beneath it. I believe bearers are employed in ladies' apartments and bedrooms only in Calcutta: I have never heard of its being done elsewhere. All over India many ladies are

guilty of great carelessness in dress, to call it by no worse name, appearing before their servants and strangers in flannel dressing-gowns, and even less decorous garments. But nowhere are these evil practices carried to such a disgraceful extent as in Calcutta. There, ladies will give audience to half-a-dozen men-servants in their sleeping apartments, the moment they have risen. And I have even known an instance of a young and handsome woman dressing and undressing in the presence of the tailors, with as little scruple as if they had been old women.

Sunday, January 3rd.—We went to the Free Church, where the Communion was administered. Mr. Mac Donald's sermon I could not hear, although seats had been most kindly kept for us close to the top of the table. I heard, however, Mr. MacDonald's excellent address on "Occupy till I come." He said we were to occupy the station in which God placed us, whatever it might be, but to occupy it *for Him*. Neither the attainment of riches nor of promotion, were to be our objects. God would provide as much of these things as was good for us. Our object must be to glorify Him in *all* things. It was a very profitable address; and the simple and scriptural manner of breaking the bread, and dividing it among ourselves, and passing the cup from one to the other, pleased me more than ever. Jacob, the native converts, and at least two native Christian women, joined in this holy ordinance.

C. then left me at Miss Laing's, as I was anxious to spend the rest of the day with her. I had much delightful conversation with her. We dined at about three o'clock, and the two youngest children with us. The orphans cook, as well as do everything else for them-

selves; and the few servants Miss Laing is obliged to have for herself are wholly separated from them. She told me the children were remarkably docile, punishment rarely necessary; the three little Jewesses giving more trouble than all the rest put together—wilfulness, perversity, and obstinacy being prominent characteristics in them, though in many ways they are very attractive children. She says the greatest difficulty with the native children is from their habits of deceit. I asked her about the kind of education she intended to give them. She said, as high a one as they are capable of. She teaches them everything they are able to learn; and hopes that some of them will turn out clever and highly educated women. Mr. Ewart came about four o'clock, and delivered an exposition on a chapter in Acts. This he or one of the other Missionaries does every Sabbath, as the girls have no other means of hearing preaching, it being impossible for them to walk through the streets to church.

I was quite touched by the manner in which Miss Laing expressed her obligation for the interest I took in the school; she said so few cared for it. When she first came out, many people to whom she had letters of introduction called on her; but, finding them mere worldly people, she refused their invitations. One lady speaking of her said, "Poor thing, I wish very much to be kind to her, but I am afraid she might bow to me on the course." Another entreated her to come and live with her, saying, she could not bear her to live in such a mean way. Lady Colquhoun of Rossie behaved like a mother to her before she left Scotland.

Miss Laing said she had anticipated many trials, but had never thought of that of having to attend the death-

beds, and make the arrangements for the funerals of the children under her care. In five years she has lost three. One, an infant, who could just repeat a little hymn, and say a little prayer; the other gave good hopes of her salvation; but the most touching yet comfortable death of all was that of Charlotte Green, the little girl Dr. Duff told us of about a month ago. Miss Laing at first declined taking her, but on examining her own reasons, feared that she had done so mainly because the child was very unprepossessing. She therefore went down stairs, and finding the old woman who had brought her still waiting, she took the poor little thing, who was then about five years old. From the day she was admitted she was a truthful, quiet, intelligent child, who learned with great facility, but was by no means "demonstrative." She had an attack of dysentry, and when recovering, insisted on being always present at family worship, though too weak to stand. After her recovery, Miss Laing one day said to her, as she was passing through the room, "Charlotte! do you know that you are a sinner?" She stopped, burst into tears, and answered, "Oh yes, I am a great sinner. I pray to Jesus to take away my sins." Miss Laing thought this might only be the repetition of an idea which she had been taught, but she was astonished at the emotion so unusual in a native. Some time after, she one day left her class, and two or three of her companions soon came to Miss Laing, saying, "Ma'am, will you go to Charlotte—she says she is going to Jesus." Miss Laing found her on her bed: she seized the hand of her kind instructress, and said, "Oh I love you so much, for you have led me to Jesus." From that time she sank rapidly from a return of her former complaint: all her expressions were full of hope and joy; no person entered

the room without her urging them in the most solemn manner to seek salvation in Christ. Miss Laing never left her, but repeated and read the numberless passages of Scripture she asked for, until, without a sigh, her happy spirit fled away to be for ever with the Lord. Dr. Duff has written an account of this glorious death-bed from Miss Laing's notes.

Just afterwards, Miss Laing was seized with violent erysipelas in the head, so that for nine days she could never lie down, the pain was so intense. During this severe suffering she felt, as it were, upborne by a strength not her own, so that she wondered at the peace she enjoyed. Her own expression was, that she felt like a creature with wings. While walking up and down in the night, she often overheard some of the elder girls praying for her. At length she was enabled to lie down, and resting on her forehead she fell asleep: she was awoke by a voice crying, "Oh, ma'am, here are drunken men in the house!" The stupid Darwán (gate-keeper) had been off his guard, and two Europeans had marched into the house, and up to her very room, but the servants soon put them out. She recovered, although dreadfully reduced by the medical treatment.

She spoke of the impropriety of permitting bearers to attend little girls in all respects like nurses, which many ladies are guilty of. After tea the children came in for family worship; they each read a verse by turns in the first chapter of John, and I was greatly pleased with Miss Laing's method of questioning them on it—they answered admirably. They then repeated texts, sang a hymn, and Miss Laing offered up an earnest, simple prayer. We then took an affectionate leave of each other.

January 4th.—Breakfasted with Dr. Duff; found a young widow there on her way to England; she lost her husband at Firozshahar, and has two small children; she seemed truly a Christian, and our hearts ached for her.

C. could not afford the time, but Dr. Duff offered to take me with his daughter to Baranagar, where an examination of the Branch School was to be held. On our way he showed us the new Mission House, and buildings for converts, now just on the point of occupation, and pointed out the Old Institution, which was full of scholars, his former house, and the trees which he himself had planted. We also passed the Leper Asylum, where these unfortunate people have a maintenance on condition of not going out of the compound; and the Mahratta ditch, made to defend Calcutta from those dreaded invaders. We had a very pretty drive: Baranagar itself is a sequestered rural spot, like an illustration in "Paul and Virginia."

Mr. Smith, the missionary, lives in a very pretty one-storied native house, with a tank before it, and the school is a thatched bamboo Bangalow, close by. There are about 200 pupils. Mahendra once taught there. They have at present an excellent half-caste Christian master, and a very clever Hindu teacher, brought up at the Assembly's Institution. Mrs. Hutton, the wife of the good English chaplain at Dumdum (who, on the Staples objecting to the English baptismal service, himself brought a Free Church Missionary to baptize their child, and was present at the holy ordinance), was the only other lady present; but Dr. Clark of Dumdum, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. Mc Kail were there, and all examined the boys. They answered extremely well in mental arithmetic, geography, Roman and English

history, geometry, and Scripture history, &c. The eldest class read and explained a long passage, taken at random, from "Paradise Lost," book second, describing Satan's flight. Dr. Duff asked what was meant by Satan putting on his wings. One answered, "he put them into practice" (meaning use). This was the only mistake that I remember. On English history, Mr. Ewart asked about the civil wars, and then inquired which was best, war or peace?—they all answered "peace," with great zeal. Mr. Ewart observed, "there might be some just wars, adding, suppose an enemy were to burst into this country, plundering and destroying everything, would you not fight?" "No, no," said they. Mr. Ewart, who is a very fine powerful man, and gives one the idea of being full of manly determination and courage, was so astonished that he paused for a moment, and then said, "but would you not fight for your *homes*—your own families?" "No," said they, "the Bengalis would not fight—they are all cowards." I am not *quite* sure if he asked whether they themselves would not fight, or if their countrymen would not do so; but the answer was as above; and Mr. Ewart remained dumb and amazed. This made me think that patriotism seldom if ever exists in those (unless they are true Christians) who are much in advance of their countrymen, because they despise their own people, instead of taking a pride in belonging to them: this idea would alloy patriotism in general with a huge portion of vanity and self-exaltation. We are patriotic, generally, because we think our own nation the best of all nations, and ourselves honoured by belonging to it; but if we perceive it to be inferior, we gladly cut the tie which binds us to it, unless grace fills the heart with such patriotism as that of Paul.

After the examination, Dr. Duff asked me to distribute the prizes (which consisted chiefly of books used in the classes). He said it would put a new idea into the boys' heads, to receive them from the hands of a lady. I accordingly took my seat at the head of the table, and delivered the book to each scholar as he was brought to me. Most of the elder boys made a graceful bow of acknowledgment, but many of the others had to be called back, and vigorously reminded to make salam; and then some made it to Mr. Smith, and not to me. The costume was much more varied and picturesque than at the Parent Institution: some of the lads had shawls, chains, and other fineries, but none of those painted marks on the forehead which are often called "marks of caste," but which are, in reality, marks of the idol whose votary the wearer is.

We then went to see the lower class, writing: each boy sits on his own little mat, with a reed in his hand, and the leaf on which he writes lying on his left palm. After resting a little at Mr. Smith's house we drove home. The Kulín Brahmans of Bengal are divided into the five following families:—Banerjí, Chatterjí, Mukají, Gangulí, and Gosal: one of the senior pupils at Baranagar, with whose appearance I was much struck (a Gangulí), has since been baptized. One of the things which impressed me most at the examination at Baranagar, was the perfect knowledge displayed by the scholars of all the doctrines on which they were questioned, especially the cardinal point of justification, which they explained in the clearest manner. They expressed their belief in all they said, and spoke decidedly against idolatry; but all this is, with most of them, only the religion of the head: it sets before one in a strong light the difference between intellectual convic-

tion and heart conversion, the work of men and the work of the Spirit. How many hearers of the Gospel, how many children of religious families, are in the same condition as these poor boys, with a perfect form of godliness without the power thereof. These Hindus would doubtless profess the Gospel, and attend regularly on the means of grace, if there were nothing to be lost by so doing. At home, where there is so much less difficulty in confessing Christ before men, there is far greater danger of men deceiving themselves, by fancying they are Christians when they are not.

Dr. Duff gave me a most interesting account of good Dr. Carey's death. He was with him a short time previously when he was in perfect health. The last sheet of his "Bengáli Testament" was brought in. He burst out into thanksgiving, saying, with tears, he had prayed to be permitted to finish that work before he was summoned hence, and that he was now ready to depart. After this he began gradually to decline, and the next time Dr. Duff visited him with his loved colleague, Dr. Marshman, he was very near death, very feeble, and just gliding away from earth. Dr. Duff reminded him of the circumstance of their last interview, and added that he thought if any man could use the language of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight," &c., it was Dr. Carey. The venerable man raised himself up in bed, and said, "Oh no, I dare not use such very strong language as that, but I have a strong hope, *strong hope*," repeating it three times with the greatest energy and fervour: he fell back exhausted, and when a little revived his friends took their leave. As they were going, he called, "Brother Marshman." On Dr. Marshman returning, he said, "You will preach my funeral sermon, and let the text be, 'By grace ye are saved.'" As Dr.

Duff observed, the humility yet confidence of this aged saint were very beautiful. After lunching with these kind friends, who would hardly let me go, I was obliged to say farewell to them, and returned home about four. I found C. and Mr. Cameron trying the new gun cotton: it makes scarcely any smoke, hardly soils the barrel, and is nearly three times as strong as gunpowder. We are to take some to Lord Hardinge. Major Johnstone, the Comte de Blacas, and Comte de Nicolay, and one or two more dined with us.

A letter arrived the other day from Akbar Khán, tenderly reproaching my husband for not having given him news of his health; he must have heard of our arrival instantly and written at once.

The substance of the letter from Akbar Khán to Captain Mackenzie is as follows. The compliments, which are very elaborate, are omitted, it being scarcely possible to translate them:—

"Most Affectionate Friend,

"Up to the month of Shuwall, through God's mercy, the kingdom of Kábúl was in such a state as to be thankful to God.

"I assure you that my future conduct will never be such as to create an impression on your mind against our friendship and alliance. In every respect you may keep your mind comfortable, for nothing will be wanting on my part to please you.

"As I am always anxious to hear from you, it is of course a matter of regret, that notwithstanding the existing friendship between us, I may not be informed of the circumstances and good news of my friends, nor I be asked to declare my own; this being a failure on your part, strikes me in mind now and then.

"I feel, however, much pleasure and comfort in learning verbally the welfare of my friends, through Moortuza Shah, who was lately here, as messenger from the Governor-General's agent. With a view to perpetuate mutual friendship and alliance, I have penned this note of affection, and hope that, relying upon my friendship, you will always do the same."

As the last injunction he gave, on sending the hostages and captives to Bamián, was to cut the throats of all who could not march; and as he knew full well that my husband was, from extreme illness, incapable of walking a hundred yards, you may judge how far this loving epistle accords with such a parting benediction. His intention in writing was to endeavour, through the medium of my husband, to establish a good understanding with the British Government.

Wednesday, January 6th, 1847.—Packed. Two Jews came to see Jacob; Abraham Joseph was one, and the other was the former Rabbi, Isháк, the father of little Tobáh. About two we took leave of our friends. I like M. extremely: J. is one of the most generous dispositions imaginable, and her husband a beautiful natural character, so full of information, so gentle, and so thoroughly gentlemanly.

We stopped at Spence's Hotel to pick up Miss M. and take leave of the kind Hennings, and then proceeded to Barrackpúr. This day five years C. left the cantonments at Kábúl with our ill-fated force. What a different journey, as he himself remarked, is he now beginning! May God grant us grace to be more thankful for His unmerited mercies.

## CHAPTER III.

Barrackpúr.—Pálkis.—Pálkigáris.—Banghy Bardárs.—Chouki Trees. —Bangalows.—Afgháns.—Travelling.—Rájmahál Hills.—Ghiljyes.— Her Majesty's 98th.—Tigers.—Crooked Answers.—Amirs of Sind. —Akbár's Letter.—Són River.—Native Huntsman.—Benáres.—Raja of Vizigápatam.—Count Goertz.—The Kurg Rajah.—Gun Cotton.— Ráni's Ornaments.—Elephants.—City of Benáres.—Great Temple.— Mosk.—Minárs.—Observatory.—Myá.—The Ghát.—Hindu House.— Brocades.—Nipálese. -Sattára Rajá.—Jewels.—Free School.—Girls' School.—Examination Papers.—Nipálese Sirdárs.—Sattára Ránis.— Review.—Leave Benáres.—Allahabad.—School.—Mourning Bride.— Cawnpore.—Mission School.—A Sikh.—Costume.—Mainpúri.

Wednesday, January 6th, 1847.—After leaving Calcutta, the drive to Barrackpúr was very pleasant, a long fine road bordered by magnificent trees. The first thing I remarked was a blacksmith shoeing a horse, sitting with the hoof in his lap. On one side we saw an elephant feeding before a cottage, and on the other two men passed mounted on a camel; so that we already began to meet with Orientalisms. On arriving at Gyretty Ghát, we crossed the river, the coachman accompanying us, and looking very picturesque in his scarlet dress and queer little forked beard, which he washed, divided in the middle, and then turned up like a pair of moustaches. We were a long time in packing the palkí and palkígárí; and had brought so many

things that we were obliged to give away divers pillows, &c., which crowded us. The palkí is like a long box or a portable berth for a steamer, cushions at one end for one's head, a little shelf and drawers above one's feet, and a net above that for oranges, &c., — two bearers at each end of it, supporting it on their shoulders. When the sun was hot, we unrolled a white cover which projected about a foot on each side of the roof, and kept off much of the glare. There are sliding doors by which you can completely close the palki: a reading-lamp at the back of one's head, pockets, musquito-curtains, and everything to make one comfortable. The carriage is much the same, only larger, and on four wheels, which are all of the same height. Inside it is like a vis-à-vis, with a spare cushion which fits between the two seats and turns it into a bed; and, as it is on good carriage springs, the motion is much easier than that of the palkí. Miss M. had eleven men, *i.e.*, bearers, who relieve each other; two men carrying pitáráhs, and one torchman. We had fifteen men; ten to push and drag the carriage, four to carry pitáráhs, and one torchbearer. The latter fed his torch every now and then with oil which he poured out of a bamboo, shaped like a quill toothpick. The bearers wear very little clothing, only a piece of cloth skilfully wrapped round their bodies, and a sheet, which serves for cloak by night and turban by day.

While waiting, an old man came out of a cottage opposite, to pick something in his garden, by lamp-light. His figure, with the flickering light on it, and the group near him preparing their evening meal, as usual, outside the little dwelling, which was shaded by fine old trees, formed a perfect night piece; and no less scenic was the figure of the masàlchi (torchbearer),

running along in his white drapery, or illuminating a whole group by the vivid blaze of his torch when we stopped to change bearers.

Each station is called a choukí, literally " seat." Does not this indicate the difference between the active European, who stands at his post, and the oriental who sits at it? By-the-by, I was much struck by the Sepahis at Barrackpúr; they are very fine men, and make most graceful salutes. They only wear uniforms when on duty. The lines where they live are rows of mud huts. The population near Calcutta is very dense. The scenery was for a long time pretty, and English-looking, being flat and well wooded. We passed numbers of noble banians, the most magnificent of all trees. We had a lovely night, and slept well. Whenever we woke there was something to see or hear; sometimes a jackal prowling near, sometimes the merry chatter of the bearers, and sometimes the wild, but not unmusical, shout in chorus, by which they give notice of their arrival at the choukí. Each man gets about eight pie (that is a penny) a mile, and generally sixpence to a whole set for each stage, which is about eight or ten miles, as bakshish; but C. gives them double.

To lay a dàk, you apply to the postmaster so many days before, and he makes arrangements with the post-offices up the country. You pay the whole sum at once into his hands, and find the bearers waiting for you; and of course have to pay if you detain them beyond a certain time. We started about half-past five P.M.: the night was most lovely. At Memári was the first bungálow we had seen. All the dàk bungálows are fac-similes of each other. They are one-storied buildings with verandahs, with two sets of apartments,

each containing one large room, with one or two cane bedsteads, a smaller room, and a bath-room with earthen pitchers full of water, of which we availed ourselves largely. At Memári we took some milk and chapátis (large thin cakes of flour and water, like bannocks), and proceeded to Bardwàn, where we stopped for dinner. Each traveller or party pays one rupee for the use of the bungálow for any period not exceeding twenty-four hours. A butler, bearer, and sweeper are attached to each. The curry seemed to us the best we had eaten. The roads are made of broken bricks; and, further on, of konkar, a natural composition of clay and sand.

Early on Friday, January 8th, we saw five Afgháns on camels, to whom C. saluted in Púshtú, the most harsh and guttural language you ever heard. It sounds to me like Welsh. We came to a small wood where a herd of buffaloes were feeding, and bought some of their milk, which, with plum cake made an excellent breakfast; the beautiful snow white paddy-birds, attending as usual on the buffaloes, looked like good spirits watching evil genii. Our road lay for some distance through a jungle; we crossed two chain bridges, one of them spanning a river, which at this season is, as L. might say, made up of islands. The country then became very barren, with only one or two trees here and there. We saw many two-wheeled carts of most primitive construction, drawn by oxen, and some of the curious native carriages, like a rude throne and canopy, on two wheels. In one of them this morning was a Muhammadan woman, veiled; her lord and master, who was sitting at the edge of the vehicle, gave her a jealous poke with his elbow as an admonition to wrap herself up more closely, as we

approached. He must have looked with horror at me walking along, like an Irishwoman, in my night-cap! The dress of the bearers seems to diminish, and certainly one's ideas of necessary clothing are becoming wofully contracted.

I exchanged with Miss M. and went in the palki, so that I arrived at Assíngole Bungálów about two, and became rather anxious at the non-arrival of the palkígárí, when a note from my husband told me they had stopped to get something done to it. With the help of a vocabulary I ordered curry and rice, and the Khansámán told C. afterwards that "I looked into a little book, and spoke certain words"—they are very quick at understanding. The bearers told me that the palkígárí had something the matter with its wheels, and was a long way off, but was coming, entirely by signs; in fact the proper use of one's forefinger is equivalent to a tolerable knowledge of the language. The Bungalows and servants are all beautifully clean, and we get very good curry, milk, eggs, and chapátis, so that the hardships of a traveller in Italy or Switzerland are much greater than in India; they generally charge one rupee for our meal. We carry tea and sugar, biscuits, jam, cold meat, and a little bread with us. We left at half-past five, and had to cross a nallah nearly dry at this season, the road very bad, and the country very barren; the women carry heavy loads, and seem to work very hard in the field.

The next morning, January 9th, saw some beautiful hills (the Dacity Hills) on the right, and the still finer Rajmahal range beyond. The people are a finer race than the Bengalis. We entered the great Parwati jungle, about twenty-four miles in length, which abounds in tigers, who have destroyed several persons

within the last year, but the jungle has now been cleared to some distance on each side of the road, so that it is not so dangerous as it was, at least by day. We asked if the gentlemen near did not go into the jungle to shoot the tigers. They said "No; the forest was under the protection of the Goddess Parwattí, and she had as yet given no 'hukm' (i.e. order) that the tigers should be destroyed." Col. Sleeman relates that the Hindus believe that when a tiger has once killed a man he becomes much more dangerous, for the spirit of his victim sits on his head, and guides him to his prey.

In one of the villages we saw a suniási, or religious mendicant, with scanty garments, shaggy locks and beard, gravely blessing the people. The pictures of St. Paul, the Hermit, and St. Antony, are perfect suniasis. We passed some more Afgháns of the Lowání tribe, taking their frugal meal under a tree; they are all going to Calcutta to fetch merchandize, their camels having no burdens at present, save a little fruit, such as pistacho nuts. The Afgháns are square and strong, with bushy beards, some brown or reddish, but mostly black, and ruddy complexions, or what appear such by the side of the natives. Some spoke Hindustani, but most Persian; one square-built Ghiljye stood stock still, with a most wondering stare, on perceiving me. When C., who was walking, came up, he offered him some plum cake, which he happened to be carrying in a sandwich-box. The Ghiljye modestly intended taking a little piece, but C. put a huge slice into his hand; he broke a mouthful, tasted it very slowly, and then cried, with a kind of pleased astonishment, "It is *very* good!" and hastened after his companions to share it with them: they had

been six months on their way from Kabúl. About the middle of the day we reached the camp of H.M.'s 98th, at the foot of the Rajmáhál Hills. The white tents, the groups of natives with bullocks, a woman bringing hay on her head, the European soldiers generally within their tents, all formed a pretty picture. C. went over to Colonel Campbell's, who apologized for not coming out to see me, as he was not dressed, but he invited us to stay and dine at the mess, which we were unable to do. The road was very bad, and our progress so slow that it was fortunate the beauty of the scenery, especially the fine and varied forms of the wooded hills, prevented it from being tedious. We saw a group of travellers bathing, and some lovely red lilies in the water. A little child of about two years old, at one of the choukis, diverted me much; its only garment was wrapped round its head, and fell like a mantle behind its shoulders. Its hands were folded with the decent gravity of a lady abbess over its little plump body, but the moment it saw me looking at it, it dropped its head, turned, and walked off in such a funny little fit of shyness as much diverted the lookers-on.

I forgot to mention that on Thursday morning we saw some huge apes among the crops; these creatures are held sacred, and no one molests them. A whole crowd of young boys rushed out from a little village to help us over a nallah, and so bad was the road, that between Top Chakki to Dumrí, we were five hours in going seven miles. C. questioned a trooper appointed to guard the road, as the Koles, an aboriginal tribe, who inhabit all the neighbouring hills, are notorious marauders. He said they still committed occasional robberies, "but no murders, since by the favourable

destiny of the Sáhíb Lóg (lordly people) some of them had been hanged!"

We found one-half of the Bungalow at Dumri, occupied by Captain and Mrs. B.; six or seven cockatoes and other parrots—they are marching. We arrived about dusk, and started again directly after dinner, as it was a dangerous part of the jungle on account of tigers, and the road very bad. I had been startled out of my sleep by a most unearthly sound like a tiger's roar, but as the bearers did not hear it, they may have made it themselves, as they beguiled the way with such a combination of shouts, screams, and yells, as never before were heard. I sat up and spied out for tigers a good part of the night, until I became so sleepy that as the tiger did not choose to come, I resolved not to keep awake for him any longer. I suppose this is the way one gets callous to any danger—one cannot go on feeling excited about it.

Instead of arriving at Barhí, where we had arranged to pass the Sabbath, at one o'clock, a.m., on Sunday morning, we did not get there until one, p.m. The view of the hills at dawn this morning was lovely, and the scenery continued beautiful the whole day. C. overheard some Palkís behind us, and asked our bearers if there were not two of them. They answered with the most subservient phraseology—"If it be your Lordship's pleasure"—which he translated, "Your Excellency's *whim*," which is indeed the meaning of it—"there shall be two Palkís, or three, or even *four*." It is difficult to get a decided answer on any subject, for every native is accustomed to answer according to what he supposes to be the whim of his superior. For instance, a fine young traveller whom C. invited to join us, and who

gladly did so as a protection against tigers, was walking on as cheerily as possible on Monday morning, after having marched about thirty-two miles, with his sword slung by a handkerchief over his left shoulder, and a little red bag held daintily between his finger and thumb. He is the confidential servant of a neighbouring Raja, who gives him five rupees a month, and was going to visit his family, about two miles off the high road. He told us all his family were alive, and the bag contained a great number of bracelets of various colours which are only to be had at the place he was coming from, and which he was taking to his female relatives. C. asked him if he was tired,—he said, "Not a bit." C. remarked that he was a strong young fellow. He looked much gratified, and answered,—"By your Lordship's permission, I *am* a strong young fellow." He willingly accepted some tracts; so did a poor Brahmán, whom we saw yesterday morning on his way to Jagarnáth—he was sick, so we gave him a homœopathic dose, which he gladly took.

Miss M. arrived first at Sheregottí: just as we were entering, a poor Máli or gardener brought us a nazzar of fruit. A nazzar is a present of fruit from an inferior to a superior, which is accepted by touching it, and then repaid by a present in money.

On reaching the Bungalow, I was astonished to see my husband shaking hands with two very portly men in white, whom I took for Jews. Miss M. came to tell me they were some of the Amírs of Sind, and that Dr. Colman, who is in medical charge of them, had vacated his apartments for us, and pressed her to eat his breakfast. Not satisfied with this, he sent his servants, tea equipage, and provisions for our use, so that an excellent

repast was prepared for us as if by magic; and I remarked that the very pat of butter which was placed ready for his breakfast when we entered, was sent back untouched for ours. The Amírs sent me a present of oranges, and said they were coming to pay me a visit after breakfast. We, therefore, dressed and breakfasted, during which a small fish bone stuck in my throat; whereupon the grave old Khemsámán said affectionately to C.—"If the child (bábá) will eat some dry rice, the bone will go down;" so I swallowed the dry rice and the affront to my dignity, as a "mem sáhib," together.

C. wished me to find some little present for the Amírs. I produced a Scotch pebble necklace and brooch, and a pair of small amethyst earrings; we then arranged seats for the whole party, some on chairs and some on the bed, and the three Amírs entered. I shook hands with each, and begged Dr. C. to express our pleasure in seeing them, our great sympathy in their misfortunes, and our hope of better times for them. The highest in rank, Amír Muhammad Khán, of Tálpùr, is very handsome, with noble features and expression. They are all full of intelligence, and spend their time in writing and reading. They have very fine heads, but their figures are spoilt by extreme corpulence, which they cherish both as a beauty and as a mark of dignity, and will, therefore, never ride on horseback (except in hunting, of which they are very fond), from fear of becoming thin. They are not tall, but powerful men, and wear caps like tubes closed at the top, with thick wavy glossy hair, parted in the middle, and turned back over the ears. I asked them about their families, and found that Muhammad Khán was engaged, but not married. He was to have been married in about a fortnight, when the last battle took place. He

is about twenty-six, and his brother twenty, although he looks like a man between forty and fifty. C. was so surprised at hearing his age, he could hardly forbear laughing. The other prince, Amír Shah Muhammad, is a relative of theirs, and brother to the one who is now hiding in Múltán. They had heard that C. was to be appointed Political Agent in Múltán, and were therefore very anxious to speak to him regarding their kinsman. I asked Dr. C. what credit was to be attached to the report, of which we had heard nothing. He said natives had queer ways of obtaining information. Amír Shah Muhammad Khán has a melancholy expression, and is much thinner than the others; he is about twenty-eight, and has left his wife in Sind. They have been living at Hazuríbagh, and are now on a little tour to Benáres.

I offered the necklace to Muhammad Khán for his intended bride, whom he expects to join him, the brooch to Shah Muhammad for his wife, and the earrings to the fat Yár Muhammad, as an encouragement to him to marry. The idea seemed to divert him extremely. The chief Amír held out his hand to his kinsmen; to examine their presents, and then made me a speech, saying, that his gratitude was not transitory, but would last as long as his life, and quoted a Persian verse to this effect:—"I have made a covenant with my beloved friends, that our friendship shall last while the soul remains in the body,"—this was quite in the style of Canning's heroine—"A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear eternal friendship." So here I am, the sworn friend of a Sind Amír. I had a strong inclination to laugh, but it would have been *monstrous* to have done so; so I expressed the gratification I really felt at their reception of a small mark of kindness.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of their

high bred courteous manner. I asked them for their autographs, which they each gave me, and in return requested mine, which I wrote on three sheets of paper, and added one of those pretty little coloured wafers with our arms, the meaning of which Dr. C. expounded to them. They had had long conversations with my husband previously, and were pleased at hearing that he and Colonel Outram were friends. We showed them Akbar Khan's letter, which the chief Amír read in the melodious chaunting way used by the Arabs and Persians, stopping every now and then with his eyes and mouth beaming with humour, at some outrageously barefaced expression of affection from such a personage. I have seldom seen a finer or more expressive face,—when quiet, it has a strong tinge of melancholy, but lights up with feeling and wit,* so as almost to tell you what he is saying before the Interpreter can repeat it.

They inquired about the way to England, which we showed them on a map, and also two little sketches, I had made of Madeira and Amsterdam, the only land we had seen on our weary voyage.

The hospitable doctor made us stay to tiffin, and when we departed, two of the Amírs came out to see us off. They were all dressed in close fitting jackets of red, green, or black, with gold lace, a flowing "sark" with wide sleeves appearing beneath, and wide trousers. That generous girl, Miss M., wanted me to take a gold pencil case of hers to give them, instead of my own trinkets.

As we left Sheregotti, the wide, sandy plain, the mountains in the distance standing out in sharp relief from the rich glow of the evening sky, and one solitary green palm tree in front, with the stately oxen slowly

passing along, formed a lovely Eastern picture. Homer's epithet, "ox-eyed," is really a compliment no one would disdain.

Our road still lay through a deep sandy plain, and on Tuesday, January 12th, 1847, we passed the Són river: Són means gold, which is found in its sands. The said sands are three miles across. We took three pair of bullocks to our light carriage. I believe this immense bed is sometimes full in the rainy season: as it was, we were three hours in traversing it. We forded one stream of 150, and another of about 200 yards wide, and the refreshment of the breeze blowing over the clear waters is indescribable, after the heat and glare of the sand. Carts with oxen, men and women with children on their hips and shoulders, were fording it likewise. At last we came to the main stream, where the carriage was pushed into, or rather *on* to a boat, covered with a platform of bamboos and earth, in which we were ferried over. On a large island or isthmus was a numerous caravan of pilgrims from Benáres, the varied groups of persons in the gayest tints, the pilgrim's colour, yellow, predominating: the equally gaudy native palkís and carriages, with carts and oxen intermixed, formed a picture like one of Horace Vernet's in the desert. Some of the pilgrims were fording the river at a little distance, and many were waiting on the shore where we landed. Our bearers resolved themselves into the very cube roots of men while on board: it is impossible to conceive the way in which they contract themselves into the smallest possible space. Most of the pilgrims were armed, and we afterwards met many carrying the so-called holy water of the Ganges, in vases slung across their shoulders on each end of a bamboo, and adorned with

little red flags. We were hot and very weary, for it was very late when we reached Deári Bungálow. The aloes between it and the river-side were as dusty as if they had been shut up in a lumber-room for the last twenty years.

Wednesday, January 13th. — This morning we stopped at Mohanniah for dinner, and wrote our journals. A native huntsman came in to sell some teal: his gun was a very long matchlock, spliced together with bands of grass. There were delightful green crops of wheat visible to-day, that refreshed our eyes; and it has become so much cooler, that we find it difficult to keep ourselves warm at night. We saw a flock of pretty long-tailed paroquets. We were now too far from Benáres to arrive in anything like reasonable time this evening, so to avoid getting there at two in the morning, we halted again for a couple of hours at Noubatpúr, where we took tea and then proceeded. About dawn we reached the Ganges, which we crossed in a wide boat like those on the Són, and, after a long drive, arrived at Major Carpenter's house about seven o'clock. On our way we saw a man with his beard stained red with henna.

Thursday, January 14th.—I sat with L. the whole day. The young Rajah of Vizigápátám called: he is about twenty, and very handsome (which he knows), with a peach-like bloom on his cheeks which any woman might envy; but he has a vacant expression, and will probably become very fat. He has lately lost his father, who had lived in Benáres for the last ten years, and the government has requested the young Rajah to return to his dominions, and manage as much of his own affairs as they have left in his power. He has been very carefully brought up by an English tutor:

speaks English perfectly. His mother, a very beautiful woman, lived at enmity with her husband, and even separated from him. The old Rajah caused his own death by starving himself for fifteen days to cure a boil. When the Raní found that her husband was dying, she came with a young cousin, a very handsome girl, to Major C. one morning at dawn, to entreat him to reconcile her to the Rajah, on account of the disgrace it would be to her should he die before this was done. He went with them in the same carriage (a thing unheard of), but the poor prince was insensible. The Ráni has become a Bairágin or religious devotee;—the word expresses one who is without passions. She cannot leave the holy city, has laid aside all her jewels, and sees no one but her son and her female attendants. The young Rajah came to-day to get money to marry the said cousin, who is betrothed to a native prince. He wore a close-fitting shawl dress (chapkan—much like the Afghán garb), wide trousers of cloth of gold, and a peculiar cap of silver, like a Greek cap, worn only by his family. He drove away in a buggy! A Rajah in a buggy! He is a first-rate billiard player.

A very pleasing young German, Count von Goertz of Hesse Cassel, arrived this morning; and late in the evening, Count de Blacas and Count Nicolay, the two French Carlist gentlemen we met at Calcutta. Count de Blacas (son of the Duke de Blacas, the faithful adherent of Henri V.) appeared to have much of the quiet self-possession and *retenue* of a true gentleman; Count Nicolay is more lively, and a *thorough* Frenchman. I believe they are wandering about the world *pour se désennuyer*—*bourgeois* France being unworthy of their presence. They are all lodged in tents, as were also Miss M. and Marina D.

Friday, January 15th.—I drove to hear the band: they seemed to play with precision, but without feeling, like foreigners reading a language they do not understand. After dinner, C. produced some gun cotton, just as the Kurg Rajah arrived. He is a small man, with an aquiline nose, and was dressed in straw-coloured satin, with a small muslin turban on his head, and a magnificent necklace of emeralds and pearls: he greeted my husband with a degree of cordiality which rather surprised me, considering that their first acquaintance was at the taking of Kurg. As soon as he was seated we proceeded with our experiments, and I exploded a little bit of cotton on the palm of his hand. He had kindly brought the jewels of the Rání to show me, and he came with us into the drawing-room, where he dressed Marina's head with them in a style which made us suspect he was in the habit of dressing his wife, so artistic were his proceedings. There was a most queenly head ornament, consisting of a band of jewels, from which rose a diamond star, several other bands of gold and jewels depending over the back of the head, with strings and tassels of pearls and emeralds for mixing with the hair which hangs down the back; magnificent pearl earrings, and no less than four collars and necklaces put on one over the other, a splendid zone of gold, set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and equally fine bracelets and armlets. His own state ornaments consisted of a double row of the finest pearls supporting a large emerald, which was the most valuable of all. The Rajah is a very polite, but reserved man, and feels his downfall very much. Major C. asked him to accompany us to-morrow morning to the city, as we require a great many elephants for so large a party.

Saturday, January 16th, 1847.—We started soon

after gun-fire (dawn), and drove to the city, where we mounted the elephants. Major C. and I were on one belonging to one of the Delhi royal family, with a silver howdah; but the pad worn into holes, a curious contrast. M. M. de Blacas and de Nicolay were on a pad, a kind of saddle. The Kurg Rajah had a hunting howdah, in which, though it is contrary to etiquette for natives of rank to have any one with them on an elephant, he took Count Von Goertz, and my husband occupied the seat behind them; and, such was the Rajah's politeness, that he wanted to take that place himself. The two young ladies went together; and we picked up Mr. Sandberg, one of the German missionaries, and Mr. Mackay, who is at the head of the Church Missionary School, and mounted them on a spare elephant with a pad. The elephant is made to kneel, and the rider mounts by a ladder; the huge creature then raises himself on his fore legs, and you are thrown backwards: he then raises his hind legs, and you are thrown forwards, as if you were riding on a huge wave of the sea. When once mounted, the motion is very easy, and the height placed us on a level with the first stories of the houses, so that I spied into the rooms, and curious little pigeon-holes most of them were.

We were attended by three sawárs (horsemen) belonging to the Agency, and divers men on foot preceded us, clearing the way. One of them in a very gaudy dress of blue and yellow, with a crimson turban, and sword in hand, in the service of one of the princes who lent us the elephants, was the most perfect specimen of a Behádering official I have yet seen. Behádering is an indispensable word to express the demeanour of many men and horses in this country. It means consequential, swaggering, and theatrical, with a great affectation of

dignity; and implies that the man or horse in question is in gorgeous array and making a fuss. In its proper sense the word is a title, and is applied to any gallant soldier. Thus, Haider Ali is always spoken of in the Carnatic as Haider Bahádar. The sawárs (of whom I have since sketched one) were very picturesque, clothed in green and scarlet, with their long spears in hand. The streets are so narrow, that there was just room enough for one elephant to pass. I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the picturesqueness of our whole morning tour. The shops are mostly under arcades, with curiously carved pillars, painted, as are many of the houses, deep red. Some of these dwellings are very fine, with handsomely carved balconies; and, wedged in among the houses, are numerous small temples and shrines called Shewállahs, built and endowed by any one who has a devotion for a particular idol, as a Romanist would do for his patron saint. The elephants stopped, we descended, and, walking along a very narrow passage, we found ourselves in a small oblong hall, with vaulted roof, open at the top, supported by pillars on all sides, and approached by three or four steps. A curious shaped stone was in the centre, on which crowds were successively pouring water and throwing flowers and grains of rice:—this was the Temple and Altar of Máha Deo, the chief God of Benares, who, in philosophical language, Mr. Mackay told us, represents the fecundity of nature. But here, as everywhere, what to the learned is an abstraction, to the unlearned is a *boná fide* individual idol. Many fine young sepáhis, in their ordinary dress, but easily known by their carriage and height, were bringing their offering of grains of rice and drops of water. Some old Brahmans met us and showed us everything

with the greatest obsequiousness. They brought us wreaths of strongly-scented white and yellow flowers, which, however, I carefully avoided putting on my neck, thinking it might look like a homage to the Sháitán of the place. I therefore put it on my arm; but a Brahman soon came and took it away, lest one of the sacred oxen, who were marching about the temple, should snatch it, and poke me at the same time. On the right hand side was a small dark apartment, containing a silver tank offered by some Rajah to this shrine. The devout prince filled it with rupees, gold mohars, and precious stones to an immense amount. It is under the protection of the Agency.

The name of this temple (which is the most venerated in Benáres) is Bisseshwár or Visseshwar. Crossing the little court, which was very splashy from the quantity of libations poured out, we ascended a very narrow staircase, up which no stout person could go, to what might be called the leads of the temple. Here were three quadrilateral domes close together, which are being gilded from money left by Ranjit Sing. Immense sums were sent with a portion of his ashes to various temples, and amongst others to this one. The temple is very small in comparison to European places of worship. On descending, we were led along a curious passage full of images and altars like the first (the whole having much the appearance of the entry to a museum of antiquities),—to a well in which, when the former temple was desecrated by the Muhammadans under Aurangzeb, the god took refuge. It is surrounded by a railing, and offerings of flowers, water, and rice are continually thrown down to propitiate the helpless divinity. The odour of sanctity of Hindu Mythology is not more agreeable to the olfactory

nerves than that of the Romish begging fraternities—so we quickly left the spot. The Brahmans seem in no way different in dress from their countrymen, except that all of those in the temple had their heads and beards partially shaved. Most of them wore red mantles. The remains of the former temple were very fine. On its ruins Aurangzeb built a mosque, which we proceeded to visit; and, coming from the idol temple, I felt a relief, and even an emotion of sympathy with the simple building we entered, where, at least, there was nothing outward and visible to dishonour the Most High. The only thing which it contained was a raised place for the mulláh to preach from. We went up one of the minarets, a toilsome undertaking, for which we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the stately river, the flat-roofed picturesque city interspersed with trees, and immediately beneath us flocks of the sacred blue pigeon, which always haunts a mosque, while divers pretty long-tailed paroquets had perched themselves on the smaller pinnacles. This was the most thoroughly Eastern city I had yet beheld: after enjoying the view for some time, we descended, and went to see a curious observatory built by a Rajah learned in astronomy, Jai Sing by name.

I was astonished to find we were admitted everywhere without the smallest difficulty. Mussulmans are not permitted to enter the Visseshwar Temple: but the Hindus acknowledge that our religion is very good and true *for us*, so they are as liberal as some members of parliament. This observatory has a representation of the planetary system, which would astonish Sir John Herschell. A huge block of stone in the centre of a circle represents the highest mountain in the world, the earth itself is supposed to rest

upon an elephant, which again rests upon a tortoise according to some, upon a serpent according to others. I begged to know upon what the tortoise stood. The pandit, who was our guide, said, "Oh these are all mya (illusions). Everything is an illusion. Bramh is dreaming, and sees all these things in his dream. He sees you all coming here." C. squeezed the pandit's little finger, and asked if that was an illusion. He said yes. He pinched him harder; but, though he made a hideous grimace, at which the bystanders laughed, the imperturbable man still answered that it was all mya. C. then said, "If all is mya, how do you know that I am not the Brahman and you the Feringhi? Some of the Brahmans teach this doctrine, others that everything is an emanation from Brahm —gods, men, animals, and all are parts of him, and will be ultimately absorbed in his essence. How a part of Bramh (or, as they pronounce it, Brum) can do evil, they do not explain. The Hindu system is more one of philosophy than of religion: it professes to account for everything. The learned are all atheists, pantheists, or idealists, while the poorer say, as many gods so many religions; and believe that a change of fashion in this matter occurs every now and then, when a new faith is revealed.

We descended an immense pyramidical flight of steps to the river. The top of this ghat was overhung with trees; and the groups of our numerous party were worth sketching as they stood on it. A fine boat, with two wooden horses at the bow, and many armchairs under an awning, awaited us. It belonged to the Rajah of Benáres. The rowers all sat on deck and pulled in a curious fashion. No panorama was ever more striking than that which now passed before our

eyes. The curious buildings, elaborately carved temples, the ghat on which dead bodies are burnt, the numerous and many-coloured groups of bathers, and even a part of the road which was to have been supported on arches, but has sunk into the water from the effects of an earthquake, all added to the pictorial effect of the scene.

On landing we remounted our elephants, and the sun beginning to be felt, the indefatigable swordsmen who rode behind me, and who had been running after me with an umbrella wherever I went, unfolded a superb chatta or parasol of velvet and gold, with a silver stick, which he held over my head. The shops were getting full.

We went to a house considered one of the finest in Benáres, but now rather dilapidated, the master of which conducted us over it. It was of three stories, built around a small court with a balcony overlooking the same at each story; the carving of the balcony and of the balustrades was beautiful. One side of the house, divided from the rest by the pardh (or veil), is appropriated to the women. Here no men enter but the master of the house (whose private apartments are within it), his sons and brothers. The women fled at our approach, but a group of merry girls and children filled up the window of the latticed partition, which divided off their share of the roof, and gazed at us with much curiosity. In the hot weather the natives sleep much on the roofs. We saw the state room where visitors are received, and family ceremonies take place; it is divided across the middle by a row of columns: none of the rooms were high. We next went to a very shabby entrance in another house, up a narrow stair into a low room lit by a square opening in

the roof like the apartments at Pompeii. This was the house of one of the richest manufacturers in Benáres. Half of the room was raised one step. Here we sat while bales of the most magnificent gold and silver stuffs, called kinkob, were unrolled before us. I do not suppose any European brocades equal them. They are used by the natives for trousers, but are almost too heavy for any articles of European dress, unless it were for court trains. Some of the muslins spotted with gold, and muslin shawls and scarfs with gold and silver borders for about thirty rupees were beautiful. MM. de Nicolay and de Blacas having selected those which they wished to have brought to the house, the merchant offered us spices in a little silver saucer, and attá of roses, into which we each dipped a finger. We then remounted our elephants and soon rejoined the carriages, in which we drove home.

On our way we met a party of Ghurka soldiers belonging to the Rájah of Nipál who is just arrived here. They were short, square men with a Chinese or Tartar look, high cheek bones, and small eyes: each wore a curious silver ornament in his turban, something like a heart with the point upwards. Mr. S., a young civilian, introduced to us by the Wylies, called. He is the son of a Free Church minister at home, and bears a very high character; we were much pleased with him. He positively refused to call on the chaplain here, a man of notoriously bad character, and who is a disgrace to the church who calls him her minister. It is quite refreshing to find any one who openly protests against scandalous conduct, for in this country virtue is generally content to walk arm in arm with vice.

After tiffin the Satára Rajah came to pay a visit.

He has lately been deposed by us, owing to a series of forgeries in his name, and has been condemned unheard. Many believe him perfectly innocent. Major C. proclaims this boldly on all occasions, and consequently the Rajah is most grateful to him. My husband's opinion is, that the Rajah did enter into some prohibited intrigues, but by no means to the extent asserted by his enemies, and that both in our public and private dealings with the natives, even-handed justice requires that we should make the same allowance for deceit and intrigue in them that we do in Europe for an awkward manner, or an ill-shapen nose; the one is as natural and (while they continue heathen), as unavoidable as the other. We should take notice of none but overt acts and imminent treachery.

The Diwán brought a placard announcing a public meeting in London on the subject of Satára; and when Major C. spoke kindly to the Rajah concerning it, the latter seized his arm, hugged and patted him. He is the representative of Sivají, the great Mahratta conqueror; he is a very small man, and was dressed in tight muslin trousers, and a short transparent muslin tunic; slippers very wide at the toes like those of Henry VIII., a pearl and emerald necklace, small white turban with earrings, and a red spot on his forehead showing that he had performed púja (worship) to Krishna that morning. He came on an elephant smoking his húqa, and attended only by a few horsemen and marshalmen, but his Sawarí or cortége was not thus to be left behind, and either following their own pleasure or his instructions arrived soon after him, though Major C. had begged him to dispense with their attendance and make merely a private visit. I was very glad to see them, as they passed the door at which we stood.

Every one belonging to the Rajah was present. There were two or three small guns, then divers elephants bearing the different members of his family, among them his adopted son, a little boy of perhaps ten years old, and his little grandchild, a girl of four. The Mahrattas are almost the only people who show their female children in public; they also intermarry with Muhammadans, as the Rajpúts did in Akbar's time. Then came a troop of horse, many of them dressed like guardsmen, with short red jackets and white trousers; some with muskets, some with lances, some on horses, some on poneys, some in one colour, some in another, carriages of all sorts, Palkígárís and even a child's carriage closed the procession; in the midst of which appeared several of their once dreaded standards, some foot soldiers, and military music, the predominant part of which were the kettle-drums, which, as a symbol of sovereignty, were beaten with redoubled fury as they passed their Prince. The Rajah waved his hand and an old man alighted from his horse, who fixing his eyes on me (just as if I understood him), and raising his arm, began to shout the glories of Síváji, the founder of the Mahratta Monarchy. I looked very attentive, and after a time the Rajah signed to the old bard to finish.

On re-entering the house I asked my husband to tell the Rajah how pleased I was with the Sawári, and how much I admired his little grandchild, whereupon he asked me to come and see the Ranís. The Rajah is a very excitable, vivacious, intelligent old man, very quick and active in all his movements, and incessantly eating some spices wrapped in green leaves (called Pán), which the natives are very fond of, and which stains the inside of the mouth a bright red. Count Nicolay showed him a revolving pistol with twenty barrels, made at Vienna,

and as he fitted caps on them and began to fire them off for the Rajah's amusement, I went to explain the cause of all this commotion to L. I thus lost the parting scene when the Rajah embraced my husband, and said he loved every one who belonged to Major C.

A jeweller came in the afternoon with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds for sale, the former are about one-third cheaper than in England, the pearls were rather high, fifty rupees for one the size of a pea. MM. de Nicolay and de Blacas left in the evening.

Monday, January 18th.—We were up early, and drove with Miss M. and Count Goertz to see the Free School, where the missionary, Mr. Sandberg, and the master, Mr. Mackay, met us. This school was founded by a Hindu upwards of twenty years ago, and placed under the Church Missionary Society. It has about 300 pupils, who learn Hindústani, Persian, Sangskrit, Bengáli, or English, as they choose. We were first led round the school, which is held in one large hall; in some of the classes I was astonished to see bearded men, fathers of families, as they told me. These were Brahmen who consider it honourable to continue always learning, even though "never able to come to the truth." The English class was then called forward, and read the third chapter of John. My husband questioned them on it; they did not answer particularly well on doctrine, but when Mr. Sandberg examined them, they showed an excellent knowledge of the facts of the Bible, and found out passages to prove particular points, such as the divinity of our Lord, as well as any boys in England could have done. They then answered very satisfactorily in Roman and English history, and in mathematics; during which time I cross-examined Mr. Mackay as to the method of teach-

ing and its results. Until lately he was single-handed in the work. All the boys read the New Testament, and religious instruction is given them almost entirely by word of mouth. Those boys who do not learn English are taught almost everything in the same manner, by short lectures, owing to the want of books in the native languages. The main defect in this school seems to be, that so small a number of the pupils learn English, in which language alone they could receive a thoroughly good education. All the Persian and Muhammadan books contain fierce attacks on Christianity, either in the preface or volume itself; the Persian scholars are, therefore, the most inimical to Christianity, and are incapable of reading works of a different tendency, from their ignorance of the English. Mr. Sandberg gives lectures in Urdu, which I found to be identical with Hindustaní (Urdu means Camp), on the first principles of physical science, which are attended by numbers of people in the neighbourhood; and all the boys have free access to the library of English books, of which many gladly avail themselves. Not one conversion has even taken place in this school, though some who have been impressed with the truth they have heard there, have afterwards professed themselves Christians in other places.

Benáres offers peculiar obstacles to any who wish to become converts, the city being the sacred capital of Hinduism and the very focus of fanaticism. The first four boys in the English class profess themselves convinced of the truth of Christianity; so did the teachers of the Hindustaní class, the boys of which answered extremely well on a chapter in the New Testament, but they go no further. Now this, be it remembered, is the state of mind of almost all the pupils of the Free Church

College in Calcutta, besides which *they* have an increasing band of converts. Where most fruit appears, there, I think, we may justly conclude is the best manner of sowing the seed. The missionaries showed us a curious Sangskrit MS., with pictures of the Hindu deities. Bramh is the supreme god in a state of quiescence: Brámáh, Vishnú, and Shivá are emanations from him, or rather, perhaps, impersonations of his different attributes.

Leaving the school we drove to Sígrá, where Mr. Leupolt, of the Church Missionary Society, is at the head of a male and female orphan school and Christian village formed thereupon. We visited both; the boys did not answer very well, when questioned as to salvation by grace and not by works; but this might be partly from shyness and from imperfect use of English, for they seemed very intelligent and appeared to understand my husband's explanation. They answered well in geography; and in the school-book of one of the elder pupils ("Chambers on Physical Science"), I found a neat little paper book, in which was the definition, and sometimes the Hindustaní translation of every difficult word in the part that he had read. They are taught carpet-making; all they earn is their own, and as soon as they can support themselves they are allowed to marry; they thus form a Christian village. A pretty church has just been built, in which the Liturgy in Hindustaní is read.

We visited the carpet manufactory and the dyeing-rooms, and then went to Mr. Leupolt's to breakfast. It was about half-past eleven, and we were so weak and tired we hardly knew what to do. Count Goertz was one of the worst. After breakfast and family prayers we went to see the girls' school: they were at work,

and do both plain work and knitting extremely well. The education consists of reading and working, religious instruction, and a little geography. This appears to be the prevalent system in most missions, except those of the Free Kirk. I think it a great mistake, for in the present weak state of the church in India, every convert ought to be fitted as far as possible for conveying the knowledge of the Gospel to others. No one can deny that a body of Christian women of disciplined minds, thoroughly acquainted with Christian doctrine and evidences, would do better service to God and the infant churches, both as wives, mothers, and neighbours, than such as can barely read and write. Mahendra's widow is an example of this; she was an excellent teacher. Anna, the widow of Koilás, has now charge of a native class of day scholar's under Miss Laing's eye; and Marian, the senior pupil of Miss Laing's institution, who is now (1850) the wife of Jagadishwar, has opened a school at Bansberia, which, two months after, was attended by nineteen girls, from four to ten years of age, and which she conducts without the aid of any one. On the whole, these schools at Benáres are excellent institutions, and doubtless do much good, yet neither (and more especially the free school) is to be compared with the Assembly's college or Miss Laing's school in Calcutta. From the orphan school here, however, they have, we are told, already two or three catechists of talent and piety.

Tuesday, January 19th.—One of Major C.'s Sawárs came to be sketched. I sat in the verandah and drew him: I found the horse so difficult that he reminded me of the *enfant difficile à baptiser!* I forgot to tell you that story of Mr. Cameron's. A certain priest in Canada, being somewhat intoxicated, could by no

means find the proper place in the Missal, when called on to baptize a child. In vain he fumbled over the leaves, until at last, losing all patience, he cried, "*Je n'ai jamais vu un enfant si difficile à baptiser.*" Mr. Leupolt and Mr. Sandberg dined with us; the latter spoke very highly of Krishná Mohan Bámijí, and though he confessed he thought a good deal of forms, denied that he was at all Puseyistical. Mr. Leupolt is a very successful homœopathist.

Wednesday, January 20th.—Major C. came to ask me to draw a Nipál Sirdár; two were with him, and he wanted to get rid of one that he might have some private conversation with the other, for there has lately been a terrible massacre in Nipál, about forty of the chief nobles being slain in open Darbar. The Rajah denies that he had any hand in it; and when C. told him he was the sovereign of the country, and therefore responsible, he said he had lost his authority for a time. It seems the heir apparent is undutiful, and the Ráni, his father's wife, is jealous of him, and her faction murdered the nobles of his party. The youth I was led to draw is brother of Jung Bahádar, the present Prime Minister of Nipál, and was art and part in the massacre. Kharrak Bahádar is a finely-made young man, with beautifully-shaped arms and hands; when in repose, his face had rather an indolent sentimental expression; but such a wild eye! just like a panther's. He wore a small brocade turban, with the usual heart or shield-shaped ornament in it made of gold, a scarlet jacket, with gold lace and epaulettes, the sleeves reaching only to a short distance above the elbow, and trimmed with dark fur, beneath which appeared the tight muslin sleeves of a kind of "sark," reaching

to his knee. He had tight white silk trousers, white stockings and slippers, and a sword in his hand.

C.'s bábú translated my admiration of his dress, which seemed to please the youth not a little; but had I known then of his evil deeds, I would not have said a word to him. Afterwards, the old sidár came to be drawn, a fine sagacious old man, who, being of the losing party, is not sure of his life from day to day, and whom Kharrak Bahádar would be the first to attack. Major C. has been trying to persuade him not to return to Nipál, but in vain. He wore a tunic of cloth of gold, and a white shirt-like thing underneath it, shawl trousers, no stockings, and a small white turban. His sword was a beautiful Khorásán blade, the hilt finely worked in iron and inlaid with gold.

After tiffin, C. and I., Count Goertz, and the two young ladies, set forth on our visit to the Sattárá Ránís, the Rajah set his own coachman and Sáises for us. We dressed ourselves in clear muslin morning dresses, not to appear dowdy by the side of the Ranís. We drove up to a house not nearly so handsome as Major C's., and we three ladies were ushered into a room quite bare of furniture, where the Rajah sat smoking his huqá, in a common wooden arm chair, three similar ones being set at his right hand for us. A rezai (quilt) was then thrown over his chair, I suppose to make it soft. He shook hands with us, and having seated us, went to the door to look after the gentlemen, his huqá bearer running after him. In a few minutes he took me by the hand, or rather by the wrist, as you would lead a naughty child, and conducted us through one or two low rooms with curtains instead of doors, to a mean apartment, long, low, and dark, where the

Ranís sat. One of them we were desired not to approach or touch; the other, and the Rajah's daughter, shook hands with us, and placed us in chairs by her side: two other ladies sat on the other side of the room like us close to the wall.

M. speaks Hindustaní very imperfectly, therefore we could not say much. The Rajah left us, and I admired the dress of the ladies, which consisted of a very short red jacket with short sleeves, armlets, bracelets, and a nose ring, chiefly of pearls, a red drapery, embroidered or sprigged with gold, enveloped the whole person. The attendants (one of them, a very fine looking woman) wore a cloth, put on just like the bearers, leaving the right leg exposed to the knee, and a very handsome stout limb it was.

The Rajah's daughter was small and not handsome, but had a very pleasant expression. She, and the other ladies, seemed pleased and amused at my praise of their dress and jewels, and the poor untouchable one opened her veil, and showed us her jacket, which was cloth of gold.

Wreaths and bracelets of the double white Indian jessamine were brought, and thrown over our necks and arms, a pretty and poetical mode of welcome, then six trays of fruit, barley sugar, &c., were laid at our feet, we ate a little, but did not take any fruit, not knowing what it might be proper or improper to do with the peel, as there were no plates. One of the door curtains was lowered, and a band stationed behind it; a singing woman, with stiff outstanding petticoats of red and gold, was introduced. Her singing was to me almost inaudible, and her dancing consisted of advancing and retreating a few steps, holding her left arm akimbo, and gently twirling her right hand in the

air, as if on a pivot. Two female servants, with bundles of peacock's feathers (which are emblems of royalty), stood by each of the two principal Ranís and whisked these brushes over their heads. A good many other damsels, and some of the servants and children, lined the lower part of the room, most of whom suddenly retreated when the old Rajah returned. All the ladies remained standing in his presence; his daughter put spices and almonds in our hands, and when we had praised her little child, we shook hands and bowed.

The Rajah led me down some steps through an odd little garden, consisting of divers little courts, to the door of his hall of audience; there we peeped through the screen, till the Rajah perhaps reflecting that we must be already more visible to those within, than they could be to us, ordered the screen to be raised, and ushered us into his Darbár.

This was a long apartment supported on small columns, a large throne or seat for the Rajah was at the upper end, on the right hand of which were some cushions on the ground for the little princes of his own family, while in two rows, the whole length of the room, close by the walls, sat the faithful Sirdárs and other Mahrattas, who had followed their sovereign in his adversity. I recognized all who appeared in the Sawári the other day. They sat on their heels, C., like an adept, cross legged, Count Goertz as best he could, both on the floor, while wreaths were brought, which the Rajah threw over their shoulders and arms, and which looked very pretty on the red jacket—the Rajah then gave them spices, and salámed to us.

He had left his little grandchild in my keeping, and when I said I should like to take her away, he said I might, and then patted the little thing, and pinched its

cheeks with much affection. The whole Darbar stared at us with profound attention. The little child gave me her hand, and the Rajah reconducted us through the garden, and we then sent for the gentlemen to rejoin us.

While waiting, the small thing, which has magnificent black eyes, and a little aquiline nose, and was dressed in light muslin trousers, and short coat of the same, with a kind of Greek cap of silver and gold on its head, its hair hanging in one plait down its back, clenched its toes as if they were fingers, making in fact a little fist of its foot: this shows how wonderfully elastic and supple the people in this country are.

Pán, *i. e.* little green packets of leaves, inside which is a kind of seed, mixed with powdered lime, was brought to us with the spices. The natives chew this, leaf and all: it dyes the mouth a bright red colour, and has a very pungent taste. Came home much pleased with our visit. The trays of fruit were sent after us: we touched them in token of acceptance, and they were then given to the servants.

Early the next morning we drove to the Parade. The —th Native Infantry was reviewed, and, so far as depended upon the officers, as in taking up points, wheeling from columns into line, acquitted themselves ill. The men fired very well, and the contrast between the salute of the Native and European officers was very remarkable; the former did it with "an air and a grace" that did one good to behold, slowly, at the right time, and with perfect self-possession, looking the general full in the face. The European officers kept time in marching; but they poked their heads, saluted awkwardly and in a hurry, and looked very foolish. There is nothing I dislike more in manner than a want of quiet

self possession. The natives often remind me of Highlanders in that respect.

It is wonderful how the people here submit to any one who chooses to exert authority. Our absurd postilion, who is dressed like an English postilion (plus a long scanty black beard), ordered the Sepahís and others to keep out of the way, and make a clear space in front of the carriage that we might see perfectly, and when they encroached, he touched them and they retreated.

The Hindustaní Sepahís are very fine men, much taller than the English soldiers; but not so strongly made: they chiefly come from Oude, or the Upper Provinces. It was beautiful to see them run when skirmishing, they are so light and active. They are dressed very much like European troops, and wear no beards, but as much whisker and moustache as they like, or, as Carlyle would say, "according to faculty." They have a collar of large white beads, instead of a stock, while the native officers wear necklaces of gold knobs. The review began soon after seven.

Being tired, I did not go to dine at the General's, whither my husband escorted Miss M. and Marina. Count Goertz and I therefore dined by ourselves: he got up to say good-bye to C., and came back looking quite sad, and said, "I am so sorry to take leave of Captain M." We all liked him extremely. He is highly intelligent and well-informed, travelling for instruction before settling down in life, and with a rare and most pleasing modesty. He is a fine specimen even of Germany.

Friday, January 22nd,—The Diwán of the Rajah of Sattárá came before breakfast, and asked me to take his likeness, I accordingly sketched him. When the young Rajah of Vizigapatain was here the other day, C. showed

him my sketch of the Nipàl Sirdárs, and asked him if he would like to sit for his portrait. He confessed that his prejudices would not allow him to do so: his English education, without religion, does not seem to have done him much good. He has not the least wish to visit Europe.

Monday, January 25th.—It rained, and for the first time I perceived that the compound was not one unvaried mass of sand, but that part was in grass. The trees changed from brown to green, and the landscape was wonderfully improved. The trees here are generally protected when young by an embankment of earth about four feet high, so that when they become large trees, they grow from the top of small hillocks.

Tuesday, January 26th.—I finished a copy of the old Nipàl Sirdár's picture, which he wished to have for his family,* and then sat talking until the sad time of parting arrived. We left about ten P.M., having sent the palkí on in the morning. The Rajah of Benáres kindly laid a dák of his own horses for us, as far as Gopíganj, thirty-six miles, on our way to Allahábad. The same coachman drove us the whole way, the Rajah lending both him and the Brischkah; we of course rewarding his people. He was a queer little man, in close jacket and trousers, the former red, the latter blue with broad red stripe, a turban, over which he had wrapped a white cloth, made his head and shoulders look too heavy for his little legs, and over all, while the rain continued, he wore a kind of thick horse-cloth, which covered him from head to foot. He got down at each stage, and gravely looked on whilst the Sáises put the horses to, which they did with great caution and dexterity, as the country horses are almost all vicious. This was proved at our last stage,

* This fine old man has since been murdered.

when one of the fresh pair threw himself down, and after much trouble we were obliged to take the former pair on another stage. They testified their disapprobation of this arrangement, by stopping every five minutes, so that it was more owing to the Sáises, who as usual ran alongside, than to them that we at length reached Gopíganj, about half-past four A.M. While C. was arranging the carriage one of the bearers took a little straw in which a bottle had been wrapped and made a blaze; but when they proceeded to burn the basket in which the bottle came, the coachman took it away from them, and they gave it up at once. I thought how pugnacious Englishmen would have grumbled and quarrelled about it.

One of the agency Sawars had escorted our baggage. C. showed him his six-barrelled pistol; the bearers all looked on with interest, and the coachman exclaimed, "What a wonderful destiny is mine to have seen such a thing!" We met numbers of Afgháns with their long strings of camels. The whole way was thronged with pilgrims and water-carriers, from Allahábad (where the Ganges and Jamma join), and travellers of different kinds—a striking contrast to the quiet state of the road between Benáres and Calcutta. We saw divers Faqírs or Yogìs covered with ashes, one of them carrying a red umbrella, though he had no clothes. Crossed the Ganges about two P.M., by a very primitive but strong bridge of boats. A Sawar of Mr. Woodcock's, the magistrate, met us, and conducted us over a deep sandy plain, through Allahábad, which is very prettily adorned with trees, to Mr. Woodcock's house, on our way to which we passed hedges of the milk plant, whose juice is a strong blister, yet the goats eat it greedily.

We were exceedingly tired and weak, having had nothing to eat since we left Benáres but a small twist of bread between us three. It was, therefore, quite delightful to find ourselves in a most comfortable bungalow, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, and bath, all ready for us. The khitmadgars brought tea immediately, and our considerate host never showed himself, but waited until after some hours' rest, Miss M. and I thought proper to enter the drawing-room. We found a fire most comfortable. C. and Mr. Woodcock settled that we should remain here the night and overtake our palkís, by means of a horse-dák, to-morrow. It was a great pity we could not remain longer at Allahábad, for it is a very interesting missionary station, a branch of the American Presbyterian mission being established here. The Government school (of which Mr. Woodcock, much against his conscience, as he says, was a committee-man) has been lately transferred to the charge of the mission, under whom it prospers greatly. The senior class, when examined the other day, after being only two months under Christian instruction, showed an excellent knowledge of the meaning of the first Chapter of St. John. The female school for orphans, under the same missionaries, is also very useful; they receive a higher kind of education than at the Church Missionary School at Benáres.

There is a regular Hindustaní Presbyterian Church here. Mr. Woodcock said he thought an English education the only means of really educating the natives, but that when that was given to the total neglect of the native languages (as it is in many cases), it in a great measure frustrates its own end, by incapacitating the scholar from communicating his knowledge freely to his countrymen. I remember Mr. Smith of

the Assembly Institution told me that the boys write better essays in English than in Bengálí, although the Bengálí is carefully taught in the Free Church Institution; I must find out if this is the case in Government schools. Of course giving a man a thoroughly foreign education, without a simultaneous one in his mother-tongue, only isolates him from his countrymen. We agreed that the great fault of the Benáres Free School is, that English is not taught to all.

It can hardly be expected to Christianize the pupils when many of them are taught almost exclusively from Muhammadan books. I forgot to mention that Mr. Sandberg sent us the examination papers of the four best pupils. I had only time to read those on theology. This was rather a misnomer, for the questions were wholly on Scripture history, and not on doctrine, except some proving the divinity of our Lord; but there was not a word on the state of man by nature, of sin, of grace, or of the way of salvation. The answers showed a thorough acquaintance with Scripture history, but were by no means remarkable productions for lads of sixteen to eighteen. Each had also written a short essay on the Evidences of Christianity: one was a brief clear summary, but not I thought so clever as that of one of his companions, who entered more fully into some points and wrote more warmly, and in better English, though his essay was by no means so complete as the first; but all four, by the sameness of arrangement, and even by the exact similarity of phrase, showed that their essays were the result of memory, and derived either from one particular book, or else from a lecture. Many phrases I recognized, I think, as being in Bishop Tomline's "Introduction."

Thursday, 28th.—Greatly refreshed by the rest,

we took leave of our kind and hospitable host, who treated us as if we had been old and dear friends. We had a very comfortable palkígárí with one horse, which was changed every six miles, or thereabouts. It was not too hot, and we enjoyed our drive very much.

We again met numerous Afgháns, with their long strings of camels, some of them loaded with assafœtida. The oxen in this part of the country are magnificent; in many of the carts five are used at once. We also saw some lovely birds, such as kingfishers, and quantities of yellow thistles, all of which, on a fine clear, cool day, with a pretty country to drive through, were pleasant to behold. C. gave some oranges to a respectable old man at one of the stations, who jumped off his horse (the usual mark of respect with natives), and then told him the cause of the journey he was making, which was a dispute with an obstinate neighbour, about a piece of land, and as his stiff-necked opponent would not abide by the decision of the village Pancháyat (court of five arbitrators), our old friend was going to place the matter in the hands of the Zillah judge.

We passed several camps to-day and yesterday, and amongst them that of the 62nd Native Infantry. A Sep[illegible]i camp is much more picturesque than an European camp, on account of the shape of the tents and the pleasing groups. We reached Arampúr Bungalow at half-past ten. We have two meals a day, one in the palkí of bread or biscuit, and some milk (if we can get it), and another somewhat more solid, at a bungalow. Chapatis form the chief food of the people in this part of India; rice is but little used. The wheat crops are now about a foot high, rather different from the state of things in England at this season. They sow about the same time, in November, after the rains. We left

Arampúr at midnight, and stopped the next day at Kalianpúr. While sitting over our tea and curry, C. and Miss M. suddenly flew to different doors of the Bungalow, and left me wondering what was the matter. They had heard a most hideous bellowing, for no other name could be given it, but found it was a bride, who, on being taken home to her husband's house, thought proper to make this extraordinary uproar, from a mistaken sense of decorum.

Do you remember the Scripture expression of "walled villages," a thing unknown to us! Here we meet with them constantly, and often all that is to be seen of a village by the road-side, is a long mud wall. Many, however (I suppose modern ones), are quite open, while the growth and size of the trees show that however the country may have been troubled by dacoits (robbers), it is long since an invading army has laid it waste, or reduced its groves to the condition of most of those of Northern Germany. The contrast between the two struck me forcibly. This country is generally well wooded, and many of the trees, especially the magnificent tamarind and the palms, are of great beauty. Bániáns are much rarer than in Bengal. There are large crops of dâl, a kind of vetch (the "pulse" of Daniel and his companions) much eaten by the natives, and also of the oil-plant; so that the landscape is enlivened by the same sheets of brilliant yellow which we used to admire so much near Dresden. The villages are remarkably clean, the raised places in front of the doors where the inhabitants chiefly sit are always swept, and poor as the huts are they do not look squalid.

Friday, January 29th.—We passed a temple with a large picture of Hanumán, the monkey deity, on the

outer wall. It was much colder to-day. We did not reach Cawnpúr until ten at night, and then, owing to some mistake about a note, C. went over to Captain Troup's, while Miss M. and I sat in the palkí, and afterwards in the verandah of the Dâk bungalow, where we kept ourselves warm with mirth. A discourteous man, occupying the said bungalow, came out and peeped at us, but never asked us in; so we sat about an hour in the cold. At last C. returned with Major Troup's palkígárí, in which we drove to Mr. Speirs, through most curious ravines, haunted by jackalls. In our way we saw a wolf at the entry of the town. Mr. Speirs got up and gave us tea and mutton-chops. C. and I were lodged in a large tent: the first time I have slept in one. It was a double poled tent, with separate divisions for dressing and bath-rooms; but the cold was excessive at night.

Saturday, January 30th.—We were introduced to our hostess and her sister, Miss P., the sweetest girl I have seen since I left home. Mrs. Wylie had given me a letter to her; and we found her not only decidedly pious, but a zealous Free Churchwoman; and, to my great joy, she knew many very dear to me in Scotland.

They took us after breakfast to see the Propagation Society Mission, that is, the female school belonging to it. It was founded after the dreadful famine of 1837, and contains about sixty orphan girls, who are instructed in English and Hindustaní; but receive a very limited education, consisting chiefly of Scripture knowledge and a little geography. Some of them speak a little Hindui as well, and a few can read the three languages. Only two hours a day are devoted to study, the rest of their time is spent in fancy and plain work for sale, and in domestic duties, for they

do everything for themselves except washing their clothes: most of them are nearly grown up. We saw their work, and heard them sing a Hindustaní and an English hymn. They were all sitting on the floor in a large hall supported by pillars. Here they sleep; in the next room are their dining-tables, little benches six inches high and as many wide; each girl has a brass plate and lotá or drinking-cup. They grind their own meal and live on chapátís, except in the hot weather, when they get a little rice, as chapátís alone are too heating.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are at the head of this mission, and a fine boy of theirs of eleven years of age, as healthy and ruddy as possible, though he has never left India. Mr. Perkins had a quiet, subdued, meek manner, and seems devoted to his labour. I believe him to be one of the excellent of the earth. May God bless and prosper him and his wife in bringing many souls to Christ! The school, however, reminded me too much of an English village school, where work is the grand thing in education, and faultless stitching is raised to the rank of a virtue.

Sunday, January 31st.—All the party, except myself, went to church, and heard a very bad sermon. C. had some difficulty in persuading our friends that it was wrong to attend a minister who preached false doctrine—a thing most palpable and obvious, one would think, did we not see such numbers of sensible people who think the mere act of going to church a profitable one, no matter what they hear.

After dinner I read a very interesting account of the American Presbyterian Missions at Loodiana and Allahabad. Miss Perkins told me that she communicated at the latter place with the native church: and, al-

though the service was in Hindustaní, yet it was a very delightful one, as she could just follow the general meaning. I also read some of Henry Martyn's letters and journal, describing his residence in Cawnpore now nearly forty years ago. This profitable book is doubly interesting when read on the spot where the letters were written.

Monday, February 1st, 1847.—C. went with Major Troup to choose a horse. My husband's faithful Sáis Baedúllah, who was with him throughout the disasters in Afghánistán, suddenly made his appearance on Saturday, the morning after our arrival. He is a tall, powerful man, with rather a pensive expression. When he saw his old master, he ran up to him and embraced his thigh, the mark of respect and affection paid by disciples to their spiritual guides. C. squeezed his shoulder, patted him on the cheek, and said, "Welcome, my friend!" and the tears stood in the faithful man's eyes. C. then brought him to me.

While at Benáres, a man of Sikh parentage, named Benási Sing, was introduced to my husband by Mr. Leupolt, the missionary. He has the highest testimonials as a commissariat gomáshta (agent); and it seems, that having known C. at Kabúl, he was desirous of entering his service. He has been attending the preaching of the missionaries for the last three years, at first as a most zealous opponent, always disputing with them, and attempting to confute their arguments and doctrines; but latterly he has gradually softened, and now no longer denies the truth of the Scriptures. He told C. that one reason why he wished to come to him was, that he might hear his opinion of "Isá Masih" (Jesus the Messiah). May he soon learn to

know Him as his Redeemer from all iniquity—"his Lord and his God!" Benási Sing is to accompany Jacob from Allahábad.

Packed; and after dinner had to wait some time as they had sent no bearers for Miss M. After family worship we started about ten P.M. It was exceedingly cold. We arrived at —— Bungalow about half-past eight A.M. Just after starting again, we passed divers mosques, a tomb shaded by two palm trees, and a very pretty Hindu temple; they are generally more pointed than Muhammadan buildings. The people are much better, and more gaily clothed, than in Bengal; most of them have wadded jackets or pelisses, or a good rezai (quilt) to wrap round them. Some of the men wear yellow wadded trousers nearly tight; and many carry arms. Most of the travellers have swords, and one passed us with a musket in a case of scarlet cloth. We have left behind us all the steep-roofed cottages of the lower country. The women fix silver ornaments like stars between their toes, which I suppose is the Hindu version of *Il faut souffrir pour être belle.* It is difficult to give an idea of the picturesque effect of many things that are very uninteresting on paper: for instance, the stately domes of Muhammadan tombs, rising in the midst of the vast plains, impress the mind with an indescribable feeling of solemnity; then an Afghán passes, seated on his camel, and looking like a living representation of Jacob or Isaac; or, late in the evening, in going through a village, we behold a group seated round a fire on one of the raised platforms under a tree, which are so common here, and the flickering light on their many-coloured garments forms a picture that one would like to draw.

Tuesday Evening.—We had a lovely sunset; a grey sky with a fiery sun underneath it, that looked like a molten ruby.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—We passed Bewár Bungalow without stopping, as it was too early in the morning, and we were an immense distance from Shekoábád, the bungalows here being about forty miles apart, we determined on stopping at Mainpúrí, and breakfasting with the Unwins. We did so, and had a most cordial welcome from them; they pressed us to stay the day, but that was not possible. It was quite pleasant to find that their nice little girl could only speak English. She has a European nursery-maid. Children learn so much evil, and are so much out of their mother's control when they speak Hindustaní, which they generally do more fluently than English, and often to the exclusion of it, that I wonder how any ladies can neglect this point. We started again at two P.M., and did not find it at all warm—on the contrary the sharp cutting wind made a cloak needful. Saw some native palkís, pretty gaudy things which I must draw for you. We reached Shekoábád late that evening—stopped only long enough to take tea and bestow a candle, a fowl, and a loaf, on two Queen's officers who were in the other half of the bungalow. Passed a curious Faqír's tomb, a hexagon building connected with a similar one, I suppose to his wife, by a bridge. The effect was very pleasing; both buildings were surrounded by water.

# CHAPTER IV.

First View of Agra.—The Táj by Moonlight.—Akbar's Tomb.—Æsthetic Religion.—Chaplain.—Baptist Chapel.—The Fort and Mullah.—Sikhs. —Arsenal.—A Temperance Serjeant.—Mr. Pfander.—The Sabbath. —Lutheran Missionaries.—The Convent.—Alipûr.—Dehli.—Old King's Palace.—Italian Artists.—Moti Musjéd.—Gardens.—Jamma Musjíd.—Pigeons.—Nadir Shah.—Safdar Jang's Tomb.—Architecture. Kûtab.—Legend of Pithor-a-Sing's Daughter.—Moghuls.—Muhammad Toglak.—Nizâm ud Dín's Well.—Arab Seraí.—Shrine.—Tombs.—Well.—Ruins.—Humâiun's Tomb.—Marriage Procession.—Cow Killed.—A Brahman's Opinion of Romanism.—Cantonments.—Dûlû. —Karnâl.—Dancing Snakes.—Beggar on Horseback.—Amballa.—Thief Hanging.—Sirhind.—Loodiana.—American Mission.

AGRA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1847.—It was a cold clear day, like a March morning in England, when we approached Agra; even the cattle were all clothed, and I was amused at the sight of a poor little calf in rags. Suddenly, about five miles from Agra, C. cried out that the Táj was in sight, and there, in the midst of the barren, rugged country, with nothing but tufts of dry grass and thistles to adorn the sandy plains and stony ravines, appeared the Táj like a fairy palace in a desert, its dazzling white dome and minarets bathed in sunlight. The effect was magical. It was often hidden as we pursued our way, but at each new vista it seemed more beautiful. Buildings, some in ruins, some perfect, the remains of the age when the

Muhammadan power had reached its height in the person of Akbar, when Akbárabad (the Muhammadan name for Agra) grew in beauty and magnificence under the eye of her imperial founder, and when the great nobles of the Court vied with each other, as much in the splendour of their tombs as in their palaces. On the right, close to the rough bridge of boats, we saw the Mausoleum of Itimah-u-Doulah, the Vazir of Shah Jehán.

We crossed the Jamna and proceeded to Mr. Edmonstone's house. A turn in the road showed us the Palkí and Banghy Bardárs (Pitarreh carriers) in front: they formed a very gay procession, with the yellow and pink covers of the Pitarrehs, the yellow or green jackets, and red turbans of the men. We passed the most beautiful snow-white cow I ever saw. She was fully sixteen hands high, and was led by three men, being, I conclude, as vicious as she was beautiful. Her stately walk, beautiful high caste head, and large black eyes, reminded one of the milk-white heifers that the Greeks offered to their gods. Mr. and Mrs. E. were at the wedding of Major H. G.; when they returned we found a most pleasing and hospitable host and hostess. After dinner they took us to see the Táj by moonlight. We alighted at a magnificent gateway and beheld this unequalled building at the end of an avenue of cypresses. The walk from the gate to the tomb is a quarter of a mile long. The Táj stands in a garden enclosed by a quadrangular wall of red stone. Opposite the gateway is a quadrangle of white marble, from the four corners of which spring snow-white minarets, and in the centre, raised on a stately terrace, is the pure noble dome of the Táj itself. At the back runs a terrace overlooking the Jamna—on either hand

is a fine mosque of red stone, but no description can give any idea of the wondrous beauty of this matchless monument. No building that I have ever seen comes near it except the Cathedral of Cologne. St. Peter's is not to be named in the same breath as regards the exterior. Its exquisite symmetry, its spotless colour, looking as if it were carved in snow, and its lovely situation, (secluded in the midst of a stately garden, full of trees, flowers, fountains, and paved walks), make the Táj more like a vision of beauty than a reality. The sight of it makes one's chest expand and one's heart swell: it almost lifts one off the earth. C. put his plaid on the steps of the beautiful summer-house, on the right hand side of the Táj, and there I sat to feast my eyes by gazing on it. It was nearly midnight when we reached home.

Friday, February 5th.—At four P.M. drove to Sekandra, where the Church Missionary Society have a school for orphans of both sexes. We saw only that for girls; they were busily employed in works of different kinds, knitting and plaiting straw, but there was no teacher present. The boys work at a printing press. I sketched the gateway of red stone, roofed with deep blue, green, and gold coloured tiles, which now forms part of the Missionary's dwelling, and we then went to Akbár's Tomb. The entrance is by a magnificent gateway of red stone, inlaid with white marble and stones of various colours in complicated patterns, but disfigured by enormous painted flowers in imitation of Mosaic, with white minaret at each corner. There are three similar buildings at the other side of the garden, only they serve as alcoves instead of gateways. The lattice work of the garden wall which connects them is most beautiful and varied, though much of it is broken,

and the arches themselves partly in ruins. From the entrance a paved walk leads to the tomb itself, a stupendous pile consisting of three quadrangular terraces of red stone, surmounted by a fourth of white marble. On what may be called the ground-floor, are chambers containing the tombs of Akbár's daughters, and other members of his family, of white marble, with inscriptions and carvings in bas relief, and adorned with beautiful mosaic of pietra dura. There were flowers lying on most of them. In a vault beneath is the sarcophagus, containing the mortal remains of Akbar the Great. A rich covering was spread over it, on which flowers were strewn, and above it hangs a lamp.

In all these mausoleums the real tombs are below, while the monument, which is a fac simile of the former, is in the upper part of the building. There is a minaret at each corner of every terrace, and every part is admirably carved. The greatest beauty of the edifice is the uppermost story, which is of the purest marble, surrounded by arcades, which I suppose are nearly unequalled in the world: the outer wall is a marble lattice of the most delicate open work, although an inch and a half in thickness. Each division is of a different pattern, and the pillars and arches are adorned with arabesques and inscriptions in bas relief. The pavement of the court, which is surrounded by this colonnade, is the only coloured part about it—it is composed of different marbles, and is open to the sky. The monument is in the centre, with a font-shaped stand for holding a light at the head of it; both are of white marble, and remarkable for their elegance. The tomb is inlaid with the ninety-nine names of the Most High (as the King, the most Merciful, the Compassionate, the Omnipotent) in black marble; surely a more suit-

able inscription in the presence of death than fulsome panegyrics on the departed. No letters are so graceful as the Arabic, so that they form a beautiful ornament wherever they are used. Although exposed to sun and rain the whole is as fresh and unspotted as if just completed: never was a more beautiful mausoleum erected; the Táj alone excepted. From every terrace there is an extended prospect and the whole building stands like the Táj in a garden of flowers. These stately tombs illustrate the description in Isaiah, xiv. 18, of the Kings of the Nations, lying "in glory—every one in his own house."

Saturday, February 5th.—Mrs. E., Miss M., and I drove to see the Taj, which is as beautiful by daylight as by the moonbeams. I sketched it from the gateway: a lovely vista. Between the two paved raised walks, bordered by cypresses, is a channel of water, with fountains. At the back of the cypresses are beds of flowers in full beauty, the different plots being divided by stone borders of fantastic patterns, the regularity of which connect the garden more completely with the building; and behind these again are broad, paved walks, where we enjoyed the most refreshing shelter from the noonday sun. I give up in despair all hopes of conveying any adequate idea of the beauty of the architecture, of the inlaid marble terraces, the fine old trees, the delightful verdure, and above all, of the chaste unsullied majesty of the dome itself. In a vault beneath lies Múmtáz Begum, and on her right a loftier and larger tomb to her husband Shah Jehán. Above, the mausoleum consists of a glorious vault, in the centre of which stands her monument, with his in the same position as below. Each tomb is of the usual simple form—a narrow raised parallelogram, perfectly plain,

not unlike what Scipio's tomb would be without the cornice, and inlaid like the whole of the interior with flowers of bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, agates, and other precious stones, forming the most beautiful mosaic. Over the tomb hangs an ostrich egg. Both monuments had flowers laid on them, and are surrounded by an octagonal screen of the most lovely fairy-like open work. The walls are, as it were, panelled with bas-reliefs of tulips and other flowers, in white marble, surmounted by arabesques in costly mosaic, and around the dome are four beautiful apartments embellished with no less care. Such is the perfect art manifested throughout, that although every part is, when closely viewed, brilliant with colour, and though the exterior is adorned with inscriptions from the Kurán, in black marble letters of colossal size, yet this in no way mars the general effect of the whole building as one of dazzling whiteness, while it relieves the eye when near from the tedium of travelling over unbroken heights and depths of, as it were, unvaried snow. How strange it is that the architects of most of the finest buildings in the world remain unknown!

We visited one of the side mosques, which is built of red stone inlaid with white, and stands on a lower elevation than the Táj, and then returned to the gateway, just as my husband arrived with Mr. Pfander, the German Church Missionary, a short, stout man with a most benevolent expression, who has distinguished himself greatly by his controversial writings against Muhammadanism, especially the "Mizán ul Haq," which was the means of enlightening Músá and Ibráhím. I went back to the Táj with them. We met some Panjábis, very fine looking men (one of them with bright crimson trousers, small pink turban, and white

chaddah), who were gratified by our asking them to enter with us. They all made salám to the tomb of Múmtáz Begum and her imperial husband. When they had departed, C. sang a verse to try the echo, the most beautiful I ever heard. It is so perfect that it gives the idea of a choir of spirits in the air.

We then went to the terrace at the back of the Táj, to enjoy the view of the noble river flowing beneath, and of the picturesque city, embossomed in trees, beyond. Some say, I believe on very slight grounds, that it was the intention of Shah Jehán to erect a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite bank of the river, and to connect the two by a bridge of white marble; but one cannot regret that he did not execute this plan, for one feels that any addition to the Tàj would be a superfluity. The gateway would be considered a most magnificent work anywhere else, but here it is a mere appendage; it is chiefly red, inlaid with white. I do not think an unprejudiced person could, after visiting the Táj, attach any value to the kind of religious feeling which is produced by external objects affecting the senses. Here a Muhammadan building excites in the highest degree those emotions of rapture which, by a natural transition, melt into the spurious poetic devotion which is aroused by the "long-drawn aisles" and "dim religious light" of an ancient cathedral: this shows that these feelings are purely natural. A heathen can feel them—a Muhammadan architect or an infidel poet can excite them; therefore they have no claim to be considered as Christian or as religious feelings at all, in any other sense than as springing from those tendencies to wonder and reverence, which are implanted in every one who has a heart. Rightly did our Presbyterian forefathers act in stripping the

worship of God of all that could delude the worshipper, by exciting those poetic emotions which too often pass current, with those who experience them, for the true devotion of the heart to that God who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." How would a woman value that love, or a friend that friendship, which owed its origin, and depended for its existence on the magnificence of an apartment, or the beauty of the scenery in which they dwell? How can we imagine, then, that this spurious kind of devotion is acceptable to Him who searcheth the heart, and who sees that it exists so often in souls alienated from Him, and "enemies in their mind by wicked works?"

We drove towards the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, which is on the other side of the river. Mr. Pfander told us a good deal about the mission here. He is at the head of the church of which the venerable Musalman convert Abdúl Masíh formerly had the care, but of which only a few of the original members now remain at Agra, as after the death of that true "Servant of Christ" they were left without a pastor for nine years. The number of Christians in communion with the missionaries of the Church of England is about 300, including the orphans. There are about sixty Christian families. The American Presbyterians have lately established a mission here, but both ministers are now absent, and the Baptists labour on the opposite side of the city. Mr. Pfander and his colleagues have lately been very successful in the neighbouring villages, having recently received an addition of about fifty converts. The Romanists have had a small native church here since the days of Akbar, but they make no new converts, except among Europeans and half-castes. They are building a fine cathedral. The priests are chiefly

Italians; they do not interfere with the Protestant missionaries, though they always laugh and sneer when they meet any of them preaching. All the Protestant mission have day-schools, but Mr. Pfander complains sadly of the want of proper teachers. Very few persons of high caste have become converts up the country, for here all the native prejudices remain in much greater vigour than in Calcutta, neither have the missionaries laboured so long.

Mr. Pfander thinks that one great reason why so few Muhammadans have been converted is, that they are only just beginning to find out that they are not the first people in Asia in point of science and learning,—a hard lesson for them to learn after their pre-eminence had been so long undisputed; but he thinks the fields are beginning to ripen for the harvest, although they may be said to be more backward in Agra than in Calcutta.

We reached the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, and passing through a small garden, came to a slope of variegated marbles, over which a stream used to flow into the fountain beneath. There is a beautiful reservoir in front of the tomb on the terrace above. This mausoleum is smaller but more elaborately adorned with painting than either of those we have seen. The mosaics have been in a great degree destroyed by the Mahrattas, who picked out the beautiful bloodstones and agates of which they were composed. On the ground-floor are the tombs of the Vazír and his wife in the centre apartment, the ceilings and walls of which were formerly resplendent with gold and richly-coloured arabesques: four or more apartments, similarly adorned, and each containing one or two tombs of other members of their family, surround it. The hall or terrace above has

one of the most beautiful pavements I ever saw, of white marble, inlaid with a rich and grand arabesque of very large size in coloured stones, while the screen which surrounds it rivals that of the Táj in beauty. The minarets are peculiarly beautiful, and from one of them we enjoyed a lovely view of the majestic Táj on one hand, of Akbar's tomb, the fort, the river, the Motí masjíd, and the innumerable tombs and ruins in the neighbourhood of the town, on the other.

Sunday, February 7th, 1849.—C. heard a very good sermon from the chaplain, Mr. Norgate. There is another good chaplain here, and a third clergyman, who gives no sermon on Sacrament Sunday, seldom reads the Litany, and, when he does preach, follows the practice of the chaplain at Benáres, who boasted that he could "polish you off a sermon in twelve minutes."

The missionaries preach only in Hindustaní, with the exception of the Baptist missionary, who has a small chapel close to where we were. We were informed none but karánís, *i.e.*, clerks, went there; but this did not frighten us away. The service began at half-past six. Seeing the table prepared for the Communion, C. went to the vestry to inquire if we could partake of it. He explained to the missionary, who we were, that I was a member of the Free Kirk, and Miss M. of the Church of England. Mr. Lish, the minister, who is an East Indian, said that usually they required three or four days' notice, that they might learn something of the character of the parties wishing to communicate; but that he would consult with his elder, Mr. Frazer (a Presbyterian); and they both came to the conclusion, that as we were travellers, and had so recently communicated with the Free Church in Calcutta, there could be no objection. Mr.

Lish preached an excellent discourse on "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone," &c. He then informed the congregation who we were, and where we were going; mentioned our wish to partake of the Lord's Supper with them; and, in one of the prayers during the Sacrament, implored the Divine blessings specially on us, prayed for the furtherance of our journey, and for our future reunion with those present before the Throne of God. It was such a simple Scriptural way of receiving strangers, you could fancy Titus and Timothy acting thus. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Lish took his seat at the table, and, after prayer (during which the congregation knelt) we resumed our seats, and the bread was distributed by an elder. Mr. Lish prayed again, and the cup was brought round; and, after a concluding prayer, we ended by singing my favourite fifteenth doxology:

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
May we now abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And enjoy in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford."

The chapel was well filled; but no one looked like a gentleman except one officer, who communicated. Whenever I hear that the rich go to one preacher, and the poor to another, I conclude that the latter is the most evangelical and the best minister. A native woman partook of the Sacrament. After the service, Mr. Lish told us that the lives of the converts are generally very satisfactory; they have no very great success, but enough to encourage them and make them

grateful. We did not return until past eight, and found our hosts had very kindly waited dinner for us.

Monday, February 8th.—Drove to the fort, which is very fine: it was taken by Lord Lake from the Mahrattas at the beginning of this century. We drove through three courts, and alighted at a flight of steps. Passing through a handsome gateway, we found ourselves in the court of the Motí Masjíd, or Pearl Mosque, which is worthy of its name. This is surrounded by colonnades of white marble, with a tank in the middle: the mosque itself occupies the fourth side of the square. It is raised above the level of the court, and is paved with huge slabs of white marble, each of which is inlaid with a slender line, like the outline of a pointed window, and destined for one worshipper. The mosque is open to the court, and composed of three aisles, running parallel to the spectator's eye, the contrary way to those of our churches. There are of course three domes; and in the interior is a flight of four or five steps of white marble, on the top of which the mullah sits to read and expound the law, while the sovereign and his court meekly sit on the floor. At either end are marble lattices delicately carved, behind which the ladies of the harem could see and hear without being seen.

We ascended the roof under the guidance of a courteous mullàh, and risked our precious persons, as he daily risks his, by scrambling up a rude ladder to one of the minarets, from whence we had a bird's eye view of the fort, and also of the ever-beautiful Táj, and the other adornments of the city. The said mullah, instead of being a portly man in white, as one fancies all mullahs ought to be, was dressed in a blue garment, lined with orange and trimmed at the sleeves with white fur; a yellow

rezai with red flowers, lined with blue, with a crimson border to the lining, was wrapped round the upper part of his body. He had a small white turban; but told us when he was officiating he always wore a white robe.

In front of the mosque is a long inscription in colossal Arabic letters of black marble. We next went to the palace, which is also within the fort. In the little garden we met some Panjábis, attendants on Rájáh Lal Sing, who is immured here. They were remarkably fine-looking men, both in feature and height, and very courteous and respectful in manner. C. complimented them on their fidelity to their chief, which delighted them greatly, so that they burst out into a perfect chorus of words, patted and stroked him; and, while he was showing them my opera-glass, through which they were all eager to look, one of them continued stroking him on the back as if he had been some soft furry creature. They stared at Miss M. and me; and one, an old man with a long grey beard, came round to have a better view at us.

After seeing the Diwán-i-Khás, or Hall of Nobles, where the sovereign used to hold his Darbár, C. invited them to accompany us into the vaults. We first saw the Shish-Mahál, or looking-glass palace, a beautiful hall, the walls of which are covered with thousands of little mirrors with silver flowers embossed on them, while every here and there a portion of blue and gold or crimson and gold is introduced—the mirror part forming the ground of the flowers. Much is broken and defaced, but enough remains to give one an idea of the brilliant effect it must have had when lighted up. Opposite the entrance of the principal hall is a cascade, or rather a place in the wall, over which a cascade used to flow

into a deep bath beneath. Behind the cascade are double rows of niches, wherein lamps used to be placed —imagine how pretty it must have looked.

We then descended into a narrow passage, with a torch bearer for our guide, and climbing up to a low archway, about four feet from the ground, we jumped down on the other side into a vaulted apartment, very much like one of the Halls of the Inquisition. Here any of the hapless women of the harem, who incurred the suspicion or displeasure of her lord, was hung upon a black beam which still traverses the apartment, and when life was extinct, the once admired form was cut down and suffered to drop into a deep well beneath, from whence it floated into the Jamna. The well is now nearly choked up, and the air was poisoned with the smell of the bats who infest the place—fit emblems of the evil deeds committed there. The very Sikhs seemed to look with pity on a spot whence so many souls have parted in anguish for a land of darkness. After all, these deeds of cruelty do not shock one so much when resulting from human passion as when committed under pretext of doing either God or man service, as in those dark places of the earth, the Inquisitions at Venice and elsewhere.

On emerging we were led through many passages where the ladies used to play at hide and seek, and which were probably also used for keeping the royal treasures. These passages led to half dark apartments, where the inmates of the Zenáná bathed in the heats of summer. We then re-ascended to the upper chambers, of which it is vain to attempt any description. They are realizations of the "Arabian Nights." There are innumerable halls and chambers, the former open on three sides, and supported on beautiful pillars, richly inlaid with Florentine

mosaic; the walls are covered with flowers and arabesques painted on the marble, in a kind of raised lacquer, with much gilding; they are also panelled with flowers in bas-relief, among which the lily is conspicuous, probably introduced here, and also in the Táj and the Motí Musjíd, by the Italian artist, out of devotion to the Virgin. Many of these halls have cascades, baths, or fountains, paved with mosaic, or little marble watercourses running through them. There are numberless smaller rooms for sleeping apartments, and for the retainers of the Court; and terraces on the roof, shaded by marble lattices of the most delicate open-work, used during the hot nights of summer.

From the marble balcony of a beautiful projecting circular apartment, there is a lovely view of the city, interspersed with trees, of the noble river, and of all the finest buildings in the neighbourhood. Many of these are in ruins, but we were told that the remains of subterranean passages still exist, by which the ladies of the Royal Zenáná might visit those of all the principal nobles, whenever they pleased. At the top of another terrace is a marble seat, with very high steps to it, from the Palace Court below. Here the Vazír sat, and administered justice or injustice, "according to faculty," or reviewed troops. Probably it was from such a seat that the king in the Arabian tales beheld his daughter's contest with the magician, when she transformed herself into a cock, and ate up her antagonist in the shape of pomegranate seeds. We saw a small praying place for the inferior women servants, and lastly a miniature Motí Masjíd of white marble with three domes, for the great ladies or Begums (pray pronounce bégoom). Here one of our attendants was sharply reprimanded by a brother Mussulman for

daring to enter the house of prayer with his shoes on. They expect nothing better from us, but condemn it in each other.

We next went to see the Díwán-i-Am, or Common Hall (you may translate it Court of Common Pleas) where, in a raised chamber in the wall, about ten feet from the ground, the Sovereign gave audience to his poor liege men. It is now approached by a temporary flight of steps on each side, and occupied by a marble sofa and two arm chairs, inlaid with colours, and partly gilt, a present from some neighbouring Rajah to Lord Ellenborough, who held a mock regal court here on his return from the north-west frontier, and actually put up his arms *over* those of the Company, and to insert them in some of the Palace windows, just as a private would scrawl his name in charcoal on the walls! and with as much right!

This hall is now the armoury, and at one end are the notorious Somnáth gates; they are of sandal wood, and must have been beautiful specimens of carving before they were so much defaced. Two Sikhs, one of them a perfect model for a painter, with bare arms, and enveloped in a huge rezai (quilt), followed us everywhere, and with the chaprásís and others, inspected everything with the greatest attention, and listened with much interest to C.'s account of the newly invented gun-cotton; our Sikh friend with the quilt especially seemed to think the hiqmats, or tricks of science, of the Sáhib Lóg perfectly astonishing.

Leaving the arsenal, C. stopped to speak to an old sergeant of horse artillery, who remarked that when he entered the army a man was punished if he did not take his allowance of spirits—it was called contempt of the Company! "We were first taught to drink, sir,"

said he, "and then punished for being drunkards!" A man is now allowed money instead of spirits, if he prefers it. The sergeant gave it as his decided opinion, that in no case whatever do men require strong drink, except for hospital purposes; under the very hardest work they are better and stronger with nothing but water. On our way home we stopped at the Jamma Masjid, which is very large, with a fine tank in the middle of the court; but being built of red sandstone, which is apt to crumble, part of the colonnade has fallen down, and the whole of the pavement of the mosque is in course of repair.

Mr. Pfander dined with us: he is from Würtemberg, where religion has always been more general than in any other part of the empire; but he said that the great improvement in this respect had been of late most remarkable in Prussia, which some years ago had become almost entirely infidel. He recommended "Tholuck's Sermons," but I am suspicious of them notwithstanding, having just read the appendix to "Haldane's Commentary on the Romans."

Speaking of the state of religion in Germany led us to mention the observation of the Sabbath, and we discovered that Mr. Pfander held the usual German doctrine, that the fourth Commandment is not binding on Christians, but that the first day of the week is to be observed more as an ordinance of the Church than for any other reason, all days being alike to Christians. We had a long discussion on this point, but he took no notice of the reasons we brought forward for believing all the commandments of perpetual obligation, because given by the mouth of God, and written by His finger on Sinai, as also from the words of our Lord—"I am not come to destroy the law, &c," He

fulfilled the ceremonial law, which by its very nature (being, a prophecy in symbols) was incapable of being fulfilled or realized more than once; but it is impossible so to fulfil the moral law, which is the expression of the Divine will regarding right and wrong, so as to destroy its obligations. "Christ was to die, and he was the end of the moral law for righteousness to all that believe;" but He established its authority as a rule of life, Romans iii. 31. The reason given for the institution of the Sabbath, Gen. 2, still exists, and the fact that the Sabbath was "made for man," shows that man is to enjoy it until the end of the world; while the Sabbaths spoken of in Col. ii. 16, are evidently the Jewish Sabbaths which accompany their feasts, for the word is never used in the plural without the article, when it means the weekly Sabbath. In vain we lent him Haldane's excellent Paper on the Sanctification of the Sabbath, in the third volume of his Work on the Romans: he returned it the next day, with a note containing a long quotation from Baumgarten, in which the latter asserts, that "the rigid Scottish keeping of the Sabbath is a transgression of the law!" He quoted a great a deal more about our freedom from the command, and yet our obligation to observe it in a certain degree, which seemed to me just like playing at hide and seek with the law of God. It makes one bless His name for having appointed our lot in a nation which, of all others, acknowledges the Divine obligation of the Sabbath-day. Do read Haldane's Paper—it is the best I have seen.

As there are more candidates for Mission work in Germany than there are in the Church of England, the latter is glad to avail herself of the services of Lutheran Ministers, whom she ordains and adopts as her

own; but devoted as most of them are to their work, it is surely a matter of some importance that they believe in consubstantiation, baptismal regeneration (though not to the Puseyite and Romish extent) and that they deny the Divine authority of the Christian Sabbath. These are doctrines held and taught by our friend, Professor Graul, the head of the Mission Institute at Dresden, and the Divine obligation of the Sabbath is, I have been informed by Dr. W——g, *generally*, if not universally, denied even at the Basle College from whence so many missionaries issue. I have known some German missionaries (among them the Rev. Mr. Krückeberg, of the Church Mission, and Mr. Sternberg) who are thoroughly sound on these points, and I believe strictly observe the Sabbath; and the views of others on the Sacraments are often essentially modified by intercourse with their brethren of different orthodox denominations (for the Church of England Lutherans are generally remarkable for their Catholic spirit towards other Christians); but still, the above are the doctrines to be expected from a Lutheran, and the Church of England, by adopting the Missionaries, becomes responsible for the doctrines they teach.

I may add, that for self-devoted zeal none can surpass the German Missionaries. Many come to the country (some sent out by Pastor Gossner of Berlin) without any settled means of support, and if their lives are spared, continue labouring upon a casual pittance raised by the sympathy of those Christians who are aware of their circumstances. A very large proportion have fallen victims to toils and privations which a better acquaintance with the climate would have shown them could not be attempted without

throwing away their lives. For instance, some have essayed to travel on foot, others to maintain themselves by field labour and in the burning plains of Bengal; they have denied themselves the essential luxuries of Phankahs and Tattís, under the idea that it would be self-indulgent to use them. In one instance near Calcutta, the luggage-cart of a party of Missionaries stuck in a river. They harnessed themselves and dragged it through, an act of amazing temerity in a country where five minutes' exposure to the sun has sometimes caused death. In another instance, the wife of an officer, finding that the newly arrived Missionaries ate no meat, supplied them from her own farmyard. They sold the ducks and fowls for the benefit of the Mission; but she was as determined in her care for them as they were in self-denial, so she sent them the poultry ready for table, which obliged them to eat it.

The German Evangelical Mission in Southern India has twenty-nine male and about sixteen female Missionaries, and yet the *whole* expense is only 4888*l.* per annum, each Missionary taking barely sufficient to live upon.

Mr. Pfander tells us that one day he was detained in the city by a storm until it was quite dark; when he set out he discovered that the Sáís, who ought to have led the horse, as the carriage (a common Palkígárí) could not be driven, was moon blind, and could not see in the least, Mr. Pfander was therefore obliged to lead the Sáís, who led the horse, and thus they reached home. Eating goats' liver is said to be a remedy for moon blindness.

February 9th.—We drove to the house of the R. C. Bishop to get permission to see the Convent. He was at dinner, so that I only caught a glimpse of a

very fine beard, as he came out on the terrace to speak to the gentlemen. He is an Italian, Borghi by name. We then proceeded to the Convent; where, after waiting some time in a verandah overlooking a farmyard, with sundry Palkígárís and some remarkably fine cattle, we were joined by two nuns robed in black, the elder a Frenchwoman, the younger Irish; they conducted us through a very neat garden to the school for Europeans, some of whom are Protestants! The nuns asserted they were never interfered with in religious matters, but I have since had positive proof that (as is is very natural) *all* means are used by the nuns to influence their pupils in favour of Popery. Their dormitory was scrupulously neat and clean; there are about seventeen nuns of the order of Jesus and Mary, *i. e.* Jesuits. The Abbess was absent, having gone to meet four new English nuns who had just arrived from Europe.

There are about forty European young ladies, who with the school for natives and for soldiers' children (both of which we visited) make up about one hundred children under the exclusive care of the sisterhood. The native girls make artificial flowers beautifully. The nun who had charge of the soldiers' children was a very pleasing little Frenchwoman. They all seemed very fond of a little orphan of two years old of whom they have charge. What a comfort to nuns to have the charge of children! Miss S. spoke to our Irish conductress about her health, which seemed to suffer from the confinement of the Convent. She answered with forced gaiety: "What does it matter? we only go a little sooner." We all noticed the restless, unsatisfied expression of countenance of these poor prisoners. Came home; packed and started about seven

o'clock. We now feel quite settled the moment we return to our palkís and dák life, it is much more quiet and regular than when we stop anywhere. Mr. and Mrs. E. are a very pleasant and most obliging host and hostess.

Wednesday, February 10th.—We arrived at Alighar about nine o'clock. Mr. T., the Commissioner, could not take us in, his house being turned inside out by plasterers and painters, but sent us a basket of flowers and vegetables to the Dâk Bungalow, which is the best we have seen, having been formerly the Commissioner's kacherí or office. Dr. Paton asked us to luncheon, which as we were tired we declined, but he paid us a visit, and Mrs. Paton sent me a pretty bouquet of the English flowers of the season. We left Alighar about half-past six: it has a fort which was taken after the whole grenadier company of one regiment had been swept away.

Thursday, February 11th.—Arrived this morning at Sikandra Bungalow about eight o'clock. The Indian squirrels, which are very numerous and pretty, are very small, with three black stripes down the back. We left Sikandra too soon, at half-past five, and reached Delhi, about thirty-six miles, by three P.M. Finished our sleep in the compound of the Dâk Bungalow, and then, after partaking of tea made on the top of the Palkí, Miss M. proceeded to her brother's house, and we to that of Mr. R., of the Civil Service. Mrs. R. is not well, but Miss W., her sister, conducted me to a comfortable tent. On our way hither we passed under the walls of the Palace of Delhi, with two very fine gateways. The wall, instead of being a blank as ours generally are, is ornamented at the top with a sort of Vandyk scollop, which

improves it greatly. The difference in the people as we get up the country is very remarkable. Here they are a fine athletic race of men, as tall as Europeans, and much fairer than the Bengális; this accounts for the height of the Bengal Sepáhis, none of whom are natives of Bengal Proper. Delhi strikes me as being the finest city we have yet seen. Benáres is the most picturesque, being the most thoroughly Hindu. Agra has the most beautiful buildings, but Delhi is more like a great Muhammadan capital. We passed an immense tank of red stone, and several fine aqueducts, or raised stone canals, running through the city. The appearance of one of them as it rolled its mass of waters under overshadowing trees for a great distance was very beautiful. The turbans worn here are very small, and of the gayest colours; rose colour seems a favourite hue.

On asking if gentlemen could visit the old King, I found that Lord Ellenborough had forbidden the presentation of Nazzars to him, and since that time, he has never sat in his great Hall of Audience, nor received any one. How petty it is to fret an old man of seventy-six by refusing to allow third persons to pay him the usual mark of homage! If every one in India brought him a Nazzar what harm could it do us? on the contrary, the more reverence is shown to him the more important is he in our hands.

We had a very pleasant drive in the evening with Mrs. R. and Miss W. over very bad roads, but rather pretty country, to a hill from whence we had a view of the cantonments. Saw many wild peacocks close to the road, and a flock of wild geese over our heads. Passed the house of Hindu Rao, a Mahratta chief, a very intelligent man and great sportsman, very fond of the British.

Saturday, February 13th.—Rose at gun-fire, *i. e.*, dawn; drove to the palace which is surrounded by a noble wall of red stone. On our way we passed the English church built by Colonel Skinner, I suppose, in his public capacity, for in his private character he erected a mosque just opposite. The palace gateway, C. said, somewhat resembles the Char Chowk or Great Bazár at Kábul, but this is much handsomer. It is very long, so that one takes some time in driving through it, and a good deal like what bazárs are at home, an arcade with small shops on each side. The court beyond would be very handsome were it in proper order, but the channel for water which crosses it is broken and dry. Here some Chobdars, men with silver sticks, met us, without whom no one can enter the palace, within whose precincts no one is allowed to use that emblem of royalty a parasol or umbrella; I, therefore, covered my bonnet with a shawl.

We left the carriage and walked into the second court where the Diwàn-i-ám is situated. Over the second gateway, and facing the King's throne, is a gallery for a band of musicians. The Diwàn-i-ám is an open hall supported on pillars, and filled with servants sleeping on their charpáis or native beds, which are just four-footed frames with cord or broad tape to lie upon. It was also crowded with Palkís and Tonjons (the latter are like the body of a small gig, with a pole before and behind, and are carried on men's shoulders), belonging to the royal family. Some must have been very handsome. The present king, Bahàdar Shah, has eighty sons and daughters, and although his income is very large, it is all swallowed up by so numerous a family. The throne is a canopy of marble, supported on four pillars, richly gilt and inlaid, projecting from a small chamber in the hall,

the whole of which is beautifully inlaid with birds, fruits, and flowers in Florentine Mosaic; and over the door behind the throne, through which the King was wont to enter, is a Mosaic copy of Raffaelle's Apollo playing on the violin: this, with many other circumstances, proves that Shah Jehán employed Italian architects. On the bronze gates, which are exactly like some of the fine church doors in Italy, are lilies, such as are so often used as emblematical of the Virgin. Among the birds on the walls of the throne-chamber is a very good Mosaic of a bullfinch, a bird quite unknown in India. Beneath the throne is a very handsome white marble table from which all the precious work *in pietra dura* has been picked out by the Mahrattas. On this the Vázir used to stand, and thus hand up petitions to the Sovereign, who, from his elevated seat, had a view of both courts of the Palace, so that one understands how a petitioner could make salám to the King on entering the *outer* court.

Passing through the third court we came to the fourth, where the Dewan-i-Khás or Hall of State is situated. Like all other Halls, Mosques, Minárs,—I might almost say every kind of Muhammadan building,—it is raised on a chabútra or platform about three feet high, which is admirably carved, as is likewise a marble railing in front of it. The scarlet awnings which used to extend from its façade halfway across the court, are now sadly discoloured and faded. The hall is supported on massive columns of white marble, the lower part of which is inlaid like the throne in the Déwán-i-am with precious Mosaic of flowers, and the upper adorned with gilding. The richly variegated ceiling has been much injured by the Mahrattas. A canal of water runs through half of this magnificent hall, and in the

centre, on a dais of white marble, formerly stood the famous peacock throne which was carried off by Nadir Shah.

Behind the throne are marble lattices overlooking the broad Jamna and the surrounding country. In the centre one there is a seat for the King formed of one huge block of alabaster. On one side of this once-unequalled throne-room is a smaller hall where the King usually sits to administer justice. A pair of scales adorn the wall. The pardahs or curtains between the pillars are torn and faded. The old King retains no authority beyond the precincts of the Palace: his estates are under the management of the Governor-General's Agent, who obtains for the aged monarch a much larger revenue than the dishonesty and bad management of his own people ever allowed him to receive from the same lands. The palace garden would be very fine if it were in tolerable order; but neither the King nor the Government of India like to pay for repairs. It is extensive, and intersected with broad shady walks, with canals and fountains on every side. In some parts the water runs under a pavement in which open patterns are cut of stars and other devices. There were few flowers, and those common ones. We saw a fine bath of a single block of marble; and on each side of the garden is a large summer house, one of which is called Sáwan, and the other Bhádon, from the two rainy months, which begin about the middle of July and end the middle of September. The reason is that these halls (which are raised a good height from the ground) have not only fountains all round them, but a large deep square bath in the centre, each side of which is full of niches for lamps, over which the water falls to the depth of about five feet. There is a large tank in the centre of the

garden, which the present King has spoilt, by erecting a summer house of red stone in the centre. At the end of one of the canals is a building of some height, as usual, full of lamp niches for a cascade to fall over. As we were not allowed to use our parasols, it was well for us that the garden was so shady.

The present heir apparent of the empire of Akbar the Great lives in a part of the palace which is thatched. The state Palkís (called Nalkís), like the state howdahs, are in the shape of four-post canopies, with an awning in front. They are painted crimson and gold.

We drove out by a part of the palace where the under servants live, something equivalent to "mews" in London. We soon reached the magnificent Jamma Masjíd, which is approached by an immense flight of steps, like those of some of the churches at Venice, only on a more gigantic scale. The whole building is of red stone inlaid with white marble, of which latter material the domes are built.

I forgot to tell you of the King's private chapel, a second Motí Masjíd, in the palace. It is built of the purest marble, beautifully carved, with three gilt domes. Yet even this gem is so far neglected that the small marble tank in front of it was dry, and a handful of long grass growing out of it.

Perhaps I have not made it clear to you, that all eminent mosques form one side of a quadrangle, the other three sides of which are colonnades. Every Masjíd is so built that the worshippers on entering face Mecca, therefore in this country the entrance of every mosque faces the east. The quadrangle of the Jamma Masjíd is immense, the colonnades are open, and the views through them of the city and its trees are very pretty. These are the first open colonnades I have seen.

I am inclined to prefer this Masjíd even to the Motí Masjíd of Agra; the latter is most beautiful, but this far exceeds it in simple grandeur. It is a most stately building. Several Mussulmáns were bathing their heads, feet, and hands in the tank in the centre of the court, and we afterwards saw one at prayer. The prescribed postures are manifold: sometimes he sat on his heels, sometimes prostrated his forehead on the ground, sometimes stood praying, sometimes opened his hands as if reading from them, but it was all done with much more decency, solemnity, and apparent abstraction from outward objects, than is usually seen among Romanist votaries. The pulpit consists of three finely carved marble steps, but it was dirty, and some common pitchers were hidden underneath it. There is another pulpit of marble of a different shape just outside the mosque, this is used on the last day of Ramazán, when the King comes in state to break up the fast, and almost every Mussulman in Delhi is present; the great court, which holds about 12,000 persons, is then filled, and as the voice of the Iman inside would be inaudible to this multitude, another takes his place on the elevated pulpit, and acts as fugleman to the vast crowd present, all of whom kneel, rise, stand, and pray as one man.

Mr. Roberts saw this last October, and said it was a very fine spectacle, but then comes the thought that this worship dishonours God by denying the Trinity in Unity, and lowers the Lord our righteousness to the level of a creature. On the left hand of the Masjíd is an inclosure in which the beard of Muhammad is said to be preserved; there they would not let us enter, whereupon my husband told them it was idolatrous to consider a place more holy where the beard of a man was preserved than the mosque where they worshipped God

himself, &c. The semicircular recess in the centre of the mosque contains divers sheets of paper covered with writing. The words being, in some cases, arranged in curious devices so as to form rosettes and other figures (in fact, not unlike specimens of caligraphy at home), the nature of which I curiously inquired. We found they were done by different personages (one by the King, another by the heir apparent, both of whom are great adepts in the art of penmanship), partly out of devotion, the sentences being from the Kurán, and partly perhaps to make their talents public. Divers little boys were sitting in the colonnades reading, or rather chaunting, the Kurán at the very top of their lungs, and with no more attention than school boys learning the Latin Grammar in England. When I praised the beautiful form of the Arabic letters some time ago, I did not know the difference between these and the Persian: they are the same characters, but the Arabic are upright and much stiffer, while the Persian is a beautiful flowing character which cannot be printed on account of its luxuriant lines, so that *books printed* in Persian are in the Arabic letters, while true Persian can only be lithographed.

We went up to the roof of the Masjíd, and close beneath us saw a sport for which Delhi is famous. On the roof of several houses were men waving little flags to make their flock of pigeons fly, while elder men sat gravely by, smoking. A large hurdle was fixed on the roof for the pigeons to alight upon. When they meet another flock in the air the two parties mingle, and one invariably carries away some from the other. Each flock then returns home, and the owner who has gained some of his neighbour's birds, goes to him and threatens to sell them if they are not ransomed. It was very pretty

to watch two, three, and sometimes four flocks of these beautiful birds, of all colours, meeting, mingling, and then parting again. This is a favourite amusement of the old King, many of whose bird cages were on the top of his Hall of Justice.

We ascended the Minár, which is 150 feet high. The view of the city was very different from that of Benáres: here, although the Hindu half of the population is rather the larger, yet the character of the buildings is Muhammadán; the houses are only two stories high, instead of the lofty edifices at Benáres, and amid the multitude of mosques I only remarked the pointed dome of one Hindu temple.

The streets are the widest we have seen in any native city, many trees are interspersed among the houses, and the aspect of the country, covered with old tombs, not unlike that of the Campagna di Roma. I begin to think Hindustan is one vast plain; I have not seen a hill since we left the Rájmahál range.

On descending the steps of the Jamma Masjíd we found a group of Afgháns, who, as usual, gazed at us with much curiosity. In the afternoon these steps are the resort of merchants and sellers of every kind; now, early in the morning, they were occupied by men waiting to be hired, as in the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Met many in the streets riding on fine oxen. We have done with the Ekká, or one horse carriage of Bengal, and find instead the Byli, a similar conveyance but drawn by two oxen. Instead of the large white turbans worn lower down the country, the men of Delhi delight in the smallest and brightest varieties of head gear, their turbans being jauntily stuck on one side, generally over the left ear.

We drove through the Chandi Chowk, which is very

wide with an aqueduct in the midst; it is the main street of the city. On one side of it is a little mosque of white marble with three gilded domes, memorable enough, for when Nadir Shah invaded India in 1739, the reigning sovereign of Delhi went out to meet him, they entered the city together, and Nadir quartered his nobles and troops on the inhabitants (being much such a guest as Napoleon proved when he came to give freedom to Germany), but with the strictest order to do no injury. One morning it was bruited about that the dreaded Persian King was dead. Immediately the people of Delhi rose upon his troops, and many of the inhabitants gave up their guests to slaughter. But the lion soon showed he was not dead. Nadir gave the order for indiscriminate massacre. He drew his sword, and sat there in that little mosque, with the symbol of vengeance in his hand, till the streets of Delhi ran red with blood, and the King and his nobles came down from the palace, and besought him to put an end to the work of death. Then Nadir sheathed his sword, and the slaughter was stayed. He returned to Persia laden with the spoil of the imperial city, which had hardly recovered from this misfortune when the Mahrattas came like a flock of vultures to prey upon the game struck down by the mighty hunter.

Passed a garden, made by the Begum Rushanára, the daughter of Shah Jehán.

Sunday, February 14th.—Mr. R. read prayers, and C. a sermon on "Peace with God," a most admirable one by Rev. Chas. Bradley. We had very heavy rain the previous evening and this morning. Strange for this country, we have had rain after every halt; at Benáres, Cawnpore, Agra, and here. We have also had green peas ever since we landed. The European

vegetables flourish only in the cold weather. C. went with the rest of the party to church, a very bad sermon, though the Clergyman is zealous in having service often. At many stations, such as Mainpuri, there is no chaplain. At the latter place Mr. Unwin reads the English Liturgy, and an American Missionary preaches.

They have several small comforts in India which are not so often thought of in England. For instance, only arm chairs are used at dinner; there are always plenty of footstools in the dining and drawing rooms, and also in the carriages, which is really a comfort. Hot water plates are used at every meal.

Monday, February 15th.—Started soon after gun fire in a very English fog (Miss M, accompanying us), for the Kutab. The roads all round Dehli are detestable, though Mr. R. is doing his best to get them mended. The country is most interesting; full of ancient tombs and mosques.

We passed a huge ape, "sloping along," as an American would say; there are numbers of wild monkeys in the neighbourhood. About halfway to the Kutab we stopped to see the tomb of Safder Jung, the founder of the present dynasty of Oud, who called in the Mahrattas to deliver the country from the Rohillas. He was Vazir to the King of Dehli, and to this day the people speak of the Sovereign of Laknao (who is a King of our making) as the Vazir. I did not much admire the tomb; one becomes very fastidious after seeing such admirable buildings as we have lately done.

We changed horses; a Rajah in the city having lent us a pair. Two of his Sáises ran the whole way; it is quite a pleasure to see these men run, they do it so well, very near the ground, and, at the same time, with indescribable lightness, and with a regularity of pace

that looks as if they would go on for ever. A Muhammadan woman was standing at the gateway, whose whole dress consisted of a pair of trousers, and a cloth wrapped round her head and the upper part of her body, so that I took her for a man.

We arrived at the Kutab about nine o'clock, and while waiting for breakfast and for Mr. R. (who left us *en route* to inspect a piece of new road, the roads and villages being under his superintendence as magistrate and collector of the district), I went with my husband to look at this famous tower. It is truly magnificent; the highest in the world (not reckoning China), being 246 feet in height. It is built of red stone in five different shafts, each crowned by a gallery of the most exquisite workmanship, and adorned with bands of colossal Arabic inscriptions in relief. It is fluted the whole way up, narrowing as it ascends. The lower story has twenty-seven volutes alternately round and angular; in the next story the volutes are all rounded, in the third all angular. The carving under the galleries I can compare to nothing but the exquisite wood carving of some of the stall canopies in the Belgian churches; at the distance at which we saw it, it looked like lace work.

The Kutab stands near two courts of a very ancient Hindu temple. Both these courts are surrounded by ruined cloisters, through which we walked. The columns are of fantastic form, something akin to the Egyptian, but wanting their colossal size, being not more than twelve feet high, having slender columns, each differing from the others, and elaborately and delicately carved with figures of their gods, all of which the Muhammadans have conscientiously defaced. Just in the middle of the temple are three magnificent

arches, the beginning of a mosque which Shaháb-u-Dín Ghori (cir. 1200 A.D.) intended to build. They are pointed much like the Gothic, and both in majesty of form and extreme delicacy of ornament are most admirable.* The contrast between the Muhammadan and Hindu architecture is very great: the former is as majestic as perhaps man in his fallen state is capable of conceiving; the latter is wholly devoid of this quality, and in spite of the beauty of some minor details, the effect of the whole is grotesque confusion. The pillars are such as one might imagine in an uneasy dream.

It seems as if no mind, unaccustomed to dwell on the Unity of the Godhead, were capable of any truly sublime idea even in temporal things; as if this, the most simple and sublime of all ideas, were needful for the education of the intellect and heart before man can conceive anything of unity and harmony, or represent them in his works. No man can imagine aught higher than that which he worships: in no ancient Greek or Roman building that I have seen is there anything to raise the mind from earth;—their majesty consists chiefly in their size; their harmony is the harmony of earthly beauty, but there is nothing which solemnizes one as a Gothic building does.

Now the Hindu mythology being far beneath that of Rome and Greece (especially as held by their philosophers and artists), their architecture and sculpture is proportionately debased; the latter is worthy of a New Zealand war club, the former is fit for the revels of sorcerers. There is something diabolical in it, and in viewing it one's sympathies are all with the fierce Mussalmans, who gloried in the title of idol-breakers. The only part of the temple I at all admired were two

* Query.—Did Gothic architecture come from the East?

small domes, which the Hindus, being unable to make an arch, formed by laying the stones horizontally one on the top of the other, the top being finished with four pretty shells. In the centre of the temple is an iron pillar, with a Sanscrit inscription, the purport of which is, that as long as this pillar stands, the Ráj or kingdom has not finally departed from the Hindus. The Muhammadans therefore endeavoured to melt it, but in vain, and at last desisted from their attempts to destroy it after firing a cannon-ball or two against it. Beyond the mosque is the tomb of Shamshudín Altamsh, one of the slave kings. Its date, according to Elphinstone, must be about A.D. 1240. The tomb itself, which is of white marble, and no doubt carved, has, I grieve to say, been covered with plaster, *out of respect*, and with as much propriety as when Jacob called the Queen *he* for the same reason.

On the other side, close to the kutab, is a magnificent dome, built by Akbar as a college; and passing through it, we came to the tomb of a saint, for whom Akbar had special regard. It is, as usual, within a latticed chamber, beautifully carved. The name of a young officer was scribbled on its walls; just beneath, a few months after, another hand added, "killed at Sobráon." After thoroughly enjoying this interesting walk we were returning, when we met Mr. R. We passed a kind of cupola which Lord Hardinge has very properly had removed from the top of the Kutab, as it formed no part of it originally, but was put up by the British when rebuilding the upper part of the tower, which had been destroyed by lightning.

We found an excellent breakfast awaiting us, Mr. Roberts's servants having started from Delhi about two A.M. with the requisites for it. What a hardship

an English servant would think it, to walk twelve miles on such an occasion in the middle of the night! Then, being invigorated, we all returned to the Kutab. The old Chaprásí who attended us in the morning was a Ját, a very simple industrious race of Hindu agriculturists who do *not* steal,—for this practise runs very much in families. The Játs are found in Sind, and are the original inhabitants and peasantry of the Punjáb and the protected Sikh States, Lodiana, Firozpûr, Patiale, &c. Dr. Wilson considers them to be the descendants of a Scythian tribe and synonymous with the Getæ. We ascended to the first gallery of the Kutab, and anything so utterly abominable as the odour of the bats never offended my nostrils before. It made me quite ill, in spite of closing both nose and mouth with my pocket-handkerchief.

It was with some difficulty I could make up my mind to go on, as I was persuaded little more could be seen from the top than from where we were, which proved to be the case; but plainly perceiving that C. would despise my pusillanimity if I did not go, I resolved to do so. He and Mr. Roberts very kindly carried me up the next story on a king's cushion, so that I was able to walk to the top from thence, and found that the bats dwelt chiefly below. War ought to be proclaimed against them instantly. We could not see further than Dehli, but a radius of twelve miles in every direction is not a small one. The whole country is thickly covered with ruins, more or less perfect. Behind the temple are the remains of a huge Hindu fort, underneath whose protection the temple and old Hindu Dehli reposed in safety. A great part of the city still remains, containing as many ruins as houses. This fort belonged to a Rajput chief, and the Hindu legend

regarding the erection of the Kutab is this: The chief, Pithora Sing, had a beautiful daughter, and as it is, or was, the custom of the Rajputs never to marry their daughters without a fight, he sent word to Udal Sing, King of Canouj, that he had a marriageable daughter, whom Udal might carry off if he could. Having, in this truly Irish fashion, done his best to get into a scrape, he bethought himself that Udal was a very powerful king, and that it would no longer be safe for the young princess to go daily to the Jamna, about seven miles off, to worship as she had been wont to do. He therefore built the Kutab, from the top of which she could see the Jamna and make Pújá to it as effectually as if she were on its banks; but I am sorry to say I do not know how Udal sped in his wooing. The Rajputs in the neighbourhood say they are descended from Pithora Sing, and there is a standing quarrel between the Hindus and Muhammadans as to who built the Kutab. On the Musalman side are the Arabic inscriptions, and the fact that many of the openings for light are arched, which the Hindus were notoriously incapable of doing. But on the other hand, the tower is not on a Chábutra or platform, which all Minárs are. Secondly, the style is unlike that of any other Muhammadan tower, besides which the beginning of a corresponding Minar, not far off, which is undoubtedly the work of Musalmans, is on a Chábutra, and is one-third larger. The door of the Kutab faces the north instead of the west: the said arches might easily have been added, as they are only one stone deep: and that the inscriptions have been added after the tower was built is manifest by the fact, that another inscription near the base has been begun and left imperfect; thus showing that the original surface of the stones was on a level with the

letters which are now in relief. It seems probable (as Mr. Roberts thinks) that this famous tower is a Hindu work, and that the Muhammadan invaders arrived before it was finished and added to it, and then afterwards may have intended to make it one of the Minars of the mosque which they commenced.

We saw men beneath us making salám to the iron lát or pillar. Between the Kutab and Dehli lies what is commonly called Old Dehli (but which, in reality, is Dehli the Second) and its suburbs. It was built by the Patans (as the Indians call their Afghán invaders) and their descendants, after Hindu Dehli began to decline, while the modern city is the work of the later Muhammadan conquerors, who are known by the name of Moguls, but who, in reality, were Turcoman Tartars, of the same origin as the present Turks. You will find in Elphinstone, that the so-called Mogul Emperors always spoke of the Mogul Tartars with aversion and contempt; but the Indians, not knowing the difference between the two races, and having been accustomed to *real* Moguls under Teimúr Lang or Tamalane, applied the same name to their new invaders. The Patan buildings are easily distinguishable from the other by their massive character. There is something grand in their solid simple forms and low domes. A very fine old Patan tomb is close to the Kutab. Their mosques have frequently innumerable domes: Mr. Roberts counted eighty-five domes on one which is now inhabited by a numerous population.

During the Mahratta invasion, the people took refuge in these old buildings, where the solid masonwork enabled them to make some defence; and many mosques and tombs have thus become dwelling-places. At some distance from Pithora Sing's fort is a very fine Patan fort, built by Shir Shah, the Afghán king, *cir.*

A.D. 1540; and another called Toghlakabad, built by Gheias u Dín, the founder of the dynasty of Toghlak about A.D. 1325. This king pressed the whole population into his service to build his fort; but a certain Saint Nizám-ud-Din, being at that time employed in digging a great well, the people preferred working for him. Toghlak forbade this; the people then worked for the king by day, and for Nizam-ud-Din by night. Enraged at this, Toghlak forbade any one to sell oil to the saint; but, owing to the prayers of the latter, the water of the well burnt like oil, and the work went on as well as ever.

Muhammad Toghlak, son of this perverse monarch, was a magnificent prince; but his caprice amounted to madness. He twice took it into his head to transfer the capital of his empire from Dehli to Doulatabad, in the Deccan, and twice caused the whole population of the former to transfer themselves to the latter city, and then gave them leave to return, causing by these forced marches (one of which was during a famine) the death and ruin of thousands.

If we had stayed on the summit of the Kutab all the time it has taken me to tell you what we saw from thence, we should have been roasted; for even at this season, when warm winter dresses can be worn all day, and when fires are pleasant, the sun is intolerably hot in the middle of the day, although the wind is cool. After descending this immense tower, I quite forgot my first impression of it, which was, "How short!" We rested ourselves a little, Miss M. being much exhausted; and then Mr. Roberts took me a second time through the cloisters, and afterwards to Akbar's college, of which I made a sketch; but photography is the only way of giving an adequate idea of the beautiful and elaborate carvings with which all these build-

ings are adorned. The later Muhammadan domes rise higher and higher than their Patan precursors, until they assume a horse-shoe form, and those of Shah Jehán's time, such as the Táj, are raised on a low cylinder. Mr. Roberts pointed out to me a kind of bell pattern on the Kutab, which is found in a ruder form in the Hindu temple adjoining, and is again repeated on the walls of Shamshudin Altamsh's tomb. From this it appears, that the Muhammadan conquerors made the Hindu artificers work for them.

We adjourned to Altamsh's tomb, the interior of which I sketched. It is octagonal; and the semicircular dome at each of the four corners is built in the same manner as those in the Hindu temple. We returned to the little room where we breakfasted and took luncheon. There were some beautiful pigeons in the court-yard, with feathered feet, such as I never saw before, long feathers growing out of each toe. The stable was formerly a mosque. We had a refreshing drive through a country quite crowded with old tombs and other ruins. Saw some young wheat crops full of green paroquets; they are so pretty that one forgets the mischief they do. The people here frighten away birds by shooting clay pellets at them from curious bows, with a double string, between which the ball is placed. We left the carriage close to an old bridge which has been deserted by the stream, which now flows some yards beyond it, while the bridge itself is on a little rise.

We met a whole army of ants marching in close column, each with a grain of some kind in its mouth. They were so numerous that they had made a little smooth path down the hill to their nest. Passed a large building with high walls, now called the Arab Serai: it is inhabited by Arabs, who have been long settled

in this country, and are descendants of some of those Arab mercenaries who have played such a conspicuous part in Indian warfare. One of them, a fine-looking old man with a venerable white beard, joined us. They are quite fair in comparison to the natives. As we walked through the narrow streets of the village, we saw a poor Muhammadan woman spinning; she had a small wheel, and, in a marvellous fashion, contrived to spin thread out of a mere lump of wadding. I gave her half a rupee, at which she was delighted. She had a bright, pleasing face: her whole dress consisted of trousers and veil. All, even the poorest, wear bracelets, armlets, and rings of some kind or other, sometimes of coloured clay stuck over with little beads, sometimes of brass, sometimes of silver. The Thánádár, or chief of the police of this village, joined us with his men, Mr. Roberts being his superior. He was a very handsome, delicate-featured young man (the son of an impoverished Nawáb), and wore silver rings on his toes. The police preceded and followed us, spears in hand. We entered a marble court, in which stood the shrine of Toghlak's opponent, the Saint Nizám-ud-Din, a very fine old Patan mosque, and divers square lattice-work enclosures containing tombs of the royal family. The shrine was built about 535 years ago, by Khiza Khan, a brother of Toghlak, and a disciple of the saint. It is square, with a pointed dome, and stands within a colonnade, the ceiling of which is painted (chiefly blue and gold) on copper. Between the pillars are scarlet Pardahs or curtains. The inner wall, which immediately surrounds the tomb, is of beautifully-carved open work. We were not allowed to enter, but stood at the door. The tomb, about the size of a coffin, is on the ground, covered with a spangled stuff, and surmounted by a canopy, much like that of a four-

post bed. A row of ostrich eggs hangs over it, each being the offering of some merchant; perchance Sindbad brought one. A desk for the Kurán stands at the head of the tomb.

The adjoining mosque has only one external dome. It is of Toghlak's time, and remarkable for its simple grandeur of form. The only ornaments within are fine Arabic inscriptions in relief. There is a very fine echo in it. We then hurried to the tomb of Jehánira Begum, the celebrated daughter of Shah Jehán. It stands within a beautiful marble railing eight or ten feet high. The tomb is an oblong square of white marble, about five feet long by twelve or sixteen inches broad, and as many in height. It is open and filled with earth. At the head is a white marble screen, on which are inscribed some verses written by herself, to the effect, that a little earth is sufficient to cover the tomb of a princess as well as of a peasant. Two other tombs have since been placed in the same inclosure. One is of the prince, who went to meet Lord Lake's army when we took possession of Dehli, and delivered the poor old king from the Mahrattas.

Another of these inclosures, containing the tomb of the King, Muhammad Shah, has marble doors, which Lord Hardinge has had copied to replace those which the Mahrattas carried away from the railing round the tomb of Mumtáz Begum (*i. e.*, the Táj): they are very elegant, one side is divided into three compartments, each containing a branch of lilies; the other side has one long branch running the whole way up. Another tomb opposite, of the two elder brothers of the present King, which has been finished within the last twelve or fifteen years, shows that the present generation have in no degree lost the skill which characterised their ancestors, for nothing can be more graceful than the

design and workmanship. Flowers were lying on most of the tombs, and a tree or two is suffered to grow in the court, thus gradually adding to its beauty: this is generally the case in court-yards, that in the Palace has some palms. Passing through a narrow passage or two I heard Mr. Roberts say, "Now, I think, she will be astonished, she does not know what to expect," and, accordingly, I was surprised a moment after on passing through a narrow passage to find myself overlooking a very large well about sixty feet square, surrounded by houses of several stories, and with a lofty flight of wide steps opposite to where we stood. A crowd of people were sitting or standing on the house-tops to our right, who looked most picturesque in their garments of many colours, with the bright blue sky and the green foliage behind them. Mr. Roberts had just said "This is the well of Nizám-ud-Din," when, to my utter amazement, a man joined his hands over his head and leaped from the house-top into the well: another and another followed, from this housetop and from that, from thirty to sixty feet high they sprang, and before I could recover my breath, a perfect shower of men and boys came flying down into the water. At last they reappeared from their plunge, and swimming, by throwing each arm forward alternately as far as they could reach, they gained the steps, and gathering up some addition to their very scanty garment, ran round to the passage in which we stood, so that on turning I beheld a crowd of half-naked dripping men and boys looking as cheerful as they could with chattering teeth: two rupees sent them away fully satisfied. As for me the suddenness of the act and the novelty of the scene completely bewildered me, and my husband and Mr. Roberts were quite pleased at the success of their secret plot. Some of the leapers were little boys of twelve years old.

From thence we walked past many fine buildings of which not even the name is known, some of them with painted domes, to the tomb of Hamáiún erected by his son Akbár. The sun was just set as we reached it; nevertheless there was light enough to enjoy the view from the stately terrace of the surrounding country, with its noble domes and feathery palms. This tomb is of red stone or granite, peculiarly simple and grand, just fit for a warrior king. There is no inscription whatever on the tomb itself. It was curious to find the Masonic symbol of the two triangles interlaced, inlaid most conspicuously on the building. The old Arab said that two knobs in the centre of these figures, one on each side of the centre arch, were meant to represent eyes. I should like to know if this were built by a European architect, or whether there were free-masons in India at that time? I wish you would ask Mr. Vernon about this, as he is learned in the history of his craft. Almost all the Arab masters of ships are freemasons. Some vulgar Europeans have defaced this magnificent monument by foolish inscriptions and drawings worthy of an ale-house. Such creatures ought to be sent to the treadmill, for they sadly require chastisement and employment.

We re-entered the carriage, feeling convinced that to see the environs of Dehli would require weeks, and afford ample work for both pen and pencil, with calotype to boot, to give anything like an adequate idea of them. We drove under the walls of Shir Shah's fine old fort, which it was too late to enter, and our way home was brightened by incessant bursts of summer lightning fluttering behind the ruins as we passed. I omitted to mention that in the morning we saw the ruins of an observatory built by Rajah Jye Sing: he is

the same who built the one at Benáres. We were exceedingly tired, but delighted with our expedition.

Mr. Roberts is an excellent guide, for he takes an interest in, and understands everything, and there is, besides something so frank and pleasant about him that we felt as if we had known him for years.

After all our fatigues poor Mr. Roberts had to go to a Hindu wedding. He could not avoid it, as the Rajah, who gave the marriage feast, and whose little brother of ten years old is the bridegroom, had sent us the pair of horses which took us on from Safder Jang's tomb.

Tuesday, February 16th.—Mr. Roberts brought home divers chains of tinsel ribbon, with false stones, and a little bottle of atta, from the feast. The Rajah bewailed the trouble and expense of the marriage ceremonies, both of which are very great. The entertainments last eight or nine days, or rather nights, at the end of which the bridegroom is conducted in state to visit the bride, who in the present instance is a little girl of seven years old. The ceremony is indissoluble, but the bride is not brought home to her husband's house for six or eight years more, though, if he die in the interim, she is considered a widow, and prohibited from marrying again, a custom productive of a thousand evil consequences, and of great hardship to the poor girl. Mr. Roberts asked the Rajah why he did not break through the custom he lamented, of lavishing so much money on the ceremony. His answer was just the reason given all over the world for most of the foolish and extravagant acts committed: "Oh," said he, "So-and-so spent so much on the marriage of his son or brother, and if I did not do the same I should be considered stingy." The procession is to take place this evening.

About five o'clock we drove to a house in the Chandí Chouk, belonging to one of the native sub-collectors, a Mussalmán, who had prepared seats for us, whence we could see everything. The Chandí Chouk is a double street, and divided down the middle by a stone watercourse, the edges of which were crowded with people. The procession was passing down the side furthest from us, and turning at the top of this immense street, it paraded before the bride's house, which was a little way above us, and then came close under our windows. It was more than a mile long! The balconies and flat roofs of the houses, which are generally low, were covered with people; here was a variegated group of men and children, there a bevy of shrouded Muhammadan women, the first I have seen, and the appearance of the crowd was that of a bed of tulips.

Just as we had seated ourselves numbers of empty palkís were passing, then a crowd of Tonjons, some empty, some with one or two children in them. Many of these were gorgeously dressed, in brocade or velvet, with Greek caps of gold and silver, and some of them were borne by four men in scarlet, and attended by a man on each side, with Chouries of the tail of the Yak or Thibet Ox, to keep the flies off. All the friends of the bridegroom's family do him as much honour as they can, by sending their led-horses, elephants, vehicles of every description, and their children richly dressed, to form part of the procession. The ladies of the King's harem were there in bullock carts, with scarlet hangings, to see the show. His Majesty had also sent his guards, and his camels carried small swivel cannon, which were fired at intervals. The led-horses formed a very picturesque feature in the procession; some of them were painted; a white one had his legs and tail dyed red with henna, and splashes of the same on his body, as if

a bloody hand had been repeatedly laid on his side. Then came a whole body of men clothed like soldiers, at the Rajah's expense, with a band that was executing a Scotch melody. Then appeared a whole tribe of magnificent elephants, their faces elaborately painted in curious patterns, and gaily caparisoned in scarlet, green, and other bright colours.

On a small baby-elephant, most richly adorned, sat a little boy, with an aigrette of jewels in front of his turban. His dress was a robe of lilac gauze, edged with gold, reaching to his feet, and most carefully spread out, fan-wise, on each side, as he sat astride on his elephant. Then came the little bridegroom, who was a mass of gold. He sat alone in his howdah, with a careful servant behind him; his turban was covered with a veil of gold tissue, which he held up with both hands, that he might see all that was going on. Bearers of peacock fans, and others with gold pillars, walked by him, while his elephant was as splendid as he could be. A few other elephants closed the procession, the beginning of which now passed under our windows on its return. It consisted of huge trays filled with artificial flowers, the effect of which, as we looked down the street, was extremely pretty, like a parterre of the gayest colours. Then there were moving pavilions, with beds of flowers in front of them, peacocks on the top, and bands of musicians inside. Such music! fancy flutes in hysterics, drums in a rage, violins screaming with passion, and penny trumpets distracted with pain, and you may have some idea of it. A crowd of women and boys, of the poorest of the people, then appeared, carrying little flags.

Eastern processions are like Eastern life, they comprise the greatest contrasts of poverty and magnificence. They seem to think everything, no matter

what, helps to make a show. After, and among the moving flower-beds, came trays of huge dolls, and others of little puppets, one set of which represented a party of European officers at dinner, with their Khitmadgars waiting behind them. Another was a little regiment of soldiers, such as children play with at home. Suddenly the mob rushed in upon the bearers, and down went the trays; one snatched a great doll, which, in the struggle, had a leg pulled off; he seized the dissevered limb, whirled it round his head like a shillelah, and valiantly defended the rest of his prize with it. The trays were seen swaying about till they were torn in pieces, and the fortunate ones rejoiced in having got a bunch of flowers, or perchanc a doll's limb. I believe they are stuffed with some kind of sweetmeat, and the people think it lucky to get any fragment of these trays, which are always given up to be scrambled for, after they have passed the house of the bride. It was the first time I had seen the natives in a state of excitement, and I certainly thought they managed the scramble with much good humour, and nothing like the angry fighting that would have taken place in England on a similar occasion.

After this appeared several Nách girls, splendidly dressed in red and gold, their muslin petticoats full of gathers, and very wide, and their long hair hanging down their backs, each carried on a canopied platform, by men. One of them was very handsome, but they stood in theatrical attitudes, beckoning, smiling, and joking with the populace, and had a boldness of manner most unpleasing in a woman. By this time it was dusk, and the blaze of torches opposite the bride's house was very pretty, as seen through the trees, of which there are a good many in the middle of the street. We returned to the carriage, and drove to a

spot opposite the house; the bridegroom soon arrived, and looked most brilliant by the glare of the torches. We watched him slowly entering the gateway, and which was immediately shut, reminding us strongly of Mat. xxv. 10. It was very interesting to *see* it.

Wednesday, February 17th.—Mr. Roberts told me that when he was encamped at the Kutab a few months ago on his usual cold weather tour through the district, a young man came to see them, and foolishly amused himself by firing with ball in the direction of a village. He aimed at a dog, and kept following it as it ran, of course not seeing anything between him and it; the consequence was that when he fired he killed a donkey and a cow with one ball. Compensation for the cow was accepted by the owner, a Brahman, but in a short time he brought back the money, and said that his fellow Brahmans threatened to expel him from caste, if he accepted any remuneration for the death of so sacred an animal, and nothing could induce him to retain the price, for they look upon the death of a cow as a sacrifice.

Mr. Pfander told us at Agra that the Hindus despise Popery for its very affinity to their own system, saying that if they are to have idols they may as well keep their own. I saw a speech made by an educated Brahman the other day, in which he dwelt upon the numerous points of similarity between Romanism and Hinduism, and came to the conclusion that it was of no use making such a slight change. The general tenet of the Hindu is, that each nation is right in having a religion of its own. The Muhammadans utterly abhor what they consider to be the open idolatry of the Romanists. They never speak "*candidly*" of image-worship in any shape. One cannot but acknowledge that the spurious liberality which

leads some of our highly cultivated infidels to plume themselves on their philosophical spirit in looking with serene and self-complacent indifference on all religious distinctions, is really far more opposed to Christian feeling than the natural impulse of an uncultivated mind,—say that of a child or a Muhammadan—who sees, as if by instinct, that if one religion be true, the opposite must be false, and, therefore, detests it; and who could, by no possibility, be made to comprehend the state of mind which does not approve of idolatry, yet thinks it "very enthusiastic," narrow-minded, and bigoted decidedly to condemn it. The *cultivated* natural mind is still more at enmity against God than the uncultivated one; it has turned away from the light, and has added the bandages of sophistry to its own natural blindness. It is among the former class that the majority will be found, who

"non furon rebelli
Ne furon fedeli a Dio ma per se foro."

C. drove me in a buggy before dinner, the first time I ever was in one. A two-wheeled carriage appears very unsafe. Buggies are the same as gentlemen's cabs in England. The cantonments always appear to me the ugliest and most uninteresting part of every station. The Bungalows, though very comfortable and prettily furnished within, are very ugly without, being one-storied houses with verandahs on two or three sides, and immense thatched roofs. Nor is the exterior of some of the inhabitants more prepossessing than that of their dwellings, and I doubt if they are so well furnished within. Miss M. gave a very unfavourable account of two visits she had paid to-day. One lady she found in a most *unbecomingly* low dress, early in the morning! This same person, when my husband called on her,

inquired diligently what the Queen wore at the last drawing-room, and what was the ceremonial on being presented; you may just fancy the provoking and absurd answers C. made her.

The next day, Thursday, February 18th, our kind friends persuaded us to stay and dine with them, and then drove us about four miles to overtake the palkí. The roads were so bad between this and Loodiana, that, much to our regret, we are obliged to leave our comfortable palkígárían and proceed in palkís. C. has bought a duli or litter for himself, and one for the Ayah whom I have engaged. These are much larger, lighter, and, in some respects, more comfortable than a palkí, being merely charpais or bedsteads made of tape, and with a frame-work for the curtains; they are carried by four men, like a palkí, but the bearers do not require to rest so often. Eight bearers are allotted to a palkí, four of whom work at a time. Each palkí or dúli has a Massalchi or torch-bearer, and our baggage is all carried in Petarrahs or square tin boxes with pyramidical tops, which are slung at each end of a bamboo, each bearer carrying two. We now had ten men for the palkí, four for each dúli, three Masalchíes, and seven Petarrah carriers, making twenty-eight in all.

We have laid a private dak which is rather cheaper than when the post-office supplies the bearers; the latter receive five annas a stage; under the post-office they get rather less. Seven pence seems rather little for carrying a heavy burden ten miles, but here the people live well on a rupee and a half or two rupees a month. Since leaving Dehli we give them one rupee a stage as "bakshish," *i. e.* present, but they seem quite satisfied. You may judge how much less expensive a palkígárí is than palkís, as the former holds two, and only requires ten men to push it.

This was my first night in a palkí; I slept very well, though not so comfortably as in the gárí; when we went evenly the motion was by no means unpleasant, but when the bearers ran it was like winnowing corn in a sieve, such jolting could only be adequately described by the muse when "she on dromedary trots." We arrived early on Friday, February 19th, at Ganúr, where I wrote this, and dear C., who had hardly slept at all from the badness of the roads and an alarm of robbers which was given during the night, and which made him walk a good way, blunderbuss in hand, now got a little rest. Arrived at the Dák Bungalow Karnál on Saturday morning. I was a good deal tired, and looked forward to staying there quietly until Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. —— called and hospitably insisted on our coming to them, which we agreed to. The next day (Sunday) they read the evening service at noon, including the two prayers for protection during the perils and dangers of the night, and spent the afternoon in shooting with bows and arrows at a mark! We stayed the whole day in our tent, merely going over for meals, and enjoyed a quiet Sabbath together.

This is the first house we have been in since leaving Calcutta in which there is no daily family worship Mrs. —— began the day by inveighing bitterly against over-strictness in religion and against "*saints;*"—she afterwards told us that religion was an interdicted subject in her father's house, "because," added she, "my father, you know, is looked upon as an Atheist, and when we grew up we of course formed our own opinions upon that as upon all other subjects, and he did not choose it to be said that we had imbibed those principles from him!" Fancy *interdicting*

the subject of astronomy, and yet of what consequence is that compared to the inquiry whether God has given a revelation of his will to man. It is ludicrous that a man should call himself a *free* thinker with such fetters on his mind! She put forth divers infidel objections to particular texts of Scripture, first perverting the meaning and then objecting to her own interpretation, and the next morning put the finishing stroke to her offences by pronouncing that Sir William Macnaghten deserved to be assassinated for his treachery! and listened with the most scornful incredulity to my husband's testimony (he being almost the *only* person now alive who was fully acquainted with the circumstance) that no treachery was ever meditated by Sir William. In fact on religion, as on other subjects, she had taken up prejudices and opinions of her own, and refused either to listen to, or to examine anything that could be alleged against them.

On Saturday night a large hornet stung C. severely, just below the ancle. We consulted the homœopathic book, and in consequence applied dry heat to the wound, in the shape of a lighted cigar which C. held as close as he could bear it to the skin. It increased the pain very much for a minute or two, but in about half an hour it seemed to have drawn it all out and left nothing more than a slight feeling of uneasiness without any swelling or inflammation. The next day a little blister rose on the spot, but altogether the dry heat proved itself an admirable remedy. It is also employed for snake bites or scorpion stings, first if possible stopping the circulation about the wound, so as to prevent dangerous effects on the whole system. Brandy, wine, or eau-de-luce, should then be administered; a small dose every five minutes to counteract the lowering effect of

the poison on the circulation. When the patient shivers and stretches himself, and the stimulants begin to affect his head, the danger is past. The skin around the wound should be moistened with oil, soap, or anything else which can be got, and the wound carefully wiped; the heat must be kept up by having two irons in the fire.

Monday, February 22nd.—Karnál was formerly a very large station, and very healthy, but like every other place in India, subject to occasional epidemics. Lord Ellenborough was here during a week of rain, when fever was prevalent: he hastily decided that it was an unhealthy station, and removed it to Amballa, leaving the barracks, go-downs, storehouses, and other buildings (a church included), erected at incalculable expense, to go to ruin. Only three families are now stationed here. Just opposite the Dàk Bungalow is an old Serai of the time of the Moghul emperors, built for the accommodation of travellers: it is a square enclosure, with lofty walls and handsome gateways. We left Karnál about five P.M. Just as we were leaving, Mr. —— was about to hold his Kacheri, or Court, under an awning on the steps of the house, and a great crowd of natives were waiting to give evidence.

While we were at the Bungalow on Saturday, two men with dancing snakes came to the door. They blew their little pipes vehemently, but one snake remained inactive; the other, a copra capello, raised its hood as if angry; the man patted and soothed it, and it then waved itself about to the music. Then came a beggar—on horseback! who certainly had no one "der für seine Bekleidung sorgt."

We arrived at Umbala, in spite of the bad roads, for breakfast on Tuesday morning, and it was most pleasant to see Captain Dawe's kindly face at the door

of my palkí. It was the first kenned face I had seen since Benáres. We stayed with them till the following evening. They sing at family worship, which I like much. Ambala is a large station, but I saw nothing of it, and I believe there is nothing to see. The Dawes give 100 rupees a month for their bungalow, which is large, with about an acre of garden. A very nice small bungalow can be had at Dehli for 50 rupees.

From starting late, we did not reach Kanakaserai until two o'clock P.M. on 25th, at which time the heat is very great. The country is intersected by ditches full of water, and the road is wretched, being a succession of high ridges: the country is of such bad repute north of Dehli, that an escort of Sepáhis is usually given to those who are marching. One was offered to us, but declined, as we were going Dâk. We had a sawár, or trooper, instead: these men are changed at every station like the bearers.

Just before reaching Ambala, I had my first view of the Himalaya Mountains. At the distance we were, they gave one the idea of a low line of hills, owing probably to there being no manifest irregularity or boldness of outline. I do not believe there is a green field in India at this season, except of wheat: the grass has disappeared, and in the place where it ought to grow is dust. We have met several persons: one or two ladies riding early in the morning, which is a pleasant way of marching; they go about ten to fifteen miles daily. Met some Sepáhis and a baggage elephant near Paltársi.

This morning we saw a thief, or what had been a thief's body, hanging by the heels from a tree close to the road: he had crept into a camp, stolen something, and on going away, knocked down a Sepáhi sentry with a bludgeon. A patrol of European soldiers came up at

the moment, cut the marauder down, and then hung him up *in terrorem*. After this we passed Sirhind, formerly an extensive city, but one of the Sikh Gurús (or spiritual teachers) having been cruelly murdered here by the Muhammadans, the Sikhs destroyed the place, vowed it should never be restored, and since that time every Sikh who passes carries away a brick, which he throws into the Jumna. The ruins are very extensive and solid. The travellers whom we now meet are all armed. At one Chouki, the bearers were not forthcoming. The headman or chowdi, therefore, walked on with us, to try to get some at a village near. In talking to him, C. found that he had heard the missionaries at Loodiana preach. He said he believed there *was* only one God, and gladly accepted some tracts, one of the Gospels, and a copy of Dr. Wilson's "Confutation of Hinduism, in Urdu." Having dined, we left Kanakaserai about half-past six: it seems from an inscription written on the wall, that in the room we occupied, the measures were agreed upon December 13th, 1845, which led to the battles of Sobráon, &c.

February 26th, 1847.—We reached Loodiana in the night, but I slept in the courtyard of the hotel (a bungalow so called) until six o'clock, when C. woke me to take tea. We walked in the little stiff garden, with its young cypresses looking like paint-brushes with their tips spoilt, and enjoyed the pure fresh morning air, and then proceeded to the Compound of the American mission, where we were most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Janvier, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and soon after by his wife. Dressed and breakfasted. Mrs. Janvier is a young and very pleasing person. The more we see of Mr.

Janvier, the more we admire his meek and consistent Christian character: they have a dear little girl of three years old. C. went to call on Colonel Speirs, who commands the station. In the evening we walked to the Mission burial-ground—a little simple enclosure. We went over the house formerly occupied by Mr. Newton, and walked on the roof, and then went out of the Compound gates. On one side of the arch is written, "Jesus said, I am the door; by me if any man," &c.; and on the other, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," in English, Urdu, and Panjábi. We saw a catechist working in his garden, and spoke to him, found he was a Bengáli named Haldhár, converted about twelve years ago, and therefore probably an older Christian than either of us. The Mission Compound is a very large enclosure, contains four houses (each with a good space around it), and also the chapel, school, and printing-office. It is in a very pleasant, open situation, away from the smoke of the town.

Saturday, February 27th.—My husband's second in command, Lieutenant Bean, and his Adjutant, Mr. Adlum, called. In the evening we attended a prayer meeting at Mr. Rudolph; but, as usual, my deafness prevented my profiting by it. Mr. Rudolph is the German missionary who is not yet ordained. I was introduced to Mr. Porter, whom C. formerly knew. Two or three officers and their wives were present. The morning family prayer at all the missionaries' houses is in Hindustaní; the evening in English. Most of the servants and people employed in bookbinding attend.

# CHAPTER V.

Baptism of a convert.—Saleh Muhammad.—Hasan Khan.—Firozshahar.—Afghán Dinner.—Our House and Servants' Life.—School.—Public Spirit of Missionaries.—Hubiq Khan.—"Don't tell me lies."—Captive Children.—The Nizam-u-Doulan.—"You write Book."—Aliwál.—Cowardice.—Hushing up.—Dust-storm.—Sermon on the Mount.—Death of Akbar Khán.—A Birsaker.—Tract Distribution.—Converted Devotee.—Temperance.—Marriage of Orphan.—Afghán Dress.—A Jezailchi.—Blood Feuds.—Old Soldier.—Afghán Ladies.—Raising a Regiment.—Hasan Khán's Journey.—Garden.—Illustrations of Scripture.—Pets.—Phankahs.—Drawing a Camel.—Bribery.—Depravity of Hinduism.—The Nizam-u-Doulah.—Afghâns and Sikhs.—Firozshahar.—Honesty by Vocation.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1847.—I did not go to the morning service, it being Hindustaní. C. went and was much pleased, the preacher, a Bengálí, gave an excellent sermon. A woman was baptized, she is the wife of a convert, and the Missionaries have known her for two years past. My husband was much pleased with the simplicity and seriousness with which she gave her answers.

As we walked in the verandah in the afternoon, Mrs. Janvier told me of the native Church here; it consists of about sixteen, whom they consider real converts, besides some of the people employed in book-binding, and the orphan girls who attend the public services. They are all, except one, the fruits of the Mission. C. accompanied Mr. Janvier to the native Church in the city. Mr. —— preached, but in so low

a tone that it could hardly have much effect. In the evening we all partook of the Communion at the Mission Chapel, where the service was partly in English and partly in Hindustaní. The American Presbyterians allow any strangers who choose to partake of the Sacrament; they give an invitation and a warning, and then leave it to the communicants' own conscience; "but they exercise very efficient discipline in this respect over all who are regular members of the congregation. About fourteen native Christians communicated with us, and the minister who administered the Holy Ordinance was a Bengálí, Golak Nath, an old pupil of Dr. Duff's, but baptized here.

Monday, March 2nd.—Sáleh Muhammad called. I do not like his face. He was the commandant of the guard whom Akbar Khán commissioned to convey the hostages and prisoners to Turkistán, and who was bribed to bring them into the British camp. He had deserted from us at Bámián in 1840, so that he is a double traitor; but my husband received him civilly, considering the service he had rendered, and not the base motives thereof. This man has lately taken to drinking. He is fat, self-indulgent and crafty, without firmness. He brought a friend of his to recommend to C., and some half dozen rough-looking followers. The Afgháns seem fully as tall and strong as any Europeans. They are much less ceremonious than the Hindustanís, and make a very slight salám, just raising the hand to the head carelessly. C. gave one of the attendants a small Bakshísh, he just took it without any acknowledgment whatever. Sáleh Muhammad prefaced his visit (as is the custom here from an inferior, or from any native short of a Rajah) by sending

a Nuzzar, which in this case consisted of a round tray of pomegranates with scarcely any seeds. They taste, I think, like raw pease, but are sweeter. In the evening, a much more interesting visitor arrived in the person of my husband's devoted friend and follower, Muhammad Hasan Khán, who sealed his fidelity to the British with his blood, and lost everything by so doing. My husband and he met outside and embraced *straitly*. He is a noble-looking man with lofty features, piercing black eyes, and a most beautiful and varying expression.

Just as I was writing this in came Hasan Khán again. The other night he was richly dressed, to-day he wore a shawl, turban, and white chogah with white cotton gloves. This snow-white dress contrasted well with his dark complexion and jet black beard. He told us of the difficulty which he had here in obtaining any remuneration for his losses; they were as great as those C. encountered on his behalf at home. At last he said to Mr. Currie, the Secretary to Government, and some other person who had made promises to him: "If I have done bad service give me a paper saying so, and I will never trouble you again; but if I have done such and such things then reward me, or I will kill some of you, or be killed myself." His eyes were fiercer when he related this than you can well imagine; and yet in speaking to us his expression is peculiarly sweet. He was with poor Major Broadfoot at Firóshahar, and had a horse shot under him. Major Broadfoot said to him: "Now you have done great things with Mackenzie, do as much with me and I will write him an account of it." Hasan Khán said he never saw such confusion as in that battle. He kept by Broadfoot as long as he could, but at last completely lost himself,

caught and mounted a Sikh horse which was running loose, and for some time rode hither and thither, not knowing where the Europeans were, or where the Sikhs—for there was nothing but dust, noise and smoke, until he came to the place where the Governor-General was sitting. Colonel Garden, the Quarter-Master General (who was suffering great agony from being struck in the side by a spent ball), and several other officers, were with him: Hasan Khán sat down among them. Sir Henry Hardinge remained for some time in deep thought, with a very sad face, and at last burst out into an exclamation to Colonel Garden. Hasan Khán asked what he had said, and Colonel Garden told him. "Had one of my sons fallen, I could have borne it, but the loss of Major Broadfoot is irreparable."

The I——s who were with us greatly admired Hasan Khán. Saleh Muhammad sent me an Afghán dinner. This consisted of three or four round trays, each containing a Pillau surrounded by smaller dishes: I made a point of tasting them all. The Pillaus were very simple, with no spice, and coloured with saffron, which looks better than it tastes. There were divers dishes of Kuftas, which are just rissolles (only bun shaped) with sauce in which I strongly suspect there was a spice of assafœtida, of which seasoning the natives are very fond. However they were not bad. There were vegetables not unlike green slimy sea-weed, which C. pronounced *very* good, and the rest of the party "not *very* bad," and little saucers full of sují and milk, extremely like pap. Sují is a preparation of the very heart of the wheat. There were also some excellent sweetmeats—one a kind of compôte of apples, the other made of apricots.

We have bought a cow for sixteen rupees and a

half, which is reckoned high. She is very pretty, small, but such a high caste looking thing, with head and legs like an Arab horse, eyes like a gazelle, a deep hanging dewlap, and a hump between her shoulders which is very becoming. I never saw such beautiful cattle as in this country. It is necessary for every lady here to be her own "milkman," as Lizzy would say, and to keep her own fowls and sheep, bazár mutton not being fit to eat, as, from want of pasture, the sheep which are not shut up and fed on gram and bhusá, are driven to act as scavengers, in common with pigs and páriáh dogs; besides which, when you buy mutton, you generally get *goat.* C. breakfasted the other day with Hasan Khán, who sent me some of the breakfast, Pillau as before, two kinds of Afghán bread—one, like bad pie-crust, the other like a bannock with butter in it. The Shahzádah Shahpúr sent to know when C. was coming to see him, and accompanied his message by a tray of sugar candy.

Saturday, March 6th.—We got into our house, which is just opposite the Janviers, and has a verandah on three sides. A short distance from the house is a row of mud rooms, one of which is the cooking-room, and the others are for those servants who, having no families here, do not return to the city at night. The east verandah is generally full of people; the orderlies, bearer, tailor, khalási (or tent-pitcher), and any stray people, sit there. All the principal rooms have fire-places: the bed-room contains nothing but the bed, which is a four-footed frame, the foundation for the mattrass to rest on being broad country tape, inter-woven, which is very elastic; and I think when the hot weather comes we shall be obliged to take off the

mattrass and sleep upon that. Our cooking utensils consist of a few brass pots (tinned) of different sizes, one spit (which rests on two little mounds of earth, between which the fire is made on the ground), one frying-pan, kettle, saucepan and spoon! We have two Khidmatgárs, who are properly waiters at table, but who act as cook and butler; likewise a Masalchi, who helps them; one Bearer, who is housemaid and valet; one Ayah, who cleans my bed-room, makes my bed, and waits upon me; one sweeper; one Bhisti, or water-carrier (the sweeper takes care of the fowls); one Dhobi, or washerman, to whom we pay twelve rupees a month, *i.e.* twenty-four shillings, for washing everything we chose to give him; one chowkedár or watchman, who *sleeps* in the north verandah until we get our guard; one Khalási, or Lascar, to take care of the tents and to do anything which is required. Each horse has a groom and grass-cutter. I must explain that godowns are store-rooms, of which we have four of different kinds. When Jacob comes he will be general superintendent; see that the fowls are fed and horses get their allowance of grain, and that nothing is wasted.

We get up at gun-fire, *i. e.* early dawn: when dressed, I go to the store-room and give out flour, sugar, potatoes, rice, &c., for the day, and order dinner. C. has already long before gone to parade, which he attends morning and evening; then I write till he comes home. We have prayers before breakfast, which is about eight o'clock, dinner at three, tea at seven, prayers at nine, and go to bed directly after.

The weather is already too hot for me to leave the house in the daytime, but in-doors it is very pleasant: it is now, March 11th, 74° in this room, at

half-past ten A.M., but outside the house it is 82° in the shade. Boxwallahs, or Kaprâwállahs (literally clothmen), often come; they are like pedlars, and have every kind of wares, from European muslins and even velvets to the merest rubbish.

We went the other day to see the printing establishment, which is on the Mission premises. They print Persian, Hindustání, Panjábí, and English. I saw, among other Panjábí tracts, "Malan's Deux Vieillards." They have also a bookbindry. We also saw the boys' schools, where boys of all ranks receive an excellent education in English and Hindustání: we heard them go through part of their ordinary studies, by reading, parsing, and explaining a passage of English prose. They showed a very good knowledge of grammar, and also of arithmetic: Mr. Rudolph teaches them.

The American missionaries are full of public spirit. During the Sutlej campaign they printed Sir H. Hardinge's Panjábí proclamations, there being no other press in India which could do it, and no English press nearer than Dehli. This involved great personal labour, as the missionaries themselves are obliged to correct the press, and even in a great measure to act as compositors, nevertheless they refused all payment, and I never heard that the Governor-General showed his sense of obligation by any donation to the mission.

Saturday, March 13th.—Did I ever tell you that in this country, if a woman and man walk together, no matter how wide the road is, the woman always walks behind. The Hindu women do not veil their faces; only sometimes, as one passes, they draw their veils across, but they are not muffled up as Musalmánís are. A poor Kashmirí came here the other day, by name Habiq Khán. He was very kind to our officers when they were in captivity, and lost everything in conse-

quence, and was obliged to leave the country with Pollock's army, and is now living here on whatever he can get, instead of being rather a prosperous man as he formerly was. His melancholy countenance quite touched me. He brought a little girl with him about ten years old, dressed in trousers and a veil, with a little ring in her left nostril, such a Jewish face, and so grave. She returned the next day to bring me a handkerchief which her mother had worked: a little slave-girl came to take care of her, a poor merry-looking Hindustání girl of fourteen or thereabouts, who had lost all the toes of one foot. She was the daughter of a Sepáhi, who had fallen in the Kábul passes: her mother had died in the snow and she had been frost-bitten. This good Kashmirí (Habiq Khán) found her, took her home, cured her feet, and has kept her ever since. We found Habiq had seven daughters, and that they could work; I sent for one, who, being grown-up, was covered from head to foot, wearing linen boots tied at the knee, and being a complete bundle of clothes. She is now working for me, and has rather a nice face, but is very dirty. All the officers of irregular cavalry nourish beards: Captain F. called here the other day with a beard longer than any Khitmadgar's.

I am giving you miscellaneous scraps of information, so I will mention that all the bath-rooms contain several large earthen pitchers and water-bottles of the same material, with round bodies and long necks, all of which are filled daily by the Bhistí, who brings the water in a goat-skin slung at his back. Those huge Etruscan vases of which I never could make out the use, were, doubtless, for the bath-rooms of the ladies of those days, for they are exactly of the same shape, only mine are plain red.

March 16th.—We go on so quietly that there is but

little to relate except regarding our visitors. The other evening a very fine looking Afghán called. This was Haider Khán, a nephew of Turábaz Khán, the old Momand Chief, and the very man who conducted Captain and Mrs. Ferris in safety on their perilous flight. As a reward this man, the son of a chief, and a gentleman both by birth and manner, is now superintendent of Major Mackeson's camels on a salary of twenty rupees a-month. He told my husband he did not care so long as he was treated with respect, and had enough to keep life in him; but he was so ashamed of the smallness of the salary that he wrote to his uncle that he had an appointment of 120 or 150 rupees a-month. The old chief wrote back "Don't tell me lies; I have heard that you only get 20 rupees:" whereupon his nephew, in his answer, asked "if he would believe his enemies rather than himself." All this our visitor related with the greatest simplicity, showing what a complete absence of the very idea of truthfulness there must be among his people. He had alighted and left his horse at some distance from the house, out of respect; C. called to the groom and made him bring the horse near. Haider Khán then seized the bridle and endeavoured to lead the animal further off before mounting; the matter ended by C. making him get up where he was. The Arab we bought at Cawnpore is only four years old, and its paces quite unformed. It is a dark grey and very strongly made,—such a nice creature. It cost 1200 rupees; a good horse is much dearer here than in England.

March 17th.—We heard last night that about fifteen children of Sepáhís and others who perished in Afghánistan have been sent to the care of the missionaries. They and about ninety others, among them a European

boy, have just been recovered from the Afgháns by the agency of Murtezá Shah, the same who was the instrument (with Ali Reza Khán Kazzilbash) of bribing Sáleh Muhammad to bring in the ladies and officers to General Sale's camp. C. went over to Mr. Rudolph's and saw the poor children, who can speak nothing but Persian. One poor little girl has lost both feet: C. and one of the missionaries carried her over to the Orphan House, where she was to sleep. The boys ard girls made bitter lamentations on being separated from each other, but my husband explained to them that it was only for the night. To-day I sent the little girls some pomegranates, and begged Mrs. Rudolph to provide a good meal for them at our expense. In the evening Mrs. I. and I walked over to the house and saw them, nine from Afghánistan and eight of the Orphan School; the latter quite busy helping the Pillau which they had cooked, the odour of which was excellent. It seems that last night the little captives objected to eat with the others, saying they were Mussalmanís. Mrs. Rudolph let them try to cook their own food, but they could not manage it, and were very glad to partake of the food which the others had prepared. The Pillau was brought in a large cauldron and then ladled out, first into two great dishes and then into brass plates, each of which served for two or more children. A table-cloth was spread on the floor, and they all sat round it and ate with their fingers.

The new comers look as if they had been well fed, but some of them are in a bad state of health, and several have lost some of their toes, or been otherwise injured by the frost. A native lamp, which is just a piece of wick lying in oil, was all the light they had. The two youngest of the quondam captive children were

eating together, there was but one morsel of Pillau left on their plate, and neither liked to take it; at last, the elder one made it into a ball, popped it into the little one's mouth, and then coaxed her in the native fashion by stroking and patting her. It was very pretty to see the affectionate way in which it was done. Mr. Rudolph asked a blessing on the meal, and I inwardly prayed that they might soon be led to feed on the bread of life, to which, poor children, they are yet utter strangers.

March 18th.—After dinner, Usmán Khán, the Niz Doulah, or Prime Minister of the late Shah Shújah, called, a very noble looking elderly man. He it was who warned poor Sir Alexander Burnes of his danger, and got nothing but an insolent reply for his pains, which, however, did not prevent his putting himself at the head of the King's Hindustáni Paltan (or regiment), and fighting so gallantly, that had he been properly seconded by Colonel Shelton and the British force, the insurrection would, in all probabilty, have been nipped in the bud. He was afterwards imprisoned in the Bálá Hissar by Akbar, and left his country with Pollock's force.

In spite of his fidelity and rank, and although he was present at all the battles during the last campaign with the Sikhs, yet he has only within the last two days got any reward at all, and now it is only 500 rupees a month! The people in office here say they have written home for a larger pension for him.

There was a ceremonious struggle on parting: C. insisted on turning his slippers, which he had (as usual) left in the verandah, the right way for him to put them on, and then helping him up on his horse.

The other day C. rode out to Basián, to see Major

Mackeson. It is thirty miles off. He rode one stage on a Sawárí (*i.e.* riding camel). In coming home the next evening it was dark, and his horse fell with him and sprained his ancle by lying on it. I wish you could have seen Hásan Khán's concern when he heard of the accident, how he examined the foot, patted it, and helped C. about in the most tender manner. Arnica, however, was the means of curing him in two days.

I must tell you a story which Mr. Cameron wrote us. A friend of his has just arrived in Calcutta, travelling for pleasure. A Parsí on board the steamer thus addressed him:—"You civil?" "No." "You military?" "No." "Then you write book." Is not this a good classification of Indian travellers? To skip to quite a different subject,—a conductor of Artillery was showing my husband a house in the 50th lines. You must know that each regiment has a kind of camp allotted to it, where (if it be a Native corps) the Sepáhís build mud huts for themselves—a line of huts being appropriated to each company; if a European regiment, they have barracks, and the whole, with the officers' houses, are called the lines. (We have just received a note directed "Missionary Lines!") Well, as I said, a Conductor was showing C. the 50th lines, and in so doing remarked that the fall of the barracks last year, by which so many perished, seemed like an evident judgment from heaven upon them, for, said he, "in my whole life I *never* knew so wicked a regiment." It is remarkable that when the Sikhs attacked Loodiana in 1845, they burnt that part of the cantonments, but did not touch the barracks, and by thus leaving them uninjured that dreadful catastrophe took place. The regiment continued as depraved as ever after this awful event.

On Saturday 20th.—My husband rode out with two

other officers to see the field of Aliwál, which is about fourteen miles distant. He returned to breakfast, and told us of an instance of shameful cowardice which he had just heard of. When the Sikh battalions were in full retreat, four regiments of our cavalry, which were quite fresh, ought to have charged and routed them. Perry's Ghúrkas had previously taken the village of Aliwál, where the Sikh left wing had entrenched themselves. The Sikhs retreated in confusion towards their right wing, which was stationed at the village of Bundí, when the four regiments mentioned made a faint charge, and after riding over a few stragglers suddenly halted. The question ran along the line—"Who commands us?" No one assumed the responsibility—of course the men became discouraged, and when Colonel Bradford of the 1st cavalry gallopped forward, asking who would follow him, only a few of his own men and two subalterns (one of whom was killed) responded.

Young Mr. Blackall, an uncovenanted civil servant (son of Colonel Blackall) had ridden out from Loodiana on purpose to be present, and acted as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Harry Smith, but has been refused even the medal he had earned, "because it would be a precedent." One would think the oftener gallantry served as a precedent the better. Lord Hardinge took care to procure the medal for Prince Waldemar and his suite, who were merely spectators—why not for a private gentleman as well as for a prince? This young man for whom, in spite of his gallantry, nothing has been done, rode up to the Political Agent, Captain C., and entreated him to take the responsibility of ordering the four regiments to advance. He refused, saying—"He did not wish to burn his fingers by intermeddling." A person named R——, of the —th cavalry, afterwards abused Colonel

Bradford for charging, adding with exultation, "However, none of us followed him, except two Griffs, one of whom got killed."

These are not solitary instances of cowardice. The Colonel of Her Majesty's — foot, before the guns opened on the Sikhs the night previous to the battle of Sobráon, received orders through Lieutenant James Speirs to support the batteries, and drive in the enemy's picquets. He at first refused to obey such orders, unless they were given in writing, and when Lieutenant Speirs returned with the order *written*, desiring the brigade containing Her Majesty's —nd to do so and so, Colonel —— having previously detached the regiment to a little distance, said *that* regiment was not in the brigade, and he could not do it. Lieutenant Speirs then told him bluntly that he must recall the regiment, but nothing was done, and Lieutenant Speirs advanced without any escort, and put his guns in position, and it was then discovered that there were no picquets to be driven in. The next day during the battle, after receiving several messages through an Aide-de-camp to advance, this unfortunate creature positively refused to do so, until Lord Gough ordered him to do so "at his peril." The Aide-de-camp repeated the command verbatim in the presence of his whole brigade, but it was then too late to be of any use; and after all, this man, who is remarkable for boasting, and for the contemptuous way in which he speaks of others, has been covered with honours. The Aide-de-camp in question told the whole story to our informant. If a man is born a coward, he is much to be pitied; but common honesty forbids his assuming the character of a soldier, and accepting the rewards of bravery. It is the meanness, more than the weakness, that one condemns.

Colonel Wheeler's brigade behaved extremely well—save the Sergeant-major, who was discovered flying out of shot as fast as he could. In consequence, however, of his name being, by some extraordinary mistake mentioned in dispatches, he was presented with an unattached Ensigncy, and is now at Loodiana; but on his applying to General Gilbert for an Adjutancy, the gallant old man, who knew the facts, refused to forward his application.

Her Majesty's — behaved very well at Sobráon, and the other battles, but not so at Mudkí. At the latter, their Colonel called out to the commanding officer of a Company's regiment, "I hope your men do better than mine, sir: I can't get these scoundrels" (begging your pardon for repeating the words) "to move an inch."

Another person, bearing a commission in the Company's service, was about to be tried for running away, but the Commander-in-Chief found so many others equally guilty, that he hushed the matter up—a very unjust and unfair act towards the country in whose service these men are, and towards the officers and men who may be obliged to serve under them.

The Colonel of Her Majesty's — Cavalry was intoxicated, as well as in "a grate feare," as H—— proved.

March 24th.—Last evening we took a walk by moonlight in the garden, where the perfume of the orange blossoms was almost too powerful. Indian gardens are very like those gaufres we used to get in Paris, being divided into squares by little ridges. They are intersected by little canals, and have ridges of earth raised round the roots of each tree or shrub to keep the water in. As we returned Habíq Khán, the poor Kashmírí, met us with his whole family, wife, grown-

up daughters, little girls and all. He came to beg C. to state his case to Col. Lawrence, the Resident at Lahore, and as he was pleading, his wife, who had an infant in her arms, stooped down and laid hold of my husband's feet. He raised her, and told her not to do so to man. Her garments were white and clean, those of the daughter dirty, as usual with Kashmíris; trusting to the darkness, she did not hold her veil close, and by the light of the moon she looked very pretty as she smiled at me for noticing her baby. The little girl, who so often comes, drew a pretty skull-cap, worked in gold and silver, from under her veil and offered to me, and the father would scarcely take anything in return for it.

March 25th.—It was very hot and sultry. Mrs. I. and I had headaches; the children were sick, and there was every appearance of a storm. In the middle of the night the I——'s were obliged to take refuge in the house. We made a quilt into a bed for one child, and put the other into a basket. Mrs. I. had half of my bed. Mr. I. got a Charpaí, and C. slept in the palkí. The wind was blowing with such fury that C. sent the whole guard and the watchmen to hold the tent-ropes, for fear the tent should come down before the I——'s could get out of it. It was a dust-storm, and had perfectly filled the house with sand. Everything was a mass of fine dust, so thick that some papers which lay on my table were all but invisible. Towards morning rain fell and it became calm, but the condition in which we were on rising was lamentable; water was turned to mud, our brushes and combs might as well have been dragged along the road; and we were all occupied half the day in washing our hair. Rain fell at intervals, and it is now much cooler.

Hasan Khán came here on Sunday morning, and while talking said to C., in a soothing way, "Your religion and ours are very much the same." C. said "No, there is a greal deal of difference," and lent him a Persian Testament, marking the Sermon on the Mount, which Hasan, who is a very poor scholar, promised to get read to him. He came again the other day and began the subject, by saying he had heard it read, and it was "*very* good; but," added he, "the Sáhib Lóg do not live according to their book. I have only seen one or two that do so." C. told him it was very true, but that still there were some here, and many at home, who tried to *walk after* the Word of God. To walk is the literal Persian expression. Is it not strange that the inconsistency of nominal Christians should be so palpable to a Muhammadan, and yet that they themselves remain so blind to it?

March 27th.—Much cooler and very cloudy, so we hope for more rain. A Boxwalla has just been here: they are a sort of pedlars, and have from two to six coolies or porters carrying their boxes. When anything is wanted, one must send for a Kaprawalá or write a note to one of the two or three shops in the city generally kept by Armenians. They contain a little of everything.

We have bought a lot of six sheep, nine goats, and one kid, for thirty-five rupees; only one of the goats, however, gives milk. We get four quails for threepence, and a brace of wild-ducks for a shilling. Atta Múhammad an Afghán, whom C. formerly knew as a merchant, but who is now Náib Rassaldar, *i. e.* native Second in command of Captain Fisher's Horse, called last night; he said Afghánistan was soaked in blood. When we first arrived Hasan Khán informed us of

Mûhammad Akbar's death. It was said that he had been poisoned by Shujah-u-Doulah, the murderer of Shah Sujah, but it is now known that he died of fever brought on by excessive drinking, for when he ceased to be a Ghází, he sought intoxication from wine instead of fanaticism. Our friend last evening told us that when he was dying he sent for his father-in-law, Múhammad Shah Khán Ghiljye, and said to him—"While I lived I have protected you, and no one could hurt you, but my father hates you, so now look to your own safety." Múhammad Shah Khán followed his advice, betook himself to the hills, and is now in open rebellion. The road between Kábul and Peshawer is therefore closed.

I was much amused at our visitor's gesticulations; he was an immensely broad-shouldered, powerful man, not so tall, but probably as thick as Og, King of Bashan, and when he was descanting on his own patience and meekness, he crossed his arms on his breast and leant his head and bushy black beard on one shoulder with such a ludicrous expression of extreme gentleness and sweetness that he reminded me of Friar Tuck enacting the devout monk. C. laughed outright; he told me that just at that moment he thought of a story which Captain Fisher had related of this very man. Two parties of Sepáhis were fighting—the Náib Rassaldár went out to quell the tumult, and in the *mêlée* got a cut across his shoulders with a whip. This roused his ire to such a degree, that, seizing a huge tent peg for a club, he laid about him with such fury that both parties ceased their strife and fled from him with might and main. Not satisfied with this, he pursued them with increasing rage, when the guard was ordered to seize him, but were speedily sent

flying back again by this perfect Birsaker. Captain Fisher, not knowing who it was that was making this terrible uproar, despatched a whole troop to capture him, but it was of no use, he demolished the troop, scattered them, and marched about like a lion rampant, I suppose until the rage went out of him. Now the recollection of this with such a huge meek face before one was too much for any one's gravity. He is a very good-humoured man, but Afgháns, like Highlanders, when roused, are untameable.

Mr. Porter came in to get a cup of tea on Sunday after evening service. There is a great mela or fair going on here, and we have lent our tents to the Missionaries—the large one to preach in, the small one to distribute books and tracts from. Mr. Porter told us that the people come most eagerly for books, asking for particular ones, such as the "Epistle to the Romans." A Summary of the Gospels in verse, published at Madras, seems a great favourite. Many of them, to show the exact book they want, recite a page or two at the top of their lungs. He says they sometimes find natives who, from reading the Scriptures, are nearly as well acquainted with them as the Missionaries themselves, and others who are *intellectually* Christians. Once, at a place about seven marches from this, he and his native coadjutor gave a portion of Scripture to a Fáqir. This man had been all over India on pilgrimages, seeking peace and finding none; the word of God proved itself like a two edged sword, for about two years after he came to the Missionaries, professed the faith of the Gospel, and has been for the last five years a Catechist at Sabathu. All the Missionaries here are teetotallers, and Mrs. Janvier told me that in America not one

minister in a hundred of any denominations has intoxicating liquor of any kind in his house. We might well take pattern of them in that particular, especially in Scotland, where the abominable custom of giving a glass of whiskey to half the poor people who come to one's house is a fruitful source of sin. How many thousands perish annually from drink in our own beloved land, encouraged by those who take wine and beer in moderation; and how very very few either of gentlemen or ladies do take wine in real moderation! How many are as fit for work, as clear-headed, as even tempered, as fit for meditation and prayer, after dinner as before! How much time after dinner and after lunch is wasted, because we have taken a glass of wine, and cannot therefore apply to study or business! I have long thought we should abstain from wine and beer (for many ladies in India drink both) in order to redeem the time—to keep our bodies in *subjection*, and because, by denying ourselves this expensive luxury, we should be able to minister more largely to the wants of others; for I suppose there are few men in India whose cellars do not cost them from 60*l.* to 100*l.* a year at the very least, without reckoning any "company."

Friday, April 2nd.—Mrs. I——y and I went over to the chapel, to see one of the orphan girls married to a teacher in the Sunday school: they are both nominal Christians. There was dinner at Mr. Rudolph's in one room for us and for two of the native catechists and their wives, and on the floor in the next apartment a feast for the bride and bridegroom, the orphan girls, and divers others. It was pretty to see them enjoying themselves, and to mark the difference of expression in the little captives, who now look as merry as any, and seem at

home. Colonel Lawrence has proposed giving 200 rupees to the school, for the board and education of each of the rescued children.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Jacob arrived early on Monday, to our great satisfaction. Yesterday, Hasan Khán came while we were at dinner, and one of his men laid a covered tray on the floor, which excited my curiosity, especially as Hasan Khán said nothing about it. When we had finished, the cover was removed, and a very handsome Afghán dress appeared, laid on the top of a tray of sugar-candy and roses, which Muhammad Hasan had put in hand directly he heard of C.'s arrival in the country. He then began to dress him in it: it consisted of a purple silk skirt, a dark cloth coat, exquisitely embroidered in gold, red paijámahs, a shawl girdle, and a green turban. It is a most becoming costume. All the assistants cried in chorus, "Mubárak bâshad!" "May you be fortunate!" which they do on putting on anything new, or on mounting a new horse. Baedoollah always devoutly says, "Bismillah," "In the name of God," when C. put his foot in the stirrup; a thing few Muhammadans would do to a European. I never saw any gold embroidery equal that on this dress: it was done in Muhammad Hasan's own house, under the superintendence of a Kashmirí tailor. Of course we shall have to give them some handsome return for such a present, for it could not be refused without a complete breach with Hasan Khán, who looked so gratified on the occasion that it was quite pleasant to see him. He said, "as they were both well made men, he had had the dress cut on his own pattern, and that was why it fitted so exactly."

The Afgháns are certainly a very handsome race. Hasan Khán's Múnshí, or "man of letters," came in

to read a letter of thanks from his patron to Mr. Mills, of the Indian House, comparing him to Plato and Lokhman, to which Hasan Khán listened with a face of simplicity that convinced me he knew as much of one as the other. The said Múnshí and another attendant had most beautiful features; I never saw a more perfect nose than the Munshí's, and Muhammad Hasan's Peshkhidmat, or henchman, whom he sent the other day with his magnificent donation of eighty rupees for the poor Highlanders, was one of the finest specimens of manly beauty in its full maturity which could be imagined. Hasan Khán then told us that one of my husband's old Jezailchís was with him, Shábad Khán by name: he was one of those fifteen who were cut down in the attack on the Shah Bagh at Kábúl; thirteen were slain outright, but this one recovered, and C. showed me a frightful scar across his right wrist.

When he was introduced, C. warmly shook hands with him, and he in return pressed his old commander's hand to his forehead and eyes. He was greatly pleased when I brought my copy of "Eyre's Journal," and C. read the names of all his Jezailchis which I had written on the fly-leaf.

Hasan Khán then began to recapitulate Shabad's enormities; how he would spend twenty rupees in a day, and never send any to his aged father and mother; how, if he were not a man of his own tribe and his own place, he would have cast him off entirely, and he shook his garment vehemently; how he had beaten him, and said to him! "Begone, let me never see you more!" but that he stuck to him like his girdle. During all this time, Shábad Khán, who was sitting by, made such gestures of injured and belied innocence, that I could hardly refrain from laughing; at last he said, "You

had better kill me, Khán, than give me such a bad character; besides," added he, "not a word of it is true!" Hasan Khan did not seem at all disturbed at being thus accused of coining about a dozen falsehoods, but went on to relate, that this man accompanied him to Calcutta, but on their return, another retainer of his being about to join him, who had a blood feud with Shábad, he told him of it, and said, "You had better depart, for he will kill you."

Now, Muhammad Hasan having sent his enemy on a message to Kábúl, Shabád Khan has emerged from his retreat and rejoined him; but when his foe comes back he must vanish again. My husband said, "This is an abominable custom; cannot peace be made between them?" Hasan Khán said that it was very bad, but it was the custom, and peace could not be made unless blood was spilt.

I went away to dress, and on my return found a Rassaldár had also called, and C. was showing them some of my sketches of the Nypalese Sirdár and others, which they admired, and cried, "Wonderful! It is a great science! The Feringhi are wonderful people! Wonderful that the Mem Sahib should do it herself. Wah! wah!" and then wagged their heads wisely.

In our drive passed a camp of Sepáhís on furlough: they always go in bands for safety; four or five have been murdered and robbed here since we came, so these have sentries.

Wednesday:—The senior Súbádar of our regiment came,—a fine-looking, white-bearded old man, to whom, at C.'s request, I gave a rose, and told him that, as my father was an old soldier, and I hoped my husband would live to be one, I felt an affection for old soldiers in general. This small speech C. translated, and the

old man was greatly pleased, and told us he had two daughters (married to native officers) and five sons. It is a great compliment for a native to speak of the female members of his family, for they never do so except to those of whose respectability of character they have a high idea. I never saw more willing and obliging servants than ours; they have never yet made the least difficulty about anything: our household is almost exclusively Muhammadan, and the two Khitmadgars have been up to Afghánistán and Bokhára, which has enlightened their minds.

Thursday morning, C., Mrs. I. and I were at breakfast when Muhammadan Hasan Khán's ladies arrived. They came together in a close palkí, not muffled up, and one of Hasan Khán's retainers carefully shut the doors after them. One was young and pretty, with a very sweet mouth, something like Lizzy's, only fuller lips; she had very lively, bright, expressive, large dark eyes, tinged with antimony, beautiful white teeth, with rosy lips, a colour in her cheek, and a complexion not darker than a Spaniard's or Italian's. She wore a little scull cap, embroidered by herself in gold and silver braid, her front hair in little thin curls pasted on her forehead, the rest of her tresses hanging behind in two plaits. She had a sort of loose shirt of rose-coloured satin reaching to the hips, with full sleeves and fastened at the throat, very wide green satin trowsers, so full that they looked like a petticoat, and a row of silver bangles six inches deep on each arm, finished by a gold one, silver chains round her neck, pretty gold earrings something like the Genoese filagree, but the top of each ear disfigured and made to hang over by the weight of half a dozen large gold rings. She had a crescent-shaped ornament of enamels and pearls (over the left eye-

brow) and a little pearl thing like an earring top stuck in one nostril. She wore a large yellow gauze veil, and the palms of her hands were stained with henna. Her companion was older, with handsome features, though rather too much marked. She was dressed in the same manner, except that she had no cap, and the bosom of her purple satin tunic was covered on each side with half rupee pieces, put on just like military medals, close to each other. The veil was deep red bordered with gold, and like the other's large enough to envelope her whole person. She is the mother of a beautiful little girl, Hasan Khán's only living child. He has lost four, two boys and two girls. They were very affectionate and lively in manner, and we got on very well, especially after Mrs. Rudolph came over to interpret. And it was evident that Hasan Khán gossips with his wives of everything he sees or hears. They inquired what relation Mrs. I. was to my husband, and whether I had any sister, and thought it very sad she should be in England when I was here. I showed them different pieces of work which they admired. We looked at each other's dress, they examined my rings and hands, seemingly surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat, *that* they then raised a very little, and on seeing my under garments cried approvingly "ah!" I never was more amused.

They would not take tea, but ate some pán and stayed about an hour and a half. We sent all the men away from the verandah, and deposited them in their palkís. They did not seem to mind the man who came with them seeing them, perhaps he is a kinsman, but he took care to summon the bearers only when they were

safely ensconsed in their box. Hasan Khán rode up just at that moment, I think he wondered what his wives had been doing so long. His Munshí comes to read Persian with my husband in the evening. They have been reading the Sermon on the Mount in "Gladwin's Persian Munshí;" and the scribe not only admired the Persian style exceedingly, but showed a perfect comprehension of the meaning of that divine discourse. He said the style of the Persian Testament was very inferior to this, that it was full of awkwardnesses, but this was most beautiful.

I send you a copy of a letter I have just written.

"Loodiana, April 15th, 1847.

"My dear Mr. ——,

"Having extracted a quantity of information from my husband during our evening's walk yesterday, I sit down to fulfil my promise of giving you an account of "raising a regiment.' The first thing C. had to do was to understand half a dozen contradictory orders, one of which told him he was to get one-third of his native officers from the Line; another said that such men having been found useless, had been sent back by the officers commanding the Sikh regiments, which had been raised in the first instance. He was directed to form his regiment half of Sikhs and the other half of Mussalmáns and Hindus; *Brahmans excepted*, as they are generally at the bottom of all mutinies and conspiracies.

"He found on arriving that hardly any but Muhammadáns had been enlisted, with the exception of one hundred men, the very refuse of the Ambálla Police Battalion lately disbanded, many of whom were of the caste very properly excluded by Lord

Hardinge, but now forced into the regiment by his express order.

"He then sent proclamations in Panjábi and Hindustání, throughout the neighbouring villages and country (as he was directed to do), stating that such a regiment was to be raised—the advantages of enlisting, seven rupees a month pay for Sepáhi, &c., &c., and inviting men to enter so glorious a service. Not quite 350 men were collected when we arrived, and desertions were incessant, as many as ten in one night. C. made the men a speech, in which he set forth the disgrace of deserting, and I suppose hinted at the penalties thereof.

"They have since diminished, although a few days ago one of the cooks eloped, which he must have done, like Lydia Languish, for love of the proceeding itself, as he could easily have got his discharge. In all new regiments desertions are very frequent at first, owing to numbers enlisting who do not know their own minds.

"Lord Hardinge's idea in raising these four new regiments, was, that they would absorb the old Sikh soldiers; and, in order to carry out this plan without expense to the State, he disbanded thousands of our faithful Hindustánís. It was not a bad theory, but it is a practical nullity, for hardly any of the old Sikh soldiers choose to enter our service, their habits of military license unfit them for our discipline—their national and military pride disinclines them to serve their conquerors, and above all, they are agriculturists, and always returned to their field-labours during their periods of furlough; they require, therefore, stronger inducements than we have to offer, to make them quit their plough for the sword, or rather the musket.

"Moroever, they all wear their hair at full length,

which length I am assured commonly extends from three feet to six feet, and sometimes even to eleven feet!—four feet of hair is frequent. The whole is formed into a knot on the top of the head. Now, "here's a coil" which effectually prevents a man from wearing a very shallow forage cap; and, as Lord Hardinge gives them leave to keep their hair and beards, neither of which they ever cut, and at the same time insists on their wearing this obnoxious topí; the veterans positively refuse to have anything to do with a service which makes a saucer-cap a *sine quâ non.*

"Some of the finest recruits draw back, and will not enlist when the topí is shown to them; and truly the effect of it is most absurd. C. has risked the safety of his Glengarry bonnet, by sending it to head-quarters, with a request to be allowed to give similar ones to his men. Major Mackeson and the Commander of the 3rd regiment of Frontier-Brigade are both anxious for its adoption, as the Sikh tresses could be stowed away most conveniently under it, but no answer has yet arrived, although the abhorred topí may prove as fatal as Gesler's.

"All the refuse of Loodiana apply for service; two thieves gravely offered themselves the other day, and when C. could not refrain from laughing in their faces at the effrontery of the proposition, their tribe being notoriously a caste of thieves, they burst out laughing too. If he like the appearance of any that come, he has them measured; he has fixed the standard at five feet seven inches, and takes none under that, except for special reasons, as in the case of a gallant little Ghúrká, who was at Charékár, in Mr. Haughton's regiment, and who, in company with a fellow soldier, volunteered to carry intelligence to the garrison at

Kábúl, and performed the task, passing through the very heart of the enemy. He was severely wounded, and afterwards served with the Sappers and Miners, who, subsequent to Captain Laing's death at Behmárú, were under my husband's command. You cannot imagine a stronger contrast than that between the little square, sallow-complexioned Chinese-looking Ghúrka, and the tall, flexible Rajput Havildar-major.

"If the men are of the proper height, they are sent with a roll of their names, ages, &c., to the surgeon, who pronounces on their fitness for service. They are then put to drill, and when perfect in facing, marching extension motions, &c., ought to get muskets and learn the manual and platoon exercise. I have only just found out that the manual exercise consists in learning to handle the gun in dumb show—the platoon exercise in learning to fire it.

"Everything that is required for the men must be indented for; that is, C. signs an application for such and such things. If it is an 'emergent indent,' he gets the articles, but may be obliged to return them if the military board does not think them needful.

"The military board, in their corporate capacity, are odious to every one, from the difficulties and obstacles they oppose to everything. The only public personage who equals them in unpopularity is the unfortunate military auditor-general, whose title is the signal for a chorus of vituperation, for he is always cutting people's lawful pay, retrenching the same sums two or three times over, and recovering from three or four different persons that which only one is answerable for. C. has applied for muskets, numbers of his men being now ready for the manual exercise, but there are no belts in the magazine here, so that they cannot get any.

"This being harvest time, when the whole population are fully employed, recruiting goes on very slowly. Different native commissioned and non-commissioned officers are out in the district recruiting, and each recruit receives two annas' worth of food a-day. Now, when they arrive at Loodiana a large proportion are found unfit for service, and the auditor-general always disputes the payment of money expended in this manner, although the expense is unavoidable. This, however, is not so much his fault as that of the rules by which he is fettered.

"No pay abstracts of either officers or men have yet been passed, but the Treasury advance whatever money is needed, on the responsibility of the Commandant;* and Captain W. has had so much trouble and expense owing to these arrangements, that he ends a most humorous note of grievances to my husband, by saying, 'Catch me raising another regiment for them, that's all!' It is indeed very hard work, especially where, as in C.'s case, he has it all to do by himself. He rises before dawn to go to parade, and often cannot get back to breakfast. Then Native officers, Havildars, Sikhs, Afgháns, and Ghurkas, come pouring in; official letters, indents *ad libitum*, have to go out; and in the evening he is at parade again until tea-time.

"The new Adjutant has not yet joined. The Commissariat department is thus managed: A chowdrí is appointed at the head of the regimental Bazár. Advances are made to enable him to furnish funds to such shopkeepers as are willing to settle in the regi-

* When the regiment received the first issue of pay it was *eight months in arrears*, but they were afterwards paid like the rest of the Bengal army every month.

ment, and he is responsible for the quality of the provisions sold. The Sepáhis are generally required to supply themselves from their own Bazár; and, as they pay a little more than they would do in the town, the extra profit induces the Baniáhs to go with the regiment wherever it may be ordered.

"C. turned out the first Baniáhs who came, for cheating the soldiers. They consequently endeavoured to form a conspiracy with all the other shopkeepers in Loodiana, to prevent his having a Bazár at all, and the men not understanding the advantage of one, said they would rather receive their two annas daily to buy for themselves. C. managed to get two or three old Sepáhis, who had turned Baniáhs, to settle in his lines, and took much pains to explain to the native officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, the use of a Bazár, desiring them to propound the same to the men. He also issued an order on the subject, which, after being read at three successive roll-calls, so entirely convinced the recruits, that they rushed tumultuously to the shops, and well nigh plundered them.

"They are now marched up by companies, and each receives his allowance in due order; and, if the shopkeepers give them credit beyond the amount of two annas per diem, it is at their own risk. Some of the men, principally the Hindus, save a good deal out of their subsistence money. C. means to have ten Baniáhs, one for each company. Each shop contains everything the Sepáhis require in the way of food.

"All the native officers who have been out recruiting are in disgrace, for they have brought in the scum of the country, and pocketed the public money, by the following process: They send word they have enlisted one hundred men, and require subsistence money

accordingly; then they bring in fifty, and declare the other fifty have deserted *en route,* and within ten days twenty-five of the remainder have taken their leave. For the latter desertions there is no doubt that the topí is greatly to blame. C. says he feels inclined to sing the old song of 'Rogues all,' from morning till night, and declares that the vulgar proverb 'mad as a hatter," is fully exemplified in the present case. I insert a fragment of another letter on the same subject.' "

"Loodiana, May 13th, 1847.

"My dear Mr. ——.

"I must add a postscript to my Chapitre des Chapeaux, as I think my letter touching the Frontier Brigade and the Topí may be justly styled.

"In the first place Lord Hardinge, considering the Frontier Brigade as a Political Body, has placed it under the Political Department, at the same time constantly referring matters relating to it to the Commander-in-Chief and military authorities, who rejoicing in the conviction that everything will get into confusion without their superintendence, refuse to have anything to say to it. C. applied for tents. The Governor-General directed that the regiment should only have *half* the allowance, because *when completed,* more than half would seldom be assembled at once, as it is his intention to employ them in treasure-parties and gaol-guards. Luckily C. had got the tents before this answer arrived, but if he were to leave, he would have to restore all but the scanty portion allowed.

"C. has represented that the regiment must be collected together and disciplined before they can possibly be detached on guards or treasure parties, and in the meantime one half of them cannot lie in the open air—

the hot winds are blowing—the rains are coming on, and, of course, the men will desert.

"He then applied for hutting-money. The regiment is at present occupying some old lines, and the mud huts of their predecessors could easily be put in repair and thatched for them at very small expense. This was refused, although granted to all the regiments of the line, to which Lord Hardinge is so anxious to assimilate the Frontier Brigade. It was stated that the men must do it at their own expense, but the political authorities might afford them any help in their power by convict labour, &c. The men have not received a farthing of pay beyond bare subsistence money (two annas a day), so how can they do it at their own expense? and it turns out that no convicts can be spared, and the political authorities have no other assistance to give.

"Again the Governor-General writes that Khalásís are not authorized* for these corps, and has required the commanding officer of one of the other regiments to pay twelve drummer-boys himself, saying that he had no authority for enlisting them, but allowing that a drum-major had been inserted *by mistake* in the complement of the regiment; I should say that the drummer-boys were the natural and necessary consequents of the drum-major, and that therefore Government ought to pay for their own mistake. They also refused Buglers, but afterwards allowed two per company, and lo! no less than three of their own documents, previously issued, authorize the entertainment of both Khalásís and Buglers! How can raw recruits be expected to pitch and take charge of their own tents, especially when all the other regiments have Khalásís

* Long afterwards, in consequence of vehement representations, Khálasís were at length allowed.

to do it for them? The Commanding Officers have been invested with the powers of Joint Magistrates, and a Munshí is indispensable, not only to take down proceedings but also to write all Hindustání letters and papers connected with the regiment. The last orders from Head-quarters disallowed the Munshi, so that C. has to pay his salary as well as that of the Khalásís out of his own pocket. The men have not yet got their arms, and the pay abstracts of February are not yet passed; and altogether in point of pay, and especially of pecuniary liabilities, C. is in a worse position now than he was at Peshawur in 1840, besides having far more fatiguing and harassing duty."

Hasan Khán, who constantly comes to talk or consult with C. to the great trial of his equanimity, for he sits for hours when my husband is overpowered with public business, told him the other day how anxious he was to be rejoined by his wives who are in Afghánistan—by one of them in particular. He said she was of noble birth, and her wisdom and prudence something extraordinary. He said he kept his wives very retired, and never allowed them to pay visits. The pretty one, who came the other day, is the daughter of a man whom he does not consider his equal in any way, and whom he does not respect, and during the four years she has been married, he has never suffered her to visit her father. She and his other wife were, therefore, very much astonished when he told them they were to pay a visit to me; but then added he to C., "You are like my brother, or my other self." C. showed him the passage in Titus, where women are exhorted to be keepers at home, and the Munshí read it to them. He came again the other evening and said he was

going to Simla to pay a visit to the Lord Sahib. He asked for letters to Colonel Garden and others, and said he thought it probable he should be requested to raise a thousand horse in the district of Peshawur; but added, "they won't obey me, I must have some European gentlemen, or otherwise all these Afgháns will be at sixes and sevens. Now I shall tell them that I won't serve under anybody but you." C. advised him not to say anything of the sort.

He came yesterday, the 16th, to take leave. He wore boots, and a tight fitting embroidered "chapkan" (coat) with pistols and sword. As he sprang into the saddle and dashed away, his Munshí and attendants checked their horses to shake my husband's hand. The Munshí had a round shield slung at his back. One of the other horsemen had a long scarlet spear, and there were one or two fleet men on foot, and as they went off at full speed, there was such a pawing and prancing, such curvetting, caricolling, bounding, and behádering of horses and men as you never beheld. They teach their horses to rear and prance for effect, and very good the effect is in a picturesque point of view. My husband was advising Hasan Khán to lay by some of his pension. "Oh," answered he, "it would be a shame for me not to spend all the money I have." This exactly expresses the usual Eastern idea.

Thursday, April 15th.—We went to Miss Eckford's wedding, which took place at ten o'clock A.M. The heat was extreme. All the gentlemen were as usual in full uniform, and nobody wept, which was a great comfort. I walk in the garden every morning before sunrise, and most delightful it is, the air is so pure and fresh. The garden is on a slope, and consists of four wide parallel walks intersected by as many narrower ones,

each path being bordered on both sides by channels for water, and by trees and bushes of roses, pomegranates, hollyhocks, &c., the intermediate squares (the gaufres) being occupied by crops of vegetables, barley, and other things. This is the season in which roses are in the greatest profusion, and we get a beautiful bouquet daily. The pomegranate-trees are lovely with their gorgeous blossoms, and the scent of the double jessamine is quite overpowering. I do not know if this jessamine exists in England.

Do you remember that we used as children to amuse ourselves by sticking the fallen blossoms of the jessamine into those which were growing on the bush? This same freak has been performed by nature in the flower I speak of, and you can pull the inner one out; each has seven or eight petals. I often have a light wicker chair carried into the garden and enjoy reading. It makes me think of that verse—

"O God, how good, beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and guilty man,
How glorious must those mansions be
When thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!"

Innumerable passages of Scripture derive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, &c.," on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a watercourse, without which, in this burning clime, it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of never failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual life and fruitfulness of the plants of the Lord's vineyard.

The other day I saw, for the first time, the Eastern mode of watering a garden. The well is at some distance at the top of a little rise; a bullock skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope and walk up the hill again, while the water is poured into a channel from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the málí or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from its path. It makes one understand the expression, "He watereth it with his foot;" for with the foot you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream. So ought we to remove obstacles—our besetting sins, our worldly pleasures which hinder the free course of Divine grace in our souls.

I was much amused yesterday in watching the patient, quiet camels I was sketching. All creatures in India appear to me much better sitters than at home, and have a much greater faculty of keeping still: cows, camels and horses will remain some minutes in the same attitude without moving an inch, so do the people: the very birds sit tranquilly and meditate on their spray. A state of violent action and excitement, and one of perfect repose, seem the two alternatives under which men and animals naturally exist in the land of the sun.

Our young Arab Motí is the most quiet, sleepy, lazy creature possible, as almost all Arabs are when not roused. He is as gentle as a lamb, and lets me stroke his eyes, and pull his ears, and coax him as much as I like. I have divers pets: a pretty little tiny red calf which I feed every morning; it nibbles my fingers and licks my

hand with its rough tongue, and then makes a demonstration as if it would toss C. Then there are two handsome Panjábí black goats, very large, nearly as high as the calf, with long hanging ears, who come for a bit of bread every evening, and the pretty little kid of one of them. The ears are white, and the rest of the creature perfectly black and like the softest velvet. They brought me a new-born kid this afternoon, whose ears I measured; they were fully twelve inches long, and will be eighteen in all probability when it is full grown. One of my goats is of a peculiar breed, and has what they call bands,—two pendants, like small ears, from its throat.

I have also a dumbá, or Afghán sheep, that was brought on a charpaí, carried by men, all the way from Firozpúr. Its tail is more than a foot wide, and consists entirely of fat, which is considered a great delicacy. It is a very handsome white ram that eats out of my hand, and follows me into the house.

It is becoming warmer daily. Our phankahs are put up, and we have one pulled while we are at dinner; we must soon have it all day. The poor people in Calcutta had the thermometer at 96° under a phankah more than a month ago; and at Allahabad Mr. W. wrote us a fortnight since he was sitting without his coat, although his phankah was going. Citrons, which were hanging ripe on the trees at Benáres on the 1st of February, are still quite small and green here, and peas are not yet entirely over. We have some fields close to the garden, but the country generally is most barren.

C. drove me the other evening into the country, and congratulated himself on the excellence of the road, which, after all, was such a breakneck one, that our old Swiss coachman would have pronounced only fit to

go bird-nesting. The country was just a waste of sand, like driving through a desert. We met many people returning from their labour,—many of the women with great loads of straw on their heads; some of them tall and handsome, and all of them with an excellent carriage and free step, their dress quite classical.

Hasan Khán has left C. in charge of his household. On the first of the month he is to get his private signet, draw his pay, and supply money to his people. It makes one's heart ache to think that such a man as Hasan Khán should be a Muhammadan. I was interrupted by a dust-storm, which made it nearly dark and so hot that I fell asleep; and so overpowered was Mr. I., that after tea he lay down on the floor and went to sleep, too. I must tell you a story, which was quoted from Baron Arnim in a number of the "British and Foreign Quarterly Review," and which I thought of the whole time I was drawing the camels yesterday.

In order to illustrate the characteristic modes of acting of the English, French, and Germans, Baron A. said, that one of each nation was required to draw a camel: the Frenchman went to the Jardin des Plantes, and the next day brought you a clever though not very accurate sketch of a camel; the Englishman takes his passage by the next steamer for Egypt, and there studies camels thoroughly, and makes drawings from nature in every possible attitude, for a year or so, at the end of which time he presents you with a painting so perfectly true to nature, that it is the camel itself; the German shuts himself up in his chamber, in order to educe the idea of the camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness. By the last accounts he was still at it. Is not this an admirable little tale? In the

same review, a Frenchman gravely asserts, that the reason why so few railway accidents occur in Germany is on account of the "*Esprits epais*" of the people!

The other morning I saw two officers shooting quails, the place of dogs being supplied by beaters, who take up their position ten paces from each other and then close in, thus putting up the birds; they had also hawks with them. I saw them throw a dead quail into the air, and the hawk caught it before it fell; but it is a cruel sport, I think, to let loose one creature upon another; and moreover, the beaters greatly injure the corn-fields, and the poor people are generally afraid to complain.

It is impossible to describe the corruption of some of the courts in this country. The munshís, chaprásis or messengers, and other officials about a European judge, agent or magistrate, extort bribes from all who have causes, sometimes under pretence of speaking to the Sáhib, sometimes under pretext that the bribe is for the Sáhib himself. If none, or not sufficient, is given them, they prevent the proper witnesses from being called, keep them out of the way, and with unimaginable dexterity defeat the ends of justice. A man will give himself the airs of being high in favour and having great influence with his master, simply from the fact of being admitted into his writing-room, and will pretend he has pleaded the cause of a suitor, when he would not dare to open his lips on the subject. Of course an indolent man in office is the cause of unspeakable injustice.

It is, I believe, almost impossible to find a native who is either truthful or pure-minded. How can they be so with their impure creeds? You know the tendencies of Muhammadanism, but you are not aware of the unspeakable abominations of Hinduism, which

are intertwined with all their religious rites. The "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" shows that man can never be better than that which he worships, and if so, how thoroughly must the native mind be polluted by a faith which, I suppose, surpasses all others in depravity. On this account it is ruin to a child to be kept in this country, unless the mother can have it always with her, and yet, knowing this, half the parents in India commit the sole charge of their children, even girls, to native bearers. The bearers are, however, a shade better than the women. I could not repeat the dreadful stories I have heard of the early depravity and knowledge of wickedness acquired by children from their Ayahs, *even* under vigilant superintendence. I think it a plain duty for every one who can *by any means* afford it to have a European nurse for their children as soon as they begin to speak; and the next best thing is an Afghan bearer, who will keep the child in order and not spoil it by excessive servility.

On returning from a drive we found the Nizám-u-Dowlah here in the midst of his prayers. He and two of his people were kneeling facing the west, each on his praying carpet, one behind the other, the Nizám being the fugleman. They took not the smallest notice of us or of anything else until they had finished. By-the-by, did you see that letter in the record showing that pray ing to the East is an old Pagan custom, mentioned by Victorius on his rules for building heathen temples, that half of the sky being considered propitious and the other unlucky. The Nizám-u-Dowlah belongs to one of the most aristocratic branches of the Clan Popalzye. His father and grandfather were both Wazirs; one of his sisters married Shah Zemán, and another Shah Ṣhujah. The latter, who was called the Wafá Begum

(the sincere or honourable lady or princess), was his principal wife, and distinguished herself by her fortitude, wisdom, and spirit during her husband's captivity in the hands of Ranjit Singh. She was Shah Shujah's very soul; the Nizám spoke most warmly of her, and then added, "We were of one milk," meaning children of the same mother.

A few evenings after he brought his nephew, the Shahzadeh Súltán Husein, son of Shah Zemán, to see if my husband could procure a more equitable division of the pension allowed by Government to the family of the late Shah. The pension is only 2000 rupees a month; and of this the ladies take half. The Prince very naïvely said, "I have no objection that women should have food, and all that is necessary, but it is not right that they should take half, and leave hardly anything for eight sons, bearded men." It is curious that all these Afgháns, many of them like the Shahzadah, personally unknown to my husband, should come to him for advice and assistance. The Prince was most simply dressed, with a plain white turban, his manner was shy, with a shade of awkwardness, and it is no wonder, if a son of the Sovereign who shook our Indian Empire to its basis should feel awkward in so strangely altered a position.

The difference between the Afgháns and Sikhs in manner and appearance is very marked. All the Afgháns of any rank that I have seen, are perfect gentlemen, in manner very courteous, but with none of the exuberant ceremoniousness and obsequiousness of the Hindu. The Nizam-u-Dowlah is one of the most dignified men I ever saw; the Sikhs, on the other hand, are rough, rude, unpolished, noisy soldiers, with loud voices.

A Sikh Colonel, Gajít Sing by name, called here the

other day. Both he and his cousin were fine looking men, but with much less high caste features than the Afgháns. They were both dressed in gigot-fashioned white trousers, white muslin jacket, and the Colonel had a pair of gold bangles on his wrists.

Almost all Sikhs, Afgháns, and Hindus have very delicate hands and feet, in comparison to European ones.

The I——s left us for the hills yesterday. Our baggage has at last arrived, which is a great comfort.

It is now hot enough to use the phankah all day. Do you know what a phankah is? It is a wooden frame about three feet deep, covered with cloth, with a double flounce of calico at the bottom. It is slung from the ceiling as low as can be done without knocking any one's head as he passes under it, and is pulled to and fro by a rope which generally passes through a hole into the verandah, where the bearer sits. It makes the room pleasantly cool. We have also Tattis, which are semicircular screens of thatch, made of sweet scented grass, called Kas, and fitting the doorway on which ever side the wind blows. This Tatti is sprinkled incessantly with water, and the hotter the wind of course the more rapid the evaporation, and the cooler the house.

We have had rain lately, which has made the mornings and evenings delightful. The house is kept closely shut from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; but although the outer air is like that of an oven, I do not feel it at all too warm in the house, thanks to these admirable contrivances.

Dr. H., of Tait's Irregular Horse, has just paid us a visit. He told us, as so many others have done, that there never was such confusion as at Firozshahar. The battle began about half-past three P.M., consequently it soon

was become dark; there was no moon, and the only light was from the Sikh camp, which was on fire, and their magazines, which ever and anon blew up. He said there was no reason for attacking that night, as there was not the smallest chance of their running away. The Governor-General was seeking the Commander-in-Chief, the Commander-in-Chief the Governor-General; nobody could be found, and the conflict and confusion went on until near daybreak.

It was Dr. H. who, on the morning of the 23rd, recognized poor Major Broadfoot's body. It was lying just within the entrenchments, in no way mutilated, with the face perfectly calm and placid, and he it is who has lately caused the spot to be marked by a pavement of bricks with his name, otherwise it would soon have been obliterated. Colonel Ashburtham was anxious to mark the grave of Major Somerset in a similar manner, and three graves had to be opened before it could be ascertained which was the right one. The Dr. told me that before the battle of Múdkí, the Sikhs declared they would not stop at Dehli, but would march straight on to London. *After* it, they were not quite so confident.

He said, that in spite of Lord Gough's want of generalship, there was a great charm in him: his fine person, sweet expression, frank kind manner, sincerity of heart, are very winning. His example did very much for our success. He was always in the thickest of the fight, ahead of every one, waving his cap and cheering on his men. The soldiers at Firozshahar were so much exhausted, that Dr. H. himself saw an officer ride up to a scattered party of Europeans, and exhort them to come on. Their answer was, "It's of no use, it is not in us, sir. We are done up." Many of the 62nd

were fainting before they came under fire, having been marching from seven in the morning till three, P. M., when they came into action.

A regimental Khálasi, whose vocation it is to be trustworthy, stole eight rupees from the doctor, whereupon all the other Khálasies went in a body to the doctor, to say they hoped he would be punished, for he had brought disgrace upon their name. Strange to say, there are whole classes of men in India whose vocation it is to be honest, or rather, perhaps, trustworthy.

The Mahájans or native Bankers often send a common Bearer from the Bazár some hundred miles with a bag of gold, and unless the Bearer dies of fever or is murdered, the money is as safe as if under charge of a regiment. So it is with Khalasís, and my husband tells me he would entrust uncounted money to any amount to any Sepáhís from the Line whom he has in his regiment, and feel quite at ease regarding its safety, just as you would to a Highland cadie in Edinburgh; exceptions are wonderfully rare. They are ploughing part of the garden, and manage the matter very simply. A plank is first tacked on to two bullocks, a boy stands on it as they drag it along, and this is sufficient to make this light sandy soil quite smooth. The bullocks are then fastened to the plough, made of two pieces of wood nearly at right angles with each other, and caused to describe an oblong, inside which they patiently proceed, diminishing it every turn like a coil of rope, thus making no regular furrows but turning up the whole ground.

# CHAPTER VI,

Afghán Zenáná making an Impression.—A Beauty.—A Demoniac.—Musalmán Husband.—Pictures.—Camera Oscura.—Hasan Khán's Curiosity.—Reception by Governor-General.—Sirfráz Khán.—Stoddart and Conolly.—Persian Horsedealer.—Lights.—Dust-storm.—Nil Gáo.—Hot Winds.—Unlucky Dream.—Wounded Artilleryman.—Fatteh Jang and General Pollock.—Life in the Haram.—Polygamy.—Manly Boys.—Afghán Supper.—Salt on Sunday.—Messenger from Muhammad Shah Khán. Afghán Claims.—Akbár Khán's Treachery.—Feather Jacket.—Our Soldiers still Captive in Afghánistan.—Bangstrie.—Afghán Sheep.—Cure for Industry.—Prosperity of annexed Sikh States.—Hindustani Language.—Murteza Shah.—Rudeness to Native Gentlemen.—Remarkable Storm.—Sepáhí's Wife.—An Afghán on Fighting.—Faithful Afghán.—A Mantis.—Bribery.—Unserviceable Arms.—Bengal Army.—Suffering of the Regiment.

May 4th.—On Saturday one of Hasan Khán's people came to tell us the youngest Bibi had been very ill the last three days, and had sent to the Bazár for some medicines, which of course had done her no good; I promised to see her in the evening, and Mrs. Rudolph agreed to accompany me. We drove in at a narrow gateway, got two or three vehement jolts in entering the courtyard and stopped before a one-storied house with mud walls and no windows. Mrs. Rudolph and I were ushered in, and found ourselves in a good sized room

with bare rafters and painted walls full of little arched recesses, about four feet from the ground, which served for shelves and cupboards. A mattrass, covered with a sheet, lay on the floor, and on it the poor little wife who had paid me a visit; she was very ill, her face drawn and pinched, unable to move without pain; she was dressed in a very wide pair of scarlet trousers and a short transparent little shirt of figured net, with wide sleeves, her black hair hanging down behind in one plait; a dirty elderly woman, with thick cotton veil, which may once have been white, and dark trousers, tight halfway up to the knee and full above, was sitting by her and coaxing her. I took her for a servant, but found she was her mother; two stout dirty boys of nine or ten years old, and several servant girls, one of them a very pretty young thing, were sitting around on the floor. The other wife, Bibi Jí, conducted me to an arm-chair in the middle of the room close to a little Phankah, but as I could see nothing of my patient at that distance, I speedily sat down on the floor by her side; they then brought me pillows and bolsters to lean upon. I gave her some medicine, and ill as she was she could not forbear taking another look at my petticoat which is a source of great wonder to them from being corded. Bibí Jí brought us some tea made with cinnamon, which we both agreed was much nicer than when made our fashion. The tea leaves and cinnamon are put into cold water and placed on the fire to boil very slowly; it is taken off directly it begins to boil, and boiled milk and sugar added.

The room was painted with flowers on a white ground, a sort of imitation of Florantine mosaic; it has three doors opening into the inner court where the women sleep in the open air, cook, &c., and on the opposite side

as many leading to the outer court, which, when the women occupy this room, are kept closed, with thick wadded curtains of yellow cotton, bordered with red, over them. As, however, the doors are very rudely made of planks, they have many chinks most convenient for the women to peep and listen through. At the head of the bed stood a rude lamp, a kind of vase, with four wicks, lying in oil, which require to be constantly trimmed; it stood on an old deal box to make it higher, and when I asked for water it was brought by the Pesh Khidmat, who seems to manage everything in his master's absence; he came only to the door, but he must have seen in very well.

Sunday morning, by five o'clock, a message was sent that the poor Bibi was worse. Mrs. Rudolph and I went again, and tried some remedies with apparently no good result; Mrs. Rudolph was obliged to go home, but before doing so she asked the poor sick girl how she expected to be saved, and on her making no answer, told her she ought to pray to God to enlighten her heart by His Holy Spirit, and then gave her a short sketch of the way of salvation by Christ. Leila Bíbí kept her eyes shut with a kind of stiffnecked expression, and Mrs. Rudolph afterwards told me she always found that it was a very unwelcome subject, for they are sensible of having no sure ground of salvation, and do not like to think of it. How often is this the case with nominal Christians! Like the ostrich hiding her head in the sand, they hope to escape danger by escaping the sight of it.

When, however, Mrs. Rudolph returned with me in the evening, Leila Bibí's manner to her was very cordial. I stayed with her until half-past one P.M., leaving her better, although her strength was greatly prostrated.

The Bibís brought me all sorts of eatables; they made me lie down on quilts in the middle of the floor, and pulled the Phankah over me, and in the evening they made a khána or dinner for us of pillau, and an excellent dish called Phirni, ground rice boiled in milk till it is of the consistency of arrowroot.

Every day since, I have been to see my poor patient morning and evening, sometimes staying with her two or three hours. She has had very restless nights, and has eaten nothing the last six days. Mrs. Rudolph goes with me as often as she can, generally early in the morning.

Yesterday (Tuesday) she read the 53rd of Isaiah, and some of John, in Hindustaní (which Leila, having been brought up at Loodiana, understands perfectly), and spoke of the sinfulness of our hearts, and of the only way of salvation. Leila Bibí said nothing, but one of the others listened most attentively. The mother and Bibí Jí walked about entirely unconcerned. When Mrs. Rudolph is not with me, Jacob or my husband come to interpret; Jacob stands at the door, and the old mother speaks to him openly, but I observe they are much more particular with C. He modestly stands on one side of the door and the female speaker on the other, so that although they make up for it by peeping after him, he cannot see them. The Peshkhidmat always stands by, and all the younger members of the family paste themselves against the walls so as not to be seen. One or two are pretty intelligent girls, and they all receive me most affectionately.

It is pleasant to see how harmoniously they seem to live together, each vieing with the other in attending on the invalid. Bibí Jí is a heavy figure,

and not very "quick at the uptak." By-the-by, I remarked that Leila Bibí's little sark is sewn at the throat, so it is evidently not taken off every day. Their persons and hair seem clean, but their clothes are worn until they are almost worthy of a Romish saint. The *men* of any rank are much more particular. They use only one sheet on their beds and none over them, as they sleep in their day clothes; they seem very decorous in uncovering themselves before others; this was shown in many ways by the poor invalid when we were putting hot flannels on her, &c.

Now that Leila Bibí is getting better, they all show me every mark of kindness and gratitude, squeezing my hands, patting and stroking me; and, last night, two of them shampooed me. Leila Bibí makes signs for me to sit on her bed close to her, and then puts her arm round me, and her dumb thanks, putting my hand to her forehead and eyes, are very pretty. There seems little practical distinction of rank between the mistresses of the family and the servants, except that the former have a few gold ornaments, and wear very wide trousers and transparent jackets, with purple net veils thrown over the left shoulder and reaching to the ground behind; while the latter have blue cotton shirts, cotton veils and ludicrous trousers, tight nearly to the knee and full above. One or two have a petticoat instead. They have their hair hanging down in braids behind, and one long curl on each side of the temple. Bibí Jí has silver bangles on her feet. An old fat servant sometimes comes in dressed literally in sackcloth. Bibí Jí brings everthing eatable with her own hands, fetches water for the medicines, &c. Several that I at first took for attendants turn out to be friends, for it is the custom in case of sickness for some of the friends of

the invalid to go and stay in the house, rendering all needful aid till amendment takes place, and a good custom it is. In England we can so easily buy service, that we have forgotten the privilege of *rendering* it.

Last evening the invalid was much better and quite cheerful. One of the maids, a merry looking girl, hearing I was not quite well, took the Homœopathic Book and pretended to read in it to find out my case. The other day they asked me to read to them, having a great admiration for an art, which none of them possess. I read a small piece of Laurie, and then a passage from a German Homœopathic Book. The latter they pronounced "sakht," or hard. As C. was to receive Hasan Khán's pension for him, two receipts in Persian were prepared and brought to Leila Bibí to be stamped with her husband's private seal. She is evidently the favourite wife. A red little box was placed on her bed, with one hinge off; she unlocked it, (such a wretched padlock!) with a little key which hung on the sash of her trousers. The seal was rubbed with Indian ink, and the maid tried to make an impression and produced a great black blot. I tried with no better success, so the seal was confided to me that the Sáhib might make the impression himself. The Pesh Khidmat followed me home with two fresh receipts, but neither he nor the "Sahib" could succeed; so they were obliged to have two others made out and bring the Munshí, who sealed them properly in a moment by putting on very little ink, and not letting any go into the hollows of the seal. This is the way all letters are authenticated; they are written by a Munshí and stamped with the seal of the person sending them, which seal bears his name and often his title.

This of course opens a wide field for forgeries, especially as it is easy to wash out either the writing or the signature, and substitute others, both being in Indian ink on thick and very glossy paper.

Hasan Khán has a private store-room hung round with arms, among them I saw a shield, a cavalry sword, and the blunderbuss C. gave him. Some large chests I suppose contain clothes and resais, but Orientals seem to have no sense of order. The family possess only pewter spoons, and one or more very blunt clasp knives, and a red and white German glass. In order to return Hasan Khán's present, I sacrificed my amethyst bracelets and gave one to each Bibí. The little sick one's face lighted up with pleasure, and I really think it did her good.

Wednesday, May 6th. — Yesterday year we left Dresden. It seems three years to us, so much has been crowded into it. When I went last evening to see Leila Bibí, I found a whole family of strangers there. She, who seemed to be the principal person, was one of the most lovely creatures I ever saw; eyes, nose, mouth and teeth were beautiful, with a very fair skin like an Italian, perfect eyebrows, and eyelashes such as they almost all have, like a *thick* silk fringe. She was very becomingly dressed in snow-white pajamahs and veil, and a purple net shirt. This morning the Pesh Khidmat, as usual, brought a lamentable account, but I found my patient no worse. I took a cup of sago with me, and gave her a few spoonfulls, as I was afraid of her remaining any longer without nourishment, and I dared not tell them to feed her, lest they should force her to eat, which they were much inclined to do. She called me her "bahin" or sister. I made Jacob ask a grown up brother of Leila Bibí's

to bring his mother to our house, saying I wished to explain something to her about her daughter's illness, which I could not do through any one except my husband. "Oh," said the brother very naïvely, "I'll come instead; I have just arrived at Loodiana, and I want to know all about my sister's illness." It ended by arranging that both were to come. You may be sure that I pray earnestly for guidance whenever I prescribe for my patient or give her anything, and, as C. suggested that it would be well to do so openly, I told them as well as I could that God only could make her well, and then knelt down and prayed silently for a few minutes before giving her the medicine. I thought it the only way I could take to give Him the glory of her recovery.

A very strange thing has happened to the son of Mrs. Rudolph's Ayah. The boy, who is I believe twelve or fourteen years of age, returned from the Bazár the other day howling and crying in a fearful manner. Mr. Rudolph went to see him; he was sitting with his knees up to his chin, crying out that a spirit was within him, and Mr. Rudolph said he never saw anything more frightful, or more exactly like the account of those possessed by evil spirits which the Scriptures give us. The people here all believe that in these cases, which are common, the person *is* possessed, and accordingly they have been keeping a light burning before the boy, and making offerings of flowers to the evil spirit within him. Mr. Rudolph's opinion is exactly the same as my husband's, viz., that in Heathen countries such as this, Satan still exercises a power which we know was formerly allowed him, but of which he is now in a great measure deprived in Christian lands.

May 7th.—The brother came by himself after all; and C. told me, showed both delicacy and feeling in speaking of his sister's illness. He feeds her tenderly with his own hands. She got better the next two days, and on Saturday evening we found them all quite joyful, as they had heard from Hasan Khán, that he had been extremely well received by the Lord Sáhib, who had given him very handsome presents, and promised him three medals, one for Afghánistan, one for Gwálior, and one for the battles last year.

The next morning, Sunday, to my great amazement, as I drove into the court Hasan Khán himself appeared; he must have ridden day and night from Simla directly he heard of his wife's illness. He led me in, she seemed better; but shortly spasms came on and she suffered greatly. This obliged me to stay with her till half-past ten, by which time *sepia* had relieved the violence of the pain. You may imagine I watched Hasan Khán very closely to see how Muhammadan husbands behave. He was most attentive to his poor wife, raising her up, giving her water every few minutes, and holding her head. He was dressed exactly as the women are, *i. e.* with very full trousers, muslin short shirt and scull-cap. Like all the Afgháns, he rushes about in the most energetic manner; and then, when his wife was a little easier, sat down and gossipped with the other women most sociably. He is well obeyed; he told his little child to go to me, and it came instantly, for the first time. He seems very fond of her. He gave his little wife some sago, and though she made wry faces he caused her to take the whole, just as if she had been an infant. He is particularly pleased with a telescope which Lord Gough gave him. The Jungi-Lord (or war lord, as they call him) went

to get the glass himself, and said, "I have used this five and twenty years, and I give it to you because you are an old and brave soldier."

May 14th.—I have been to see my patient every day. Her brother is still there, but comes no more within the Zenána. It is droll to see Hasan Khán feel his wife's pulse. He does it with a face of such preternatural gravity, as plainly shows he thinks it incumbent on him to make up for perfect ignorance by wise looks. He is very much grieved at C. not being well, and has been here five or six times to see him. He told my husband that they had held a consultation regarding my "science," whereby I read in a book and gave medicine, and they agreed they were all cows compared to me!

He sent us a breakfast the other day, and then came to see us eat it. It consisted of a lamb roasted whole, just as it is described in Exodus xii. 9, a huge pile of rice, and some minor dishes. After breakfast, we showed him some electro plate, and C. endeavoured to explain the electric telegraph and the railway. The telegraph he found it very hard to credit; I am sure if any one else had told him of it he would not have believed a syllable.

We gave him two electro-plated curry dishes, with which he was greatly pleased. Hasan Khán was charmed with the blotting book Miss J. embroidered for me, and seemed as if he could not examine it enough. All the natives are curious in embroidery. The Afghans, also, seem fond of pictures, and understand at once what they mean—the Hindus never do; but if they see a lion drawn on a very small scale, probably take it for an insect. Hasan Khán greatly

admired a little print in Anderson's "Machrchen," of a hare running over the snow.

My husband tells me that the Hindus have no eye for beauty, whereas the Afghans have a very quick perception of it, and admire Europeans exceedingly; it is the same with our melodies, with which the Afghans are delighted, but the Hindus prefer tomtoms to Mozart.

I do not perceive the Jewish caste of countenance so strongly as I expected, on the contrary, I should say there was no characteristic difference between Europeans and Afghans, save the darker complexion of most of the latter.

Yesterday I sent a buggy and requested Leila's mother to come to me, as I wished to speak to her. It soon returned covered all over with a white cloth, out of which, after the Sais had been sent away, the Pesh Khidmat extracted the mother and little Padímah Begum, Leila, and Bibí Jí, who had all crammed themselves into the buggy. Hasan Khan soon after arrived, and when C. reproved him for letting his little wife come out in the heat, he said, "What could I do? She *would* come."

I made her lie down, and afterwards showed them my Camera Oscura, arranging it so that they could see everything in the outer room without being seen themselves. Hasan Khan was as much delighted with it as any of them. He made Leila Bibí sit by him, and showed it to her. They had the satisfaction of seeing my husband in this fashion.

He takes very little notice of Bibi Jí, who, though a most good natured creature, looked extremely discomposed. He had been all the time either looking

through the Camera himself, or showing it to Leila Bibi; so to comfort the other, I showed her my store room and my saddle. I then showed them our dressing rooms, one of my patent trunks, and divers other things that were new and strange to them; they particularly admired a black tulle dress, and above all a looking-glass, into which they all looked and smiled at themselves, and arranged their veils with great satisfaction.

A short time after, I went to speak to C., and Hasan Khan went into the bedroom where his family were. I followed, and saw through the door that he had marched into the dressing room, and was audaciously prying in my wardrobe. He is every bit as full of curiosity as his women. While I am prescribing for his wife, he examines my gloves, bag, purse, and handkerchief; he generally brings me my bonnet and shawl himself, and always walks by my buggy to his gate. He has twice daubed me with sandal wood oil, the scent of which can hardly be got rid of.

He told C. that he went to Simla with his heart burning, determined to speak out. He says that he has rendered greater services to Government than any other Afghán, and thinks his pension ought to be made equal to that of Ján Fishán Khán (who has 1000 a month) and five rupees beyond it, just to give him the pre-eminence. "The pension I have was given me for my services in Afghanistan. I expended 2000 rupees in arming followers during these last fights, and I have got nothing for my later services but medals. When the Lord Sahib gave me his hand, placed a chair close to himself, made an oration in my praise, and gave me the pán (betel nut), and perfume himself, which is always done to a king, all this *shut my mouth.* I only asked

for a letter in his own writing stating the services I have rendered, and said that I wanted my family from Kábul."

Lord Hardinge has promised him this letter, and is going to write to Dost Muhammad to desire him to send down the Khán's family.

So great was his indignation at getting no substantial reward for his recent good service, that he said he could have "torn the presents in pieces." Never was there a more fiery soul than dwells in his lean and wiry frame, at the same time he is full of strong affection. He kisses his little child's hands, and pats her most tenderly. It is pretty to see the small thing when he desires it to keep still, sit down and lay hold of one of his feet to coax.

He told us the other day, that after the battles last year, his sister "*of the same milk*," who is in Afghanistan, heard a false report that he was killed. She wept so much, that to use his own words, "darkness came on!" and she is blind. I find that the beautiful creature I saw at his house sometime ago, is a sister of Leila Bibi, married to Safder Jang, a son of Shah Shujah's, and so utterly vile a character, that Hásan Khán never suffers his wife to return her sister's visits. He said, "I am a respectable man, and therefore do not prevent the sisters seeing each other; but I am of one of the first families in Afghanistan, and I should think myself disgraced if I crossed the threshold of such a man's house."

I am happy I am not an Afghan child. It is generally spoilt, and sometimes cuffed. Bibi Ji, who never makes her little girl do anything she is told, the other day gave her two or three slaps in anger, and carried her off hanging by one arm.

The other day we had a visit from a brother of Aminullah Khán, the chief who ordered my husband to be blown from the mouth of a gun. The brother, Sirfraz Khán, is a most respectable-looking, gentlemanly old man, who is at the head of Prince Shahpur's household, and never suffers him to spend a farthing beyond his pitiful income of 400 rupees, *i.e.*, forty pounds a-month. He came to consult my husband about a disagreement between Nadír Shah and Teimúr Shah, two of the princes; and also on the best means of getting an increase to Sháhpur's pension—asking his advice whether the Governor-General should be written to at once or not. A strange position of confidential intimacy for two men who had stood in such opposite relations to Aminullah Khán.

Atta Muhammad, who often comes here, told us the other day, that he had seen an Afghán who had been at Bokhara at the time of the murder of Stoddard and Conolly, who told him, that if General Pollock had informed the Amir that if the two officers were not given up, he would despatch a force to Bokhara and take the city, they would have been sent in with all honour. This is exactly what C. always said, and what Isák Manáhem, the Bokhára Jew, also told us; adding, that the people of Bokhara not only expected us, but would have welcomed us with joy. Thus these two gallant men were sacrificed by Lord Ellenborough's timid policy.

May 18th.—It is now a fortnight that my husband has been wholly unable to attend parade, or even write a public letter, except by dictation. I am thankful to say he is getting better; but he grieves at not being able to get to his regiment, as without his personal superintendence *les choses ne marchent pas, au contraire*

*elles boitent terriblement.* He has a very good quarter-master-serjeant, who is of more use, both on parade and in office, than Mr. G., the adjutant, multiplied by four.

A Persian horse merchant called the other day. When our friend Major MacDonald was in Persia, and so ill that he was thought to be dying, some of his servants deserted, and others plundered him; this man nursed him as if he had been his brother, so we felt bound to show him as much kindness as we could.

I met with a strong trait of honour the other day in a poor wood merchant. Jacob had bargained for some wood, and, I thought, had beaten the man down perhaps a little too much, so I sent him about sixpence more than the stipulated price. He would not take it, saying he had agreed to the price named, and could not go back from his word. I intend to employ him.

I have never told you about the lights we have. Candles are very dear; those from Patna, which are excellent, are a rupee a pound, even on the spot. We generally burn ghi, which is boiled butter, as it is cheaper than cocoa-nut oil. About a quarter of a pound of ghi is put into a burner with water in it (shaped like a tumbler, with a long stalk and no foot), in which is a little tin thing holding two wicks made of twisted cotton. The burner is stuck into the candlestick instead of candle, it has a glass shade round it, on the top of which is a tin cover full of holes, to prevent the light being puffed out by the Phankah. All the furniture we have—and I do not think we shall need any more—has cost us about two hundred rupees. This includes blinds to all the doors, and what they call Jhámps or awnings of bamboo and matting, on two sides of the house. We were obliged

to buy the chairs by twos and threes as we could find them, and could not get a table nearer than Amballa, 100 miles off.

I went to see Leila in the Palkí yesterday evening just as a storm was coming on; by the time I got there we were assailed by clouds of dust, and rain soon fell. The roof of Hasan Khán's state-room was in such a condition that the rain came in on us as we sat. You have no idea what a dust storm here, is. The hot wind blows with fury, and the air is so thick, that the Quartermaster Sergeant on his way hither yesterday morning went two or three miles out of his road; a Sepáhi came to his assistance, but they lost each other in the dust. We have had a shower almost every ten days, which I believe is not usual. The rain cools the air delightfully for two or three days after.

Hasan Khán speaks with great contempt of his wife's family, just as Rob Roy did of Glasgow bodies. His brother-in-law came with him the other day to read a letter, but though a chair was placed for him, he did not sit down, and retired to join the other attendants as soon as he had finished reading.

I forgot to tell you of the "Niel Gow" I saw sometime ago. You will fancy I was charmed with sweet sounds—no such thing, a níl gao is literally a blue cow. They are of a bluish slate colour, and made more like the elk than the cow, and have that peculiar appearance as if the back were weak or broken. They are found in all the forests of India; the male has short straight horns.

Even after sunset the hot wind is now as scorching as if you were standing close to a huge kitchen fire, so you may have some faint idea of what it must be in the day time. The house doors and windows are never

opened until dark. Hasan Khán chose to have himself cupped at the back of the neck the other day, under no reasonable pretext whatever. He came the next morning to see us, and appeared so cast down, that C. asked what was the matter. "Aí Mihrbání" (O dispenser of favours), sighed he, "I have dreamed a dream." —"Well, what was the dream?" "I dreamed that I broke a tooth, and that is a very evil portent." My husband expounded to him that dreams generally arose from indigestion, and said we have a scientific book written on dreams, which explains the causes of them. "Ah!" said he disconsolately, "so have we, and it gives the meaning of each dream, and this is a *very bad* one."

We have been much interested in a poor artillery man who had both hands blown off some time ago, and his eyes much injured His sight is now quite recovered, and there is much reason to hope that this misfortune has been the means of bringing him to God. He was always extremely well conducted. He told Captain Conran the other day that he had just been thinking what a blessing it was that he had lost his two hands. For a man to say this spontaneously, shows, I think, that he has had his eyes opened to see those great realities which make all earthly afflictions as dust in the balance. I sent him the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Bunyan's Life," and Captain C. told me it was interesting to see him holding the book open and turning the leaves with his *elbows*. An Afghán came who had behaved most faithfully during the disasters at Kabúl, so we kept him all day and feasted him at night. He is a most intelligent man, thoroughly understood the whole Afghán business, and marvelled at the incomprehensible blunders of the English commanders. He is of the Isḥák Khail near Kandáhar,

and is the first Afghán I have seen who wears his hair long. He was well dressed, with a turban, half of his hair brought forward over one shoulder and half over the other nearly down to his waist, "like the hair of women," Rev. ix. 8. By-the-by, I must tell you a fact I do not think you have heard. When my husband was sent by Akbar to negotiate with General Pollock, he was present in the General's tent when an Arab arrived from Fattih Jang, who was then holding out the Bálá Hissar against the Chiefs, after the death of Shah Shujáh. He sent to say that it was impossible for him to hold out more than a month, as his ammunition was failing, and that if the British did not aid him by that time he must surrender. General Pollock said: "Tell him that within three weeks my guns shall be heard in the Khurd Kábúl Pass." Having thus pledged himself, he was bound to redeem his own and the national honour, but he did not do so—Lord Ellenborough can best give the reason. Fattih Jang held out for *five* weeks, and then gave up the fort. Is it any wonder that such a proceeding blackened our faces in the eyes of the Afgháns. Do you remember what Mr. Clerk wrote? "Deploring as I constantly do the *hatred* and *contempt* in which our name as a nation is now held throughout Central Asia," &c., and can you wonder at it?

Loodiana, May 26th, 1847.

The hot weather has now so completely set in, that for the last month I have never left the house save before seven A.M. and after seven in the evening. From my frequent visits to Hasan Khán's family, where I can go when it is cool, I see, as you may suppose, a good deal of "Life in the Harem," and would undertake to

refute authoritatively, as I always felt inclined to do on *prima facie* grounds, the fine theories of Mr. Urquhart regarding the superior happiness of Muhammadan women. What *can* a man know of the matter! Did he go about visiting in the form of an old woman? Had he friends and acquaintances in half a dozen Zenánás? Would any Musalmání woman speak freely to a Feringhí, even if he did obtain speech with her, or are the Turks to be taken as competent and impartial witnesses as to the relative happiness of their wives. It is presumption for him ever to talk of a Musalmání's feelings: I will flap him out of the field with the end of a purdah. I do not think their secluded life makes them objects of pity. They are hardly more devoid of excitement than I am myself; they see their female friends and their dearest male relations, and the tie between brother and sister seems to be very strongly felt by them; but it is not in human nature to be content with being only the fourth part of a man's wife. They are far from viewing the matter as we do, and I should suppose Hasan Khán's Zenáná a favourable specimen, as both Leila Bibí and Bibí Jí seem very good-tempered and very friendly to one another. Still, as no man can love two or more women equally, and as no woman can bear that another should share her husband's affections, I plainly see there are heart-burnings innumerable, even in this family. Leíla Bibí is the favourite; she is a very pretty, merry, clever little creature, who laughs and talks with Hasan Khán much as an English wife would do. He is evidently very fond of her, but he takes not the smallest notice of poor Bibí Jí, who says nothing, but has an expression sometimes in her face which pains me to see. Luckily for her she does not seem at all a sensitive

person; she is a good, warm hearted creature, who is very much obliged for any little kindness, but not very bright. But then she has a little girl, and Leila Bibí, who has been married four years, has none. It is the old story of Hannah and Peninnah over again: the one is so anxious for children, and the other indirectly boasts of hers, by always talking of children and pitying people who have none.

It is surprising how we manage to talk, considering my want of knowledge of Hindustání. The other morning I was alone with Leila Bibí and a servant. Leila Bibí asked me about marriages in our country; I explained the ceremony to her, and then she said, "Only one Mem Sahib to one Sahib!" "*Of course*, only one." The servant loudly applauded so excellent a plan, and Leila Bibí said, with a little pout and in a pitiful tone, "My Sahib has got six! four at Kábúl, and the Governor-General has promised to apply for them!" I fear when they come there will be great difficulty in reconciling the claims of the 'auld love' and the new, the one of noble birth, whose wisdom and prudence her husband extols so highly, and the young, pretty creature, who now has things all her own way, as much, at least, as any one can have under such a disciplinarian as Hasan Khán,—for with all his warm feelings, the savage nature of the lion peeps out whenever he is in any way provoked.

Leila Bibí's brother, a very nice polite boy of eleven years old, who is very kind to little "Fatima" (whom he coaxes and pets as if he were her nurse), and as gentle and quiet as a tame mouse, let one of my books fall this morning: Hasan Khán picked it up, and then deliberately gave the poor boy a slap on his cheek as hard as he could. The child said nothing, though I am

sure any English boy of his age would have roared. I was so angry that I shook the Khán by the sleeve, and only wished I could have spoken Persian enough to have "flyted" him. By-the-by, every Afghán is a living refutation of the favourite English idea, that boys must be sent away from home to make them manly. All the great men of our own country in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries were brought up at home; and here, under our own eyes, we see one of the most manly races in the world brought up in the Zenána almost exclusively among women, and therefore as boys wholly devoid of the bearishness and odious manners which characterize most English boys from ten to twenty. The only bad result of the presence of the boy in the gynæcium is, that they talk of *everything* before him just as if he were not there; and although very modest in behaviour, they are much more unrestrained in speaking of many subjects than any of our own countrywomen I have ever known, though I have heard wonderful stories of what "Indian" ladies will say. Hasan Khán is sometimes very rough to his little child, and last night, having detected Leila Bibí with a necklace of sweet-scented flowers, which I had strictly forbidden her to touch as she is taking homœopathic medicine, I held out her hand to Hasan Khán, in joke, for chastisement. He was laughing at her being detected, but, to my annoyance, gave her poor little hand such a hard slap as must have hurt her very much.

The Khán was eating his supper when I arrived the other evening, in the court-yard, with a white metal tray with three or four dishes on a teapoy before him. He had a chair and a spoon brought for me, and we eat lovingly out of the same dish, he picking out bits of

meat (very nice roasted mutton cut in small pieces) with his fingers for me. When he had finished, Bibí Jí, who waited on him, brought a little thing like a teapot without a handle, made of metal, and enamelled in blue, green, and white: he drank water out of the spout of it, which is the usual Afghán fashion. He is very polite to me, brings all I want, and always escorts me to the gate on foot. I thought how amused you would have been, could you have seen me gravely eating kabobs with Hasan Khán, or driving home in the buggy, with one Saís to lead the horse, another (Baidullah) to take care of me, and escorted by Leila Bibí's brother on horseback, and the Peshkhidmat with a blazing torch on foot, all at full speed.

I happened to go one morning to the house of one of the native Catechists, when they were engaged in family worship. The Catechist prayed most fervently in Hindustaní, and it was pretty to see his little children, an old grey-headed woman, with his wife, and the wife of another Catechist who is absent, all scattered about the floor, with the head, in the Native fashion, resting on the knees, an attitude that would give most Europeans a fit of apoplexy.

Our Havildar Major is from Oud. C. explained to him the other day that we had no holy days, except the Sabbath, and that ought to be consecrated wholly to God. He said, "Ah! in my country we also observe the Sunday—we eat no salt on that day."

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfráz Khán, came to see us the night before last, and brought with him a Saiad, or holy man, the bearer of a letter from Muhammad Shah Khán, who saved my husband's life at Sir William MacNaghten's murder. Since the death of his son-in-law, Akbar, whose property, to the amount,

it is said, of seven laks, he carried off, he has been at open war with the Amir, Dost Muhammad, who has lately taken and razed his fort of Baddiábad (where the hostages and captives were confined), and obliged Muhammad Shah to fly to the mountains of the Kaffirs, in all probability descendants of Alexander the Great's army, and inhabit the Hindu Kush range, to the north of the plains of Jellálabad and Laghmán (Hindu Kush means Hindu killer, the mountains being nearly inaccessable, but with delicious valleys between). The poor Khán in extremity writes a loving letter to C., reminding him that they had always been friends, and wishing to know if that friendship continues. According to their custom, when they are doubtful as to the relation they stand in towards any one, he had given the Saiad a token, whereby he should know my husband's disposition towards him.

The Saiad began,—"Muhammad Shah Khán says to you, when you were in peril of life by the fort of Mahmud Khán, how did I behave?"

C. immediately answered, "When the sword was raised to strike me, he put his arm round my neck, and took the cut on his own shoulder."

And thus the Saiad knew that he was willing to acknowledge the service, and not as some of their own countrymen would have done, deny that he had ever seen such a person. C. told him that Muhammad Shah Khán had been a bitter enemy, but always an open one, and therefore he would meet him in battle without enmity, and if he came to his house would treat him as a friend, and make a feast for him. Is not this like a little bit of the olden time?

C. has been writing letters vigorously the last two days, endeavouring to get justice done to some of the

many Afghans and refugees who have received little or no thanks at our hands for their fidelity and services. They all viewed Shah Shujah as our tool (which he undeniably was), and in sacrificing everything in his cause they served us and not him. I will just give you two or three instances of the way in which they have been rewarded by our short-sighted economy.

First there is the Shahzádeh Shápur, who, after being proclaimed King at Kabúl, and being foolish enough (the gallant boy was but sixteen) to trust to the repeated assurances given to him and the friendly chiefs that the army would at least winter at Kabúl, found, when too late, that he had been made a mere stalking horse, and was left to shift for himself as he best could. After the retreat of the army the Shahzádeh was attacked and plundered, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeded in escaping with life and honour to Hindustán, where the Government assigned him the paultry allowance of 400 rupees a month for his mother, himself, his brother Nadir, and a host of ruined dependents.

Again, Ali Reza Khán, the Kazzilbásh, whose exertions as Chief-Commissariat Agent at Kabúl were the means of supplying the force, came here yesterday from Lahore, quite weary with waiting for justice. The Government owe him the sum of 30,000 rupees, which he cannot get paid; he lost in our service between two and three laks, and although he has a pension of 400 rupees a month, it is wholly swallowed up in paying interest for money, which, owing to his Government bad debt, he has been obliged to borrow.

Then again, there are some Afghan soldiers of Sáleh Muhammad's to whom Major Pottinger gave a paper,

pledging the Government to employ them permanently, in reward for their services in the liberation of the captives. When they got to Kabúl they were talked into accepting, or rather *ordered to receive, four months' pay* instead of perpetual service; and now, when having nothing else to live on, they apply for employment, and produce the paper given them by Major Pottinger, they are told that their claims, which are still *morally* valid, cannot be listened to, because they are of five years' standing. How could these poor men apply when Lord Hardinge was in Calcutta, and they had no one to speak for them? Why, for the sake of saving a few thousand rupees, should the Government act as petty pedlars, chaffering about strict dues, and evading *all* claims that are not *legally* valid, and many that are so, instead of rewarding in a liberal and generous spirit (which would be the best policy) those who have sacrificed everything to their fidelity to our cause? As Hasan Khan truly said, "It does not become a great Government to *dole* out its gifts and rewards."

That long-haired Afghán, who came the other day, told us that on the retreat from Kabúl he had escaped by passing himself off as a servant of Shujah-u-Doulah, and he himself heard Akbar Khan cry out in Persian, "Cease firing! Do not touch the English!" and then add in Pushtu, "Slay them! Slay them!" This he related as a piece of information, not knowing that C. was aware of it. Major Pottinger, soon after they had been given up as hostages, turned to my husband and said: "M., remember, if I am killed, that I heard Akbar Khán desire his people to slay the English in Pushtu, though he was calling to them to stop firing in Persian."

May 26th.—A present from Ali Reza Khán came;

we had before told him that it was impossible to accept it on account of the Government regulations, but he wished me at least to *see* the things. It was grievous to be obliged to refuse them, they were so pretty,—a beautiful Kashmir shawl, with pattern all over it, a green Kashmir scarf, and a little poshtin or jacket made of drakes' feathers, so pretty and glossy. Ah! what sacrifices public duty requires when one may not take a little jacket of duck's feathers! Atta Mahamúd brought me a very pretty piece of pink crape sometime ago, and was so grieved at our refusing it, that yesterday I determined we should take something. He sent us half a small cheese which he had just received from Lahor. On C. telling the messenger he was much obliged and would eat it, the man answered in their usual primitive fashion, "Stuff yourself well!"

One of C.'s orderlies belonged to Woodburn's force, when, near Ghazni, Captain Woodburn and most of his men were cut to pieces. This man was among those taken prisoners—was carried about to different parts of Afghánistan as a slave, and was in the mountains just above Istálif at the very time General M'Caskill took that place. He said that all the mountains in that part are full of Hindustáni, Ghurkás, and even some English prisoners, Sepáhis, camp followers, &c. The Subádar of his own company, who, at the time of Captain Woodburn's murder, killed several Afgháns with his own hand before he was captured, was kept in chains and extremely ill treated for a long while, and at last sent off with many other of our unfortunate men to Balkh, in Turkistan, *where they now are.* It was in vain that Major Pottinger urged General M'Caskill to wait only three days at Istalif, when all these prisoners would have been brought

in, he would not take the responsibility of doing so; neither would General Pollock, fettered as he was by Lord Ellenborough's vehement injunctions to retreat, take the responsibility of allowing him to remain. It is very odd that people have no fear of "responsibility" for doing *nothing*. The fact is they fear *blame*, for *responsibility* must be borne whether they like it or not. The consequence is that, to our great disgrace, numbers of our faithful soldiers and fellow-subjects are pining in slavery to this very hour. The orderly himself only escaped with a comrade of his a year and a half ago; they entered the Amballa Police Battalion, from which they were transferred to our regiment.

June 2nd 1847.—Thermometer 87½° with Phankah and Tatties. We heard yesterday of Sir John Davies's Expedition against the forts at Canton—the Chinese having of late been behaving in "*ane bangstrie*" manner, that is a word I have stolen or adopted from Mr. Cameron, who found it lately in an old Scottish document, and truly says, "it is too good to be allowed to perish." Is it not a delightful word? You seem to see the Chinese banging about and making a huge noise like doors in a high wind, and then you see the very dust fly out of them as they get the banging their bangstrie doings brought upon them.

Shahpúr Shahzadeh has twice sent us a present of early melons; they are small, but very nice—some with pale-green pulp especially. I do not know if there are such in England. One of my poor goats has been seized by a wolf close to the house, in broad daylight, and bitten on the neck. They tied up the wound with ním leaves, which are very healing. The Ayah gave the alarm, but the wolf got off. Last year one carried off an infant as it lay sleeping by its mother

outside the house; the poor goat, I am happy to say, is recovering. The Nizám-u-Doulah paid us a visit last evening. He made some observations about my industry, for I was working at something for C.'s horse. C. said that sometimes he thought I did too much. "Ah!" said the Nizám, "for a person of intelligence it is a grief not to work; but let her take two or three pearls, pound them very fine, and then mix them well with water containing a little gold and a little silver; let her drink that, and it will cure her of that hot zeal of heart which makes her overwork herself. Thus it is written in books of Grecian science," I could hardly believe that this exceedingly clever, clear-headed man (whom Sir William Macnaghten always spoke of as the most intellectual, sound-minded Asiatic he had ever known, in which verdict my husband fully coincides) should have gravely recommended so droll a prescription.

You see I have but very small incidents to relate, but I think even trifles are worth recording if they help to give you an idea of the people or country. I am often reminded of that excellent distinction between stupidity and ignorance, "on est âne par disposition, on est ignorant par défaut d' instruction"—for the Afghans, though fully equal to Europeans in natural capacity, make the most ludicrous mistakes as to what is possible or not, simply from being too ignorant to form any judgment in the matter. They therefore jump to a conclusion (Dean Swift would say, "like the ladies in England"). For instance, nothing but a firm trust in my husband's veracity induced Hasan Khán to believe the possibility of an electric telegraph, and yet he shortly afterwards inquired if we had not a machine which enabled us to see *through* mountains, and would

have believed any one who had confirmed his precocious idea that we had such a thing. I have just heard a very shocking thing which proves the opinion of the European soldiers as to the behaviour of H. M.'s 62nd. Poor things! there was great excuse for them. Of the men of the 62nd, who, on the corps quitting India, volunteered into other regiments, four committed suicide, stung to the quick by the taunts and jeers of their new comrades. One was in H. M.'s 10th, another in the 53rd, a third in the 80th, and a fourth in some other.

The people of the annexed Sikh states on both sides the Satlej are prospering under our rule. One proof of it is, that waste lands, which were the common property of everybody, are now become so valuable for agricultural purposes, that they are incessant objects of litigation. The people here used a short time since to import grain for their own use; now, like Sind, they export. Traffic is so much increased, that the value of the ferry tolls has risen immensely; and Hasan Khán told us that he had been talking to some people from the Jalander Doáb (which is situated between the Satlej and the Biás), and they all declared that their falling into the hands of the British was the most fortunate event that could have happened for their interests. They seem to look upon taxes as ridiculously low; and although on this side the Satlej I believe the assessment is nominally rather higher than it was before, yet, of course, a man would rather pay 10*l.* than be assessed at 5*l.* and plundered of 20*l.*, which was pretty much their condition when under the Lahore government.

The servants are a constant source of amusement to me. For instance:—the other day I peered through

the screen, and found the bearer in the next room lying flat on his back in the middle of the floor, and pulling the Phankah in that fashion. They often pull the string with their toes. The heat the last few days has been very great: it was 90° in this cool room at half past nine last night.

I take three lessons a week from a Munshí. Hindustani seems to me a very harsh language, full of gutterals and aspirates: the German *ch* is the softest of the Urdu gutterals, and there is one which I despair of,—in fact, they say none but an Arab can pronounce it properly: then there are innumerable specimens of of b'h, t'h, d'h, gh, and kh, and double aspirates without number. The word for "good," which is the only way of saying thank you, is "Ach-ha," which, if properly pronounced, sounds very much like a sneeze. The verb is sent to the end of the sentence, as in German; the verbs are simple and easy, with a very full complement of tenses. The prepositions and verbs vary their gender like nouns and adjectives; and the nouns and adjectives are declined like in German. Hindustáni is a mere *lingua franca* for the different races which inhabit this great peninsula. It is composed of Persian and Hindui, and to the south it has Mahratti and to the north Panjabi words mixed with it. They say Persian is a very beautiful language, but most of the Afgháns speak it as they do Pushtu; so that it gives a stranger about as much idea of the sound as the broadest Scotch would of polite English. I am learning to write the Persian characters, but, as usual, find it much more difficult to read them.

Saiad Murtezá, who was sent by Alí Reza Khan (at Mohan Lal's suggestion) to Bamián, to negotiate the release of the hostages and captives with Sáleh Mu-

hammad, was with us yesterday. He is a Kashmiri, and except for some defect in the shape of the mouth, is an extremely handsome man, full of intelligence. His young grown-up son, who is very gentlemanly, wrote a few lines as a specimen of penmanship,—an art much prized in this country. He also embosses words, flowers, and birds on paper, with his thumb nail, in a most skilful manner. The way in which Murtezá Shah happened to be here yesterday was this: —He lent a certain man 5000 rupees, and received a house in pledge. Now his debtor refuses to pay, and Saiad Murtezá cannot sell the house to reimburse himself, as it does not legally belong to him. If he bring the matter into Court, he will have five per cent. to pay as fees, and five per cent. more as a reward to the judges for doing justice. Is not this last a very wonderful regulation? The Court here is said to be one of the most corrupt in India; and thus, although Murtezá Shah's papers are most clear, the agreement being witnessed by the Kotwál (or native Mayor) himself, his chance of getting justice would be very doubtful; for not only is the Deputy Commissioner completely in the hands of natives, but he never makes an example of a man who is convicted of perjury, and therefore false witness flourishes.

Under these circumstances, Murtezá Shah went yesterday morning to the Deputy Commissioner to consult about this suit. C. happened to be present. Murtezá Shah, like all the Afgháns, spoke freely, as one man would to another, but in a very moderate manner, and with great courtesy, as his manners are excellent. Captain L., with the impertinence but too common among Englishmen towards the poor, their servants, and all whom they imagine to be in any way

beneath them, would hardly listen, leant back in his chair, repeating, "I can't do anything, I can't do anything," and at last cried imperiously, "Jao!"—Go. Murtezá Shah departed instanter, without even making him a Salám. C. overtook him at the gate, made him get into his buggy, and brought him here. The Saiad's remark was, "What a vulgar tyrannical man!" I really think that neither Scotchmen nor Irishmen (I mean gentlemen) are so overbearing and discourteous as the universally-by-foreigners-disliked English. There! I feel better for that long German adjective, for it vexes me to see our national reputation thus tarnished by the behaviour of men who, as the Spaniards say, "have neither formality nor politeness."

The Nizám-u-Doulah, who would be remarked in any society for his perfect manners, and whose family might vie with any in Europe, speaking of the English authorities and officers here, said, "I never go near any of these people, for they don't know how to behave." And his brother-in-law, Atta Muhammad, described their behaviour in a very lively way, saying, "Whenever they see a man with a turban, they cry, 'Oh, *here's* an Afghán or a Kashmirí,' adding a most significant shrug, which implied, 'to worry me out of my life.'" Is not this the same complaint that we have so often heard from every class of persons abroad? and it has always gratified me greatly when foreigners who knew enough of the British to distinguish between them, remarked as Herr K. did, that the Scotch were so much more courteous and "zuthuend."

Khán Sahib, a nephew of Ján Fishan Khan, brought a letter from his uncle to my husband, which out of respect was sprinkled all over with little triangular bits of gold leaf. He sent me "many compliments on

account of my virtues, affability, and excellent qualities." I could hardly reply with proper gravity when this speech was translated to me.

Sahib Khán is going on to Peshawur to seek his fortune, and on taking leave yesterday, asked C. for some money, as he had none for his journey. They always ask each other for aid when they want it: C. of course gave him some, for if he were to ask any money from Ján Fishán Khán, that gallant Chief would borrow it at a high interest, and lend it to him without any. Murteza Shah, too, though he knows that my husband has little means of being of service to him, volunteered the other day to supply him with any sum he might want.

Last night we had a dust-storm, which convinced me that the accounts I have heard of people having candles for two or three hours in the daytime were in nowise exaggerated. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the sun of course high, when it suddenly became very dark. I had just time to shut my ink bottle, and throw a handkerchief over my work, when it became so dark that we went groping about as at midnight. The dog ran up against me without seeing me, and I only found where my husband was by his voice, it was impossible to see one's own hand. It lasted about two hours. C. told my poor old Ayah that thus would the Day of Judgment come, suddenly as a thief in the night. She seemed awe-struck. He afterwards spoke to Vazírá, the Sirdár bearer, who is a Muhammadan, and to one of the Phankah bearers, a Hindu, on the same subject, and told them of Christ as the only Saviour of men. They both listened with apparent interest and awe. Vazírá said he knew that Jesus was a great prophet, but

this all Muhammadans grant; they even believe that he was miraculously born of a Virgin. C. added, that idolators on that dreadful day would have no friend. The bearer said "that is Truth."

I had a drive yesterday morning with C. very early, and saw a magnificent tree, called Amaltás, with broad leaves and a rich gold coloured flower, like a Brobdignag laburnum. We passed a drove of asses laden with melons; just as one happened to fall out of the bundles, C. called to the driver to make him remark it. The man immediately picked it up, ran after us, and thrust it into the Sáís's hand. Was not this very courteous? It is curious to see Hasan Khán with Súrmá on his eyes, and the soles of his feet stained with Henna. An orderly, who escorted me in my morning walk the other day, had his eyes carefully tinged with the Surmah, and the palms of Múrteza Shah's hands were dyed with Henna. Old men frequently dye their beards red, which has a most ludicrous effect.

On returning from my early walk a few days ago, I found a graceful little creature in nearly tight blue trousers and white veil, who after making salám stood with her hands joined together as if to make some petition. I inquired who she was. Sepáhi Kí Bibi, answered the khidmatgars, bearer, ayah and orderlies with one voice. A soldier's wife, or rather "lady." When I asked what she wanted, every man answered in chorus, laying his hand on his stomach, to signify that it was empty (their invariable gesture, as I afterwards found, whenever they want either pay or a present). I jumped to the conclusion that she was sick, but fortunately Jacob explained that she wanted me to ask the Sáhib to make her husband a Jemádar.

I told her that I could not interfere in anything regarding the regiment; that if the man was a good man he might promote him, but that even all the good men in the regiment could not be made Jemádars: that she might wait and speak to the Sáhib herself, but that he was not pleased when people came to ask him for promotion. When he returned, she wisely said nothing about the Jemadarship, but only complained that the subsistence allowance of two annas a day was not enough for her husband, herself, and two other wives! which one could easily believe. C. told her that he had applied for the pay for his men, and as soon as the answer came from Calcutta they would get their arrears, which I dare say consoled the poor little woman.

The Bábú (as C.'s regimental English writer is styled) is a Turk, born at Hirát. He generally wears the high black Persian cap, just like a pastile, but once or twice he has appeared in a preposterously huge white turban, which looked exactly as if the sheepskin cap were the bud, which had expanded into this monstrous flower. He has received an English education, and, as one of the results of education without religion, is an infidel, if not an Atheist. Jacob one day lent him a tract, in which there was a verse of Newton's beginning, "Oh, sinner, art thou still secure." He threw it from him with every mark of anger, and walked out of the room without saying a word. But Jacob loses no opportunity of speaking to him, and returns to the charge again and again. I forgot to mention that the sand storm the other evening was of a deep red colour, something like a very red fog in London. This is a rare thing, and Mr. Blackall tells me it has much disquieted the superstitious natives.

His old bearer said, he had never seen a red storm since the Siege of Bhurtpur, but another added, that there was one just before the Gwalior Campaign. By-the-by, what do you think of a military man in high office here, and who has seen service, spelling campaign without a *g!* Báedullah cut his wrist very badly yesterday, but that excellent *Matico,* or "Soldier's Herb," stopped the bleeding at once. One of Hasan Khán's men happened to bring a tray of melons from his master just as C. was bathing and bandaging the wound. Báedullah, who had suffered a great deal of pain, and doubtless felt weak, walked away with a languid, feeble air, which in such a huge creature was a little ridiculous. The Afghán, who had watched the whole operation, looked after him with much contempt, and then turning to my husband said: "These Hindustánís are so 'Názúk,' tender. In Afghánistan we get wounds of all kinds from our enemies, wounds from swords, and from guns, and from stones, and never care a bit. Here we are obliged to be quiet for fear of the Sáhib Lóg (the lordly people, *i. e.* the British), but if it were not for them we would soon make short work with some of these folks." C. told him that Afghánistan was soaked with blood, and that from every man's blood a voice went up before the throne of God. He seemed struck by that, and when C. asked him if that was not more likely to bring down a curse than a blessing upon a country, he at once acknowledged that it was. By-the-by, both Hasan Khán and Múrteza Shah's son have accepted Persian Testaments. C. also sent one to Muhammad Shah Khán. If it does him no good, it may fall in the way of some one else.

A man came here the other day who rendered good

service to my husband when he and the other hostages and captives were on their way to Bámián, and as they then believed, to almost hopeless slavery in Turkistan. His name is Ahmed Khán, a brother of Mahmúd, the Herâtí servant of Major Pottinger, and afterwards of Major Broadfoot. When the insurrection broke out at Kabúl, the two brothers, who were on leave in Kohistán, became objects of much suspicion, and saved their lives by enlisting with Saleh Mahomed. They thus came to be among the guards at Bámián. He begged C. to take no notice of him, as it would render him suspected, and then quietly managed to supply Jacob with such provisions as he could get—sometimes a few eggs, sometimes a fowl, &c. He is now a Sáwár in Captain Quin's regiment of Irregular Horse.

Jacob caught one of the most monstrous creatures I ever beheld just outside the house. It is not very unlike a locust carved in ivory, only it has six legs to its body, and four more smaller legs to support its huge head. It has hideous nippers, with which it laid hold of a pen and shook it most fiercely. C. declared, from its ugliness and malice, that it must be the soul of a Pope, or an Inquisitor-General. I was told it was a species of Mantis.

I told you that one effect of an officer putting himself into the hands of natives is, that he is sure to be accused of bribery. I have just heard a fresh proof of it. Captain L., whom my husband believes to be a most honourable man, is yet considered corrupt by all the natives; for not only was he completely infatuated by a very clever Munshi, but when this man was convicted of having taken bribes to an enormous amount, and sentenced to a lengthened imprisonment, Cap-

tain L. had the imprudence to continue his monthly salary of 100 rupees, and of course all the natives say that he dared not do otherwise, lest the Munshi should betray him.

So great is the vanity of some people, that they seem to consider it a personal insult if either a hint or a proof is offered that any of *their* people are dishonest or corrupt; and as they choose thus to identify themselves with their underlings, they are most completely identified with them by general opinion.

A committee sat the other day to examine the arms supplied for the use of his regiment. The President of the Committee, after carefully examining them, remarked that they were only fit to be broken up. The muskets were old and worn out, so that it would be impossible to fire them; out of 360 only 188 could be found not *utterly* useless. The sewing of the belts gave way at the first touch, and the sheaths of the bayonets were so bad that the first shower of rain would complete their destruction. Imagine supplying a regiment with such arms and accoutrements. At the first meeting of the Committee, the President was the only officer there, the two juniors, according to the custom of the Bengal army, thinking it too much trouble. C., being accustomed to the strict discipline of Madras, where, if an officer did such a thing, he would be reprimanded in orders, or ordered to attend every day, at twelve o'clock, at his commanding officer's quarters, in full uniform, for a week at least, expressed his astonishment to Major F., who is an active and excellent officer, but who, having been brought up in this lax school, was astonished at C.'s astonishment, and asked if he really meant to say that he always attended a committee when appointed to it; and,

when answered in the affirmative, declared that, of all the committees he had been on he had never attended more than two or three.

Such is the lax discipline of the Bengal army. Yet the *men* are naturally so martial, and at the same time so docile and so gentlemanly, that their efficiency is unimpaired by it, and they are undoubtedly the finest Sepáhis in India.

June 17th.—Will you believe that in this weather, with the rains just setting in, and the thermometer at 91° in our cool sitting-room, C. has just received an order to return all the extra tents which he got for his men? In all regiments one tent is allotted to each company; but Lord Hardinge chooses to allow only half that number to the Frontier Brigade, and as they have no huts, C. retained the full number of tents, which he had got possession of before this absurd order came. By the end of this month he expects his regiment will be raised to its full complement, 800 rank and file, who are to be crammed into five tents, each tent being fitted to hold only eighty men.

Dr. Walker, the surgeon of the regiment, has made an official report to my husband of the great hardships the men have suffered from being exposed to the heat and sand-storms in tents, and from having no hospital. It has produced numerous cases of ophthalmia. Even the sick have no shelter but a tent; a dust storm comes and blows it down, and they are left exposed till morning; and remark, moreover, that after authorizing Khalasis, Lord Hardinge has withdrawn them, so that there is no one to take care of or pitch the tents. Dr. Walker is in temporary charge of the 70th Native Infantry, who are properly sheltered, and he gave the following abstract of the state of the two regiments, showing the suffering entailed on our poor men.

The daily average in hospital for the week ending June 11th, 71st Native Infantry, $13\frac{1}{4}$; 4th Frontier-Brigade, 26.

The ratio per cent. (the 71st having its full complement) was, 71st Native Infantry, $1\frac{4}{7}$ per cent.; 4th Frontier-Brigade, 4 per cent.

In the 71st hospital there is only one case of ophthalmia, caused by an accident. In the 4th regiment of Frontier-Brigade hospital, there are six cases of opthalmia, none arising from accident.

# CHAPTER VII.

Jacob's Illness.—Committee on Flour.—Three Kinds.—A Wedding.—Hasan Khân's Friendship.—Rudeness.—Jacob's Death.—Last Letter.—Funeral.—Sufferings of Regiment.—Rains. —"Nelson."—Temperance.—Panjâbis on Female Education.—Retrenchments.—Serai.—Prince Teimur.—Little Bird.—Scenes in the City.—Insects.—Cleaning Cotton.—Blacksmith.—Paying the Regiment.—Elephants.—New-born Afghân.—Old Ayah.—Munshi's English.—Fort.—Disgrace at Baddiwâl. — Kashmiris. — Inquirers. — Soldier. — Harmony among Christians.—Newspapers.—The Prince of Spies.—Sepâhi and Peasant's Wife.—Shah Shujah.—Legend from the Kuran.—Snake.—Elephants,—Full Dress Night Shirt.—Government Regulation and Coffins.—A Charm.—Barsâti.—Fireworks.—Selling Children.—Murders.—Shiâhs and Sunís.—Compliance with Native Superstitions.—Cat Hunt.—Loose Horse.—The Four Friends.—Musalmân Orthodoxy.—The Ramazân.—Afghân Noble in Distress.—Anakims.

June 18, 1847.—Poor Jacob was taken suddenly very ill yesterday, with violent fever, and I grieve to say he is not any better to-day, although there has been a favourable change in the weather, the first rain having fallen last night, and some more this morning. As, however, the hot wind has disappeared, we can no longer use the Tatties, and are therefore hotter in the house (the thermometer is 91°), though at the same time we have the pleasure of having most of our windows open. We had a fresh breeze until ten o'clock, which was a great comfort.

June 19th.—Yesterday the hot wind came back, so it was cool and comfortable in the house. We were

in great anxiety about poor Jacob, but to-day he seems decidedly better, though still very seriously ill. Three native officers are now sitting in this very room in committee, upon a brass dish of flour, which is placed at their feet. One of them is the old senior Subádár I told you of; another is a Hindu, with only a little moustache, fat and sleek as a banker (I think he must be of their caste); the third is a very intelligent-looking man, with high marked features, a Sikh. C. is just now making a speech, to which the Chowdrí listens with his eyes cast up like a martyr, the Havildar Major with his eyes cast down like a schoolboy hearing his next neighbour fearfully lectured, and the three officers with much attention, and I hope edification.

The Havildar Major amused me by making what I suppose was a statement of facts, and when he had finished, curling up all his toes backwards. You cannot imagine what an expressive action it was.

Three different kinds of flour are made from the same wheat. The wheat is ground between two stones; the coarsest part, which makes brown bread, is called "Attah," and is that on which the people principally live; the finest, which is very white, and reduced to an almost impalpable powder, is called "Maidá;" and the most precious of all, which is merely the heart of the wheat, which from its hardness, instead of being reduced to powder is more like very fine grain, is called Sují. Their relative value a little time since was exactly 3, 5, and 7. Three sirs of Suji being worth seven of Attah. We now get 22¼ sirs of Attah for the rupee. The sir is equal to a quart. Sugar is almost as dear in England, about 1½ sir of sugar candy, or 3 of very fine soft sugar, for the rupee. There is no loaf sugar.

C. was obliged to go the other day to his Adjutant's wedding: I declined on account of the heat. It is quite à l'Indienne, for they only met three times before they engaged themselves. Mr B., the Chaplain, who was deprived of his license for a time for licensing the marriage of a lady with her own brother-in-law, is so scrupulous in unimportant points, that he insisted on this unfortunate pair being married before twelve o'clock. Imagine such a thing in this weather. There was a breakfast with quantities of champagne, and from which C. escaped as soon as he could, and the evening concluded with a Polka party, which lasted till *after dawn*, even the bride remaining until that hour. If any one were made to undergo all this, what cruelty and slavery it would be thought.

I must give you a trait of Hasán Khán's generosity, and his attachment to my husband. C. happened to mention our debts, he asked some questions as to their amount, and then said gravely, "You must take 200 of my 600 a month until they are paid off." When C. replied that he could not think of such a thing, but that it was more than many a brother would do, he answered very earnestly, "Don't say such words to me, but take the money." How many of one's friends would offer a third of their income to free one from debt?

The Nizám-u-Doulah came this evening in great indignation and perplexity, having just received a notification, worded in the most uncivil manner, from the Deputy-Commissioner, that, owing to instructions from Láhore, "Muhammad Usmán Khán, pensioner," was to have his pension stopped till further orders, without affording the smallest clue to the reason of this proceeding. C. promised to write immediately to Láhore on the subject. Captain —'s missive was peculiarly insult-

ing from the position of the seal (a huge official seal), stuck at the top, as if it had been a King writing to a Kuli, common politeness requiring the seal to be placed at the bottom of the page, or at the back of the letter.

Hasán Khán on hearing of this, although he does not like the Nizam-u-Doulah, expressed great indignation at such treatment, and seemed to think no one's pension was safe under such a Government.*

Captain C. took tea with us, and exhorted us not to give up hope about our good Jacob, whom the doctor considers in great danger.

Sunday, June 20th.—We sent to beg Mr. Rudolph to pray for Jacob in the congregation: his pulse was now soft and intermittent, though very quick, and his mouth partly open. Late in the evening Mr. Porter and Mr. Rudolph came to see him, and I am sure they prayed for him, though he was too weak for them to pray with him. He is moved out into the open air every night, as he prefers it; but the heat is so extreme, that I can hardly bear to go out even at nine o'clock. I think the house far cooler.

On Monday night C. was roused by the servants (three or four of whom were sleeping or watching round Jacob) by the alarming intelligence that he was quite delirious. We both got up and found that what they call symptomatic hydrophobia in a slight form had set in; his strength was extraordinary, his teeth clenched, his eyes wild, and he endeavoured to bite those near him. C. spoke to him of Jesus, which quieted him; we gave him Belladona, and you may imagine how earnestly we prayed that Satan might not gain any advantage over him. He had but one more slight

* The Nizám soon after got back his pension, as there was no ground for withholding it.

paroxysm after this. He would not suffer his dear master to leave him, but held him by the hand, and when C. asked if his faith were strong in Christ, he squeezed his hand and nodded He then struggled greatly to say something to Baedullah, who was sitting by him. He pointed to his heart, and then to heaven, as if he wished to exhort him to believe in Jesus if he would be saved; and full well did Baedullah know his meaning, for when C. asked him if he understood what Jacob meant, he answered, "Oh yes, this is what he has been saying to me for many days." What a happiness to have spoken so fully and so conscientiously of the only way of salvation to those whom we love, that we need only remind them of our former exhortations when we come to die! How great would have been poor Jacob's anxiety, if he had deferred speaking to his old friend until sickness prevented him doing so. This was almost the last time he spoke.

I saw him at four A.M., and at six on Tuesday morning Dr. W., finding him greatly exhausted, recommended wine. Dr. C. soon after arrived. They wished him to have a vapour bath. Two of the bearers, Mrs. Rudolph's tailor, and I, set to work immediately, and soon finished a large flannel bag, in which Jacob was put, one end tied round his throat, and the other round the neck of a large pitcher of water, which was set on a portable stove at the foot of his bed. The bag was soon filled with steam, and thus he had a vapour bath while lying on his bed. He perspired profusely, but without any good result. They covered him with two quilts, and shut up the doors of the room; but the fever only increased; they put on a large blister, and at night put another at the back of his neck, and gave him an opiate; but from the moment the homœopathic treatment was

left off he grew worse, the fever returned, the inflammation extended, and the next morning C. roused me about half-past three A.M., thinking he was actually dying.

He lay apparently unconscious, the mouth half open, and breathing very hard. We continued giving him arrowroot by spoonsful every two hours, and water every now and then; he had sometimes great difficulty in swallowing, I think from weakness. This little office, which a few days before I had performed half shily, thinking the attention from my hand would gratify this faithful servant, I now felt to be an honour, for it was ministering to one who was soon to be a sharer of Christ's kingdom and glory.

Quartermaster Sergeant Wharton, who, as usual, was here at his office, fed him more cleverly than any of us, and all the servants tended him in a manner which showed how much he had won their affection. The Native doctor of the regiment, who had sat up with him all night, was most gentle and tender to him, —much more so than Dr. W., who, though kind, had I should think never been ill himself, by his ungentle movements. C. had told the servants the grounds of our strong confidence that Jacob would soon be in glory. Baedullah assented to everything his master said, as a matter of course. Vazirá, the bearer, listened earnestly, but spoke not; while the poor old Khalási answered in a melancholy tone, "We are only khidmatgars; we are only khidmatgars (servants); what should we know?" The two doctors said all must soon be over, and left. I think the effect of the opiate wore off, for there was more intelligence in the eye; and he seemed to see us, and to hear the texts which we spoke distinctly in his ear, in hope of giving

him support and comfort, but he could give no other sign.

We sat by the bed alternately or together till about eleven or twelve o'clock, when C. persuaded me to lie down. Hasan Khán came, and nearly shed tears. C. told him how it was that we knew Jacob's salvation to be secured; and an expression passed across the Afghán's face, as if he did not feel himself in a state of safety. As C. left the room, he followed him, and said earnestly, "Read to him out of your book; it will do him good; read to him from your book." C. explained, that although he had not been reading, yet he had been repeating short passages from that Holy Book, which satisfied Hasan Khán. I slept a little on the sofa, for I was very weary, till C. bade me come quickly. The hard breathing had become softer, the pulse lower, and just as I got to his bedside, the eye fixed, and with a gentle sigh our good faithful Jacob breathed his last on earth. C. said, "Jacob is in heaven," but I could hardly believe he was gone; only the chest was quite still. The Native doctor and bearer both wept; C. closed his eyes, and we bound up the falling jaw, and then I came away that they might straighten the limbs. The kind Sergeant washed and dressed the poor emaciated body.

I had been reading the Hymns on Death in Montgomery's "Christian Psalmist," while sitting by him in the morning, and that one—

"In vain our fancy tries to paint,
The moment after death,"

expressed exactly our feelings. There was nothing but joy when we thought of him who was once our servant, now being a son and heir of God, entered into his inheritance, and walking with Christ in glory. "His

name shall no more be called Jacob, but *Israel*," a Prince with God; but for us, no one can tell how we shall miss his cheerful, loving service—his watchfulness for our comfort and interests—his hearty sympathy with us, and all whom we loved—and his constant reference to the things of God. Sometimes he would bring a hymn to show me; sometimes a passage of Scripture which he did not fully understand;—he was unwearied in endeavouring to make known the Gospel to all the servants, and to every one who came within his reach; and he had won the love of all of our people by his kindness and helpfulness. There was only one inconsistency I had ever remarked in his Christian character, and that was too much attention to dress; but since he rejoined us, it had several times struck me how entirely this had disappeared.

Some of the texts wherewith we endeavoured to comfort him were:—"Let not your heart be troubled," &c., John xiv. 1—4; "Fear not, then, thou worm Jacob," &c.; and "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c.; "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," &c. &c. Near the last, one of us was almost always with him, thinking that it might be a pleasure to him to see always one whom he loved close to him. The last book he had been reading was the "Life of Harriet Newell," and in it we found a copy of an unfinished letter to his brother-in-law, which he must have written a day or two before he was taken ill. I will copy most of it for you:—

"I am happy to say my dear master keep prayers twice a day......my time passes more pleasantly than ever. I read and conversing with my fellow servants,

who I am sorry to say they are all heathens and Mamodons (Muhammadans). I am been sick about fortnight, and had 4 dozen leeches, so I am suffering with pain, sometime is better, sometime is worse, but I do not know whether my time is at hand. Therefore our duty to watch and pray always—the day will soon come, and you will see 1 Cor. chap. xv. ver. 52, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' When the followers of the Lamb are collected from the east and west, from the north and south, then that blessed Lord come to judge the world, and there is no scape from Him. He will judge us according to our works, therefore my dear Peter, this is a time to go to Jesus, who died on the tree for our sins, so let we all go to Him only. I am absent from church 2 or 3 Sabbaths on count of illness, so I went to church last Sunday. Pray do go to visit my dear sister often. Oh that Jesus would support her under all her trials —we are poor children wandering in this wilderness without parents. So I begin to think I am a very sinful man, so I myself looking to Jesus where is my *resting place*, that is to say, where is my sweet grave. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' . . . . I am nothing to say the kindness of Captain and Mrs. M. towards me. . . . . Can it be possible that I should never see you in this world? Have we then parted to meet no more this side eternity? we probably have. But what is this short separation? nothing when compared to eternal separation, which will take

place at the last day between the friends and enemies of Jesus. My dear Peter, listen, I entreat you, to a brother who lovès you, who ardently wishes for your everlasting happiness. Make the friend of sinners your friend, now while an opportunity is presented. Oh! let not the adversary of souls cheat you out of an interest in the Saviour. I hope we shall meet again, even in this world. Such be not, I hope we shall meet in heaven after death, no more to part. But we never shall, unless our hearts are renewed, and we made the friends of Immanuel in this present life. . . . . May Lord bring you all out of Popery, to the Church of Christ."

All that I have changed in this has been the spelling of a few words; the style is untouched: you will see how well he wrote English. By-the-by, when the front of his head was shaved, we were both struck with its fine intellectual conformation. Is not this letter a precious testimony of his faith? I wrote to good Captain C., who came as early as it was possible that evening, and both rejoiced and wept with us.

A young half-caste—a soldier's son who attends the Mission school—came to me for medicine, and I took him in to see this now empty temple of the Holy Ghost; and C. spoke earnestly to him in Hindustáni on the only way of salvation. They had brought the coffin, and we all helped to lift the body into it. I put a clean pillow-case on Jacob's own little pillow, and we rested his head on it. They brought me a large plantain leaf, with nearly all the remaining flowers in the garden, and we put them on his breast, and over his body. I had taken a last grasp of his hand before; it was now quite cold. Captain C., dear C., and the servants, then lifted the coffin on to the little Charpaí,

and carried the whole into the open air. It was a satisfaction to perform these last offices with our own hands; and the next morning my dear husband nailed up the coffin himself. The face was still unchanged. Hasan Khán came again in the afternoon, and earnestly entreated C. by no means to allow the body to remain in the house all night; but when he found him immovable, although he told him that all bad things came to a corpse, meaning evil spirits (little knowing how the Lord watches over the tabernacle of his saints), in the height of his friendship he valiantly said he would come and watch it himself. He would no doubt have come armed to the teeth, if C. had not told him that we meant to spend the evening in considering the word of God and in prayer.

The servants were evidently full of superstitious fears, and the old Khalási was overheard saying to another, "When he departed one of the Bamboos which supported the Jhamps (*i. e.* a kind of skreen of matting) was carried away," evidently believing that the soul had carried away the stick. "Yes," said the other, "and what is more, all the Bamboos fell down." The fact was, that a little whirlwind came which blew down one of the Jhamps. The chapter we happened to read to-day was Isaiah 57; nothing could be more appropriate, if we remember what Owen says, that "The righteous is taken away not only from the evils of judgments, but from that of temptation and sin, which oft times proves the worst of the two;" that he did "enter into peace," or go in peace, is our firm belief. Captain C. stayed with us all the evening, and the next morning at five o'clock the funeral took place. The Quarter-Master Sergeant, Wharton, who said he was so accustomed to such scenes, that he felt quite

ashamed of not feeling Jacob's death *as he ought*, the Sergeant-Major, and two other Artillerymen, bore the coffin. The Staff-Sergeant said, immediately on hearing of it, that he was sure a Company of Artillery would be too glad to volunteer their attendance to show their respect for Jacob's character, but C. thought it best to decline this. Muhammad Hasan Khán came with Abdulrahmán, son of a brother-in-law of the Nizam-u-Doulah, who out of respect arrived counting his beads, and repeating the prayers for the dead, so that he would not even shake hands with C. I put on a white dress, feeling that there ought to be nothing gloomy about Jacob's funeral, and a black silk scarf over my head. Major Fisher, and the two doctors, and good Captain C. came; Mr. Porter was the Minister on the occasion. The chapel was filled; many of our servants and of Hasan Khan's attendants were present, as well as the orphans. Muhammad Hasan Khan and Abdulrahmán sat on each side of me, the former offered to kneel when we did, but C. motioned to him to sit still. Abdulrahmán sat with his fingers in his ears the whole time; yet even on him the impression was so far favourable from the simplicity of the worship, that he remarked to Hasan Khan when it was all over, "After all there is not much difference between us and them." At any rate he saw that we were not idolators. Mr. Porter read the 15th Corinthians, expounding as he went on. That beautiful chapter never seemed to be so full of beauty and comfort before. A hymn was sung and Mr. R. prayed.

We then resumed our march to the little burying-ground. C. helped to lower the head into its last resting-place until it shall rise again in glory. Then Bishop Heber's Hymn, "Thou art gone to the

grave," was sung, that and the whole service being in Hindustaní, and it was all over. I gave each of the four Sergeants a copy of Mc Cheynes'. "This do in remembrance of me;" writing in it, "In memory of Jacob Augustine, who fell asleep in Jesus June 23rd, 1847," telling them that I had given one to him, and had found it in his desk after his death. Captain C. stayed to breakfast and dine with us, which was a great comfort. The Rani came on that very evening. Hasan Khán showed such real feeling, that his visits were quite comforting.

In the afternoon the hills were distinctly visible from our house, and a most beautiful sight they were, the highest range capped with snow, and appearing quite near, though more than 200 miles distant. C. took me out for a drive. In the night we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and we heard the next morning that C.'s poor men had been obliged to hold on outside the tents while it lasted, to prevent them from being blown down upon them. It is great cruelty keeping them in tents at such a season, particularly in Lord Hardinge, who being an old soldier, must have some idea of what a tent is. Dr. Mc C. visited our hospital tents the other day, and was so shocked at the suffering and discomfort, that he offered a vacant ward in his hospital for their accommodation, and I am happy to say they are now there, with cool and lofty shelter, and with accommodation for the native doctors and attendants, and room for the medicines, of all of which there was an utter want before. Dr. Handyside, of "Tait's Horse," on visiting them one day with the Regimental Surgeon, Dr. Walker, found those who had blisters on, with the blister completely *dressed with sand.*

June 29th.—The change in the weather is most delightful, we can now go out before sunset, and have only used the Phankah once for the last six days. It rains every day, sometimes furiously, but part of the day has always been fine. It is pleasant to see a varied cloudy sky as at home. I am very much pleased with the climate of Loodiana, which is considered one of the most healthy in India. Almost every one pitied me as we came up the country for going to "such a wretched station;" but I have seen no place I should prefer to it. It is only a few days that the thermometer has been 90° or 91° in the house, the average has been 85° (with Tattís and Phankah of course), which is by no means unpleasant; the mornings have always been cool enough to go out before sunrise, and the nights have been very bearable after ten o'clock. We have had no Phankah at night. In Bengal, the hot weather sets in two months sooner; the nights are often most oppressive, and the close stifling heat directly it ceases pouring, is not only most unpleasant but very unhealthy. The rains are the unhealthy season throughout the lower provinces. But the height of the thermometer really gives one no idea whatever of the heat which one feels. The other morning it was so chilly that I sent for a light shawl at breakfast, yet it was 79°. It is now 82°, a cloudy day with fresh breeze, a most pleasant temperature. We are sitting with all the doors and windows open, it is so cool—and though during that dreadful heat on board ship when we were becalmed, the thermometer was only 86°, yet I never felt so suffocated.

The Loodiana landscape is greatly improved by the sudden appearance of ponds in all directions—some of the roads were impassable the other evening, having

been turned into brooks, and the appearance of some of the great open spaces in and near the town was exactly that of the sea-shore, when the tide is out, the sand being *ribbed* by the water and interspersed with pools. I took a walk on the great sandy plain at the back of our house, which is now firm and pleasant to the foot, and felt quite inclined to look for the sea. Sergeant Wharton has given me a little Scotch terrier only five months old, which being bred in this country, will I hope live. His name is Nelson, by common consent contracted into "Nel," and he is the most loving little thing I ever saw, who follows my every step, and is never happy unless he is lying close to my or C.'s feet. He is a great friend of our huge bull-mastiff "Bow-wow."

Mr. Janvier returned from his missionary expedition on Saturday. He had much difficulty in getting home, on account of the water, and his buggy is still on the other side of the Nallah. He dined with us yesterday, and told me a good deal about the temperance cause, which has gained such a footing in America that hardly one Evangelical Christian in five hundred has any intoxicating liquors in his house. He says he is convinced it will spread in like manner among the Christians of Britain, and chiefly on this ground, "Not to eat meat or drink wine, or anything whereby a brother stumbleth or is offended, or is made weak." On this ground it is surely our duty, whatever our position, ladies and children as well as men, to do *all* in our power to promote this good cause. Mr. Janvier once preached a temperance sermon on the text, "Drink no longer water, &c.," in which he showed that Timothy was so entirely a total abstinence man as to require the admonition of his father Paul to

induce him to take a little wine, even when he was sick, and needed it as a medicine. Then consider, that distillation was not discovered until long after the Christian era, and you will see that no Scriptural text relating to wine can be adduced in favour of our present wines, which are half alcohol; and if even the old Jewish wine was a "mocker," so must every kind of fermented liquor be. I am sure the Missionaries here could never go through the labour they do, particularly the exposure to the sun and Bazár preaching, if they drank either wine or strong drink.

I was telling Mr. Janvier that Mr. Rudolph did not know what the polka was, which to me, who had been so weary of hearing of it, was a cause of envy. He said that, having been brought up in a pious family, he had never seen any of these things, and did not even know what kind of dance a waltz was. He said there was many in America in a similar state of happy ignorance. I should suppose from what he told us that American Christians are more separate from worldly ways and worldly society than the majority of even real Christians in England. He says that even in general society there is less dissipation in the way of going out than there used to be, and that it was never carried to such a height as it is in England, many worldly families wholly avoiding balls, &c.

July 3rd, 1847.—We have had no rain for two or three days, it is therefore very hot again; thermometer 89° in the day. But it is very pleasant when we drive out at night, neither is the heat in the daytime that close damp heat which I expected it would be. Two Punjábis called here the other day with a letter from the Sirdar Lená Sing, asking for C.'s

interest in a cause which is now before Captain ——'s court. One, a Mussalman, is Lena Sing's Munshi, a very clever-looking man, with a remarkably fine forehead and rather handsome features, but such a crafty, false expression and manner! His companion was a Sikh. C. explained the manifold writer to them. I had just been using it; so they inquired if I really wrote with it, and on receiving an affirmative answer they exclaimed, "Wonderful, that such science should be in a woman!" C. took the opportunity of impressing upon them some wholesome facts. "We educate our women," he said, "that they may be good wives and good mothers; for a man can hardly be a good man without a good mother, and, from being taught a pure religion our women remain pure-minded, and are not like the women of this country, whose minds are polluted with vice." The Munshi agreed as to the general principle, but omitted all notice of the *pure religion.*

I have lately seen some very droll Americanisms in the "Presbyterian," an excellent paper. A writer is styled "a very *handsome* author," meaning a good and clever one, and quite irrespective of his appearance, which may be the reverse of comely. A clergyman says, he "*hails*" from such a place, a very nautical metaphor. Things are "loaned," not lent. A minister advocating temperance said, that "families would be happified;" another gravely relates that he felt or looked "solemncholy," and "wrathy." "Avails" is used for proceeds or profits; and a writer says he does not know if Jenny Lind intends to sing "on her own hook;" and a minister offers to take "the stump."

An order has lately been received from head-

quarters, stating that the men transferred from the Umballa Police Battalion, old soldiers of four or five years' standing, are to be paid *as recruits*,—a great injustice to them, and very small saving to the Government. Lord Hardinge has disbanded between 20,000 and 30,000 men; among others, a Sikh battalion of Artillery, *just* raised, the men of which were real Sikhs, that people being particularly good artillerymen. C. has got about thirty of them. Another was the Bandlekand Legion, a very fine body, who volunteered for service in Sind, when the regiments of the line mutinied and refused. Another was the Shekawatti Brigade, which was almost entirely composed of robbers. They made excellent soldiers, and now being let loose will doubtless make better and more daring robbers than ever. When we were at Agra a certain petty Rajah had just been rescued from the gaol there by a party of desperate followers of his, and no sooner was the Shekawatti Brigade quite out of the way than this very individual and his men made a daring attack on the Commissariat at Nasirabad, which had been thus left defenceless, killed the feeble guard of Sepahis, and carried off all the money in the treasury. Reductions of this kind have *never* been made without the whole number disbanded being raised again from necessity, in a very short time. But there is what Mr. C. calls "financial pressure."

Last night we drove into the great Serai for native travellers. It is a very large one-storied quadrangle of low rooms, each with a separate door opening into the court. It is entered by an arched gateway, with a recess or chamber on each side for the guard in troublous times, and with a chamber above for the watch to look out. There was an interesting scene

within. Hindus and Muhammadans all peaceably together, but sitting apart from each other; some cooking, some lighting or fanning their fires, some lying on their Charpáis, some feeding their cattle. Here were patient camels; there, little rough, wretched-looking ponies, or a magnificent pair of stately white oxen, rather the worse for a long journey. Two Mussalmáns were praying on the housetop, with their figures in strong relief against the glowing evening sky; a party of travellers were just proceeding on their journey in covered bullock carts, and a strong scent of sandal-wood from one corner told that there were women within; while two Faqirs were melodiously chanting some monotonous song, and receiving alms from the temporary inmates of the Serai. The great Muhammadan sovereigns used to build magnificent Serais all along their trunk roads, partly out of policy for the encouragement of merchants or the shelter of their troops, and partly as a meritorious act of charity. Each traveller pays two pie a night, for which a charpai is provided for him, and his food is cooked, he providing the food and fuel. Those who are very poor and sleep on the ground instead of on a charpai, pay only one pice, or less than a halfpenny. Choukedars, or watchmen, move about all night to prevent thefts.

After tea, C. and I, attracted by the lovely moonlight, took a walk round our premises. Our horses, four in number, were tied to trees in front of their stables, and all the servants, except two or three who have houses in the city, sleep on their Charpáis in the open air, my Ayah among them. We threaded our way gently through them, and found one or two, who are very poor, sleeping on the ground, so that our

night's walk will get them a present of charpáis—for they are likely to get fever without any. In one verandah the bearer sleeps with Bow-wow, our great dog, chained to a pillar near him; on the other side is the guard, so that we can leave our doors open.

Thursday, 8th July, 1847.—We had a delightful drive on Tuesday evening after the rain, and met the Shahzadeh Teimur taking the air in a state Nalki, or royal palanquin, like those we saw at Dehli, in which he was sitting cross-legged, preceded by divers runners, some in scarlet, and others with blue caps, and followed by some horsemen. It formed a pretty, gay-looking procession. He is rather a fine-looking man, and made us two most amiable salams. A little further we met a young Mussalmán with a very pretty bird, called a Byera, on his finger. We stopped the Buggy, and it came on my hand. It was about the size of a large bullfinch, with a bright yellow top-knot and breast. He was teaching it to catch Kauris; letting one fall, the bird catches it in the air. A little further we passed a poor man begging by the wayside. Both his hands had been cut off and his nose slit, as a punishment, whether just or not it is impossible to say. Thus in this short drive we saw three things that would be considered "sights" at home.

I told you of Hasan Khán offering C. a third of his monthly pension. He actually brought the 200 rupees, and very nearly cried, he was so vexed when C. assured him that it was quite impossible for him to accept it. It was really worth while having a debt, that one may learn the difference between one man and another. Our evening drives through the city always divert me. The whole population is out of doors, either sleeping or smoking, or roasting and

fanning Kabobs. They use so little fire that they are obliged to fan it all the time, and our Sáis has hard work in clearing the way of people, children, and cattle, the latter of whom lie down in the very middle of the road. It is no wonder to me that almost all Indian officers are in debt, for few of them seem to deny themselves anything they are inclined for. The Adjutant, who has just married a penniless girl, has *eight* horses, another officer on 500 rupees a month keeps two carriages. To my great amusement I find it is not uncommon for officers to pride themselves on their skill in *making* particular dishes.

Some of our rooms having leaked a little, eight poor little Kúli children, both boys and girls, were employed all day carrying earth in small baskets on their heads to the top of the house, to make it water-tight. They are paid three or four kouris for every basketful. There are sixty kouris to a pice, which is rather more than a farthing; but in the evening we gave them a rupee as bakshish, with which they were overjoyed.

Captain C., who came to tea, caught a locust; the first of these beautiful creatures that I have seen distinctly. The body and legs are covered with alternate bands of the most brilliant green and yellow; and when the sun shines on a flight of them, the effect is said to be magnificent. A beautiful insect appears in great abundance after the first rains; it is something like a large short legged spider, with six legs, but of the colour and appearance of bright scarlet silk velvet. The native name of it is *bir bahatti.*

Instead of being able to buy things ready-made in the Bazár, one generally has to send for a man to come to the house and make them. Two Kúlis have been all day making door-mats. They stick four pegs into

the ground, and fasten two bamboos to them: thus forming a frame on which they work the mat. I have also had some cotton cleaned. You buy it dirty, and a man comes with a thing somewhat like a bow, the wooden part is slung to the roof of the verandah, and the cotton is brought against the string, which is made to vibrate forcibly by striking it with a piece of wood: the cotton is thus thoroughly sifted and divided. I wanted a tin box soldered; for in the rains, everything must be carefully packed in cloth or flannel, and then in tin. A Kúli came and formed a little furnace close to the verandah, by lighting a very small fire of charcoal, making a little hole about two feet distant for the nose of his bellows (which were made of the skin of a goat, with a slit at the back, which he alternately opened and closed), and connecting the bellows and fire by a little underground passage. I was quite pleased with this simple, ingenious contrivance.

July 9th.—Mr. Janvier told us, that when he was at Simla, a few weeks since, he and a brother missionary in bad health went to the house of the Rev. Mr. W., a Church of England missionary, to join in public worship on the Sabbath. To their astonishment and grief, they found all the repairs of his house going on, and workmen in full activity, as if it had been a week-day. Mr. J. felt it his duty to write to him on the subject, especially as even public works have been lately suspended on the Sabbath; but he has as yet received no answer, and does not much expect one.

Hasan Khán's Peshhidmat came yesterday, to announce that a son had just been born to his master; and when we expressed our satisfaction, he said, "Glad! of course you are glad; who is to be glad if you are not?" and then wished that I might be equally

fortunate—a wish that Hasan Khan himself made me a few days ago, when we told him of the birth of dear L.'s little son. It reminded me of Laban's blessing to his sister Rebecca. He sent me some sweetmeats in the afternoon; among them were some excellent sugar-plums, that we thought were made of pistachio nuts, but which we found were channa, a kind of field pea, on which the horses are fed.

C. has been engaged the whole day paying about 460 of his men. It has been a curious scene. They came about 10 A.M., and a fine set of men they are, mostly tall. Four officers came with them; one, a Sikh, looked very droll in his English uniform, with very short white trousers with straps, a long beard, Jewish physiognomy, and yellow and purple turban. The men were mostly in their "half-mounting," or undress, blue jacket, white dhoti (or cloth which serves instead of trousers), and red skull-caps, round which many of them had bound cloths of all colours, to protect them from the sun. They filled all the verandahs, and sat under all the trees they could find. I saw a group of perhaps fifteen or twenty, with one scarlet umbrella in the midst of them, flattering themselves, I suppose, that its mere vicinity was of some use. The money-bags, which I keep in a great red sea chest in our bed room, were brought out; the four native officers sat on chairs against the wall, some with one foot drawn up on the chair, and the non-commissioned officers sat on the floor and counted out the money. I occasionally went to spy them through the blinds. Those who had received their pay seemed quite astonished at the sight of rupees, they had been so long without any. One huge Sikh reminded me very much of a hairy merchant seaman; he had a loose blue jacket,

and though his trousers were rather too tight for a tar, yet altogether he had much the look of one.

We drove out this morning with the intention of paying Hasan Khán a visit, but on reaching his house we heard such a noise of musicians within, that we went on to the "Fil Khana," where the Government elephants are kept, close to the fort. Here we got out, and walked among them. I thought how much interested our children would have been at seeing such a number of these huge creatures, each peaceably feeding on a little slope, with his face towards his keeper's hut; most of them being fastened by so small a rope that it could only serve as a hint that he was expected to stay there. We saw one which they said was eleven feet high. Another who was pointed out to us as the most sagacious of all, is only thirty years old, and therefore not come to his full strength; he had such a crafty, wise, wizened face, and a mild eye, just like a philosopher. One or two were wicked, but most of them very gentle. This wise one was fanning himself with the long stalks of grass given him for his food. It is curious to see the difference of expression and countenance in the different elephants; one near the philosopher had a foolish, good natured, weak face, like dozens of people I have seen. At some distance, a very wicked one was chained to two large trees; he is so savage that sometimes he will not suffer his máhout to come near him, or even the bhistí who brings him water, so that he goes without any for days. He killed two men at Laknao; and watched us out of the corner of his eye in a way I did not much like. Not far from him was a sick elephant, ninety years of age; by no means past work. He was very thin, and his face like that of an old man, with sunken cheeks and rheumy

eyes. My heart warmed to the good old creature; for I love anything old, for my dear father's sake, and I remembered that the elephant was just his age. They had given him only the fresh green tops of the karbi, instead of the whole stalk, as they do to the others. Each elephant has two men to wait on him and manage him; his food costs two rupees daily; so that the whole expense is about seventy rupees a-month for each.

On returning, we went to Hasan Khán's, where the music had now ceased. The uproar it made was enough to have killed both mother and child, if they had not had very strong nerves. You never saw anything so droll as the baby; it had a great aquiline nose, its eye-lids were tinged with antimony, and its eyebrows painted so as to meet in the middle. It was swaddled, though not tightly enough to prevent its moving its limbs; but the arms are put *behind* its back, just as if for the first eight or ten months of its existence it was to be perpetually saying spelling lessons. Bibi Ji (its mother) was dressed as usual, sitting up in her bed. I gave her a ring, and baby a piece of cloth, to make little chogahs for him. Three old Afghán women came in, who stroked and hugged Lala Bibi's head, and kissed little Padimah vigorously. They all rose and remained standing when Hasan Khán came in.

You cannot imagine what an exercise of patience my old Ayah is. She is almost utterly useless except to fetch and carry. She brought me a satin and a prunelle shoe; I showed her that they did not match, whereupon she put them both down, and brought me the other prunelle and the other satin one. One evening I was going to pay a visit, and desired her to give me the "Topi," which is the generic name for both

bonnet and hat, "in that trunk," pointing to it. With the gravest face in the world, she opened a neighbouring Pitarrah, and brought me C.'s black velvet *hunting-cap*. My Munshi can speak very little English. He translated "sweet," read the epithet of a person, by "sweet-meat," and when I ask him why a letter is made in such a way, he says for "be-u-ti-ful." He told me the other day that the Avadavats are called "*lal*," or red, because "the masculine red here," stroking his throat and chest; he is, however, a very painstaking, intelligent man. He always speaks of a *nosal* (instead of nasal) Nún (N).

Monday, July 12th.—C. took me to the Fort in the evening. To us who have seen nothing but barren sand for so long, the country with its patches of verdure and pools of water now looks quite pretty. It is a view which we should pronounce "frightful" at home. The colouring of the sky, and indeed of every object, is, however, truly beautiful during the rains. Mr. Ryan, the Conductor of Ordnance, who has charge of the Fort, showed us where the Sikhs army were encamped last year. All the ladies took refuge in the Fort, and the numerous fires of the refugees put Mr. Ryan in perpetual fear for the powder magazine. He truly said that if Sir Harry Smith had not gained the battle of Aliwâl he must have been disgraced for his want of common sense (to say nothing of generalship) at Baddiwâll, which is close to Loodiana; for by unnecessarily marching close to the Sikh force, instead of within cover of the fort, he lost every atom of his baggage, and had all his sick and wounded massacred in their litters—but of this not a word is now heard. Mr. Ryan spoke like a Christian man of our wonderful deliverance during the late war, for nothing but the

panic which it pleased God to put into the hearts of the Sikhs prevented the destruction of our enfeebled force. Returned through such narrow streets that we could not overturn, for they were but little wider than the Buggy. It seemed quite the Kashmírí quarter of the town, for we saw many of that yellow race.

Their skins are *literally* yellow; many of the women have beautiful features, and in spite of dirt and poverty one can fancy that when young their complexions must resemble that of a peach. Many of the women were smoking—one of them with a baby in her arms. The women wear a red cap like a Constantinopolitan Fez, with a veil over it, trousers, and a sort of loose shirt fastened at the throat, and reaching nearly to the feet, which is *never* taken off while it will hold together! We passed a group of men gambling, of which they are exceedingly fond. The game "Pachísí" is played with markers on a cross made up of squares.

Tuesday, July 13th, 1847.—Two inquirers have lately come to the Mission, one a Jew from Herat; another a Mussalman from a village near this, who has thankfully accepted the office of Mr. Janvier's Phankah Wallah at three rupees a month, in order to be here and receive instruction in the Gospel. This poor man afterwards died of consumption, expressing to the last his trust in "Isa Masih" (Jesus the Messiah) *alone* for salvation. There were no particular marks of deep feeling, but all he said was satisfactory, and his conduct blameless and consistent.

Captain Conran showed me a very interesting letter the other day from one who was formerly a reckless soldier in the artillery, now a zealous Missionary near Agra. The Pastor of the largest Baptist Church at Agra was formerly a private—so was another Minister

now at Cawnpoor. The discharge of the latter was purchased by some poor soldiers who afterwards maintained him out of their pay, and when they could no longer do this, some from another regiment came to his help. In almost every regiment there is a little band of Christians who hold their prayer-meetings even when marching. There is one in the artillery here in which Captain C. generally takes the lead, though he exhorts the men to do so themselves. Christians in India are certainly much less sectarian than at home. For instance, Captain C., though at the time a member of the Church of England, worshipped and communicated regularly with the Baptist Church at Agra, just as Captain and Mrs. R., and others, do with the Presbyterian Church here. I have seen Christians who have never met a Puseyite, and, generally speaking, they seem to put minor differences out of sight, and to be knit in an Evangelical Alliance with all who love the Lord Jesus.

I dare say this arises in a great measure from their being so scattered and so often deprived of Christian society, and of the public means of grace; this makes them joyfully greet a brother Christian whenever they fall in with one, and gladly avail themselves of *any* opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached by *any* Minister. This feeling extends in a great measure even to those who are not decidedly pious. Men give largely to support Presbyterian Missions, who, in England, would probably think it a duty "to support their *own* Church and oppose Dissenters."

So even India has its peculiar religious advantages. I also think that a very retired life is beneficial to the mind, at least for a time. Those who have led it for

long say that one becomes indolent and listless in consequence of prolonged seclusion.

The public press in India seems to me in a very low state. You cannot imagine the nonsense, the twaddle, the petty gossip, and the vulgar mess-table and barrack-room jokes and slang, with which the newspapers are filled. "The Friend of India," is one of the few which assumes a higher tone: usually they are filled with petty professional squabbles, attacks of the coarsest kind on rival Editors by name, questions on the most trifling points of etiquette, *e.g.* whether the wife of a Major and C.B. ranks above the wife of a Colonel, who is not a C.B., whether a rifle will carry 1760 yards, inquiries for deciding bets, accounts of every ball, and how many proposals were made, and some hopeless efforts at wit, and in some of them occasionally an infidel letter on some point of Christian doctrine. But however defective the newspapers are in many ways, they are invaluable auxiliaries to truth and justice in others. They make known abuses, and cause inquiry into many affairs that would otherwise never see the light of day. For instance they have just published a correspondence proving that the late Colonel Davidson, of the Engineers, who was dismissed the service for failing to prove the charges which he brought against Major E. Smith, of the same corps, was the victim of a cabal between the Military Board (now happily abolished), Major E. Smith, Major H. Debude, and others, to ruin him, in order to conceal their own malpractices. What think you of Major Debude, Secretary to the Military Board, writing to the accused Major Smith instructions to "make it the interest of Ramdhun (his head man) to keep out of the way," how to get a

"packed" Court Martial, and in fact all the manœuvres that would be resorted to by a dishonest attorney to get off a culprit. They were but too successful. Colonel Davidson failed to prove the charges he had brought; was dismissed the service, and died suddenly March 31st, 1852. His widow petitioned the Court of Directors for assistance, but they declined, on the ground that her husband was not a subscriber to either the Military or Orphan Funds. The poor lady replied by a second petition, stating that her husband had been a subscriber to the Orphan Fund for *thirty-six years*, and entreating that her youngest child (of twelve years of age) might be placed on that Fund. She then brings forward these proofs of the iniquitous plot against her husband. "Answer returned by the Court, July 2nd, 1852: *No aid or assistance.*" Whereupon "The Englishman" publishes the memorial and proofs, and the Delhi copies of them, and perhaps the press may succeed in making the Court hear on "the deaf side of its head."

The "Bombay Guardian," a weekly paper, is admirable both for talent and principle; the most offensive feature in the tone of some of the Indian newspapers is its gross infidelity: not only gross indeed, but stupid to a climax!

Every one's character in India is fully known to the whole community, so that the bad example of many in positions of great influence is most pernicious.

The heat has been greater than we have yet felt it, for there has been no rain for the last ten days, and as the hot winds have ceased we cannot use Tatties. The thermometer has been from 91° to 95° daily, but the evenings are always pleasant.

A very remarkable man came just as we were going

to drive out the other night, an Afghán of the name of Suleyman Khan. I was quite struck by his countenance, which is full of quickness, talent, and decision, with magnificent eyes and eyebrows, a sweet and winning expression when pleased, and a small, well-made, wiry frame fitted to endure any amount of fatigue. His boldness, intelligence, and determination, render him the first of spies and scouts, and he was high in the confidence of Mr. George Clerk and Major Broadfoot. He is just returning from a visit to the former at Bombay, and told with much satisfaction how well the Governor had received him, embracing him before everybody. He spoke of the confidence Major Broadfoot had placed in him, but added, "If I had committed a fault he would have hanged me in five minutes."

By birth Suleyman Khan is a poor Afghán of good family. He had hurt his foot very much, so that whenever he mounted on horseback the blood gushed out; but he did not seem to care for it. He is just the kind of man you read of in a novel, who guides the hero through unimaginable difficulties, and gets himself in and out of unimaginable dangers.

The other evening I happened to go to the back of the house, and found a most curious assemblage. The orderlies, all our servants, and some sepahís, were there together, with an elderly peasant, and near him a woman on her knees. My husband was speaking loudly in an indignant tone, and the old Ayah, as usual, was sitting in the verandah with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hands, seeing what was to be seen. Suddenly, just as I arrived, C. ordered the woman to depart, and our people unanimously ran at her, each man flourishing a duster, and waved and pushed her away with every mark of indignation, while

the Sikh peasant seemed much obliged. I found afterwards that this poor man had come to complain that a Sepahi had carried off his wife, and that she was then in the lines.

C. sent the Havildar Major to arrest the Sepahi, and to turn the wretched woman out of the lines. The soldier was gone to the Bazár, but a party was sent after him, and the woman was brought here. C. told her, if she was caught again within his lines he would shave her head (I was sorry he did not have it done at once). She began to defend herself, whereupon he ordered her to vanish instantly.

The Sepahi was put in the guard-house, and afterwards publicly *kicked out* of the regiment (literally so), as a warning to others. C. published a Regimental Order on the subject, which was explained to the men at two successive roll calls.

Saturday, July 17th, 1847.—Abdulrahman Khán paid us a visit. Speaking of Shah Shujah, he said his own fondness for reading had been cultivated chiefly by him. The Shah, who was an accomplished scholar, used to take him on his knee, make him read and spell, pat his head and give him a Chogah to encourage him. "He made me what I am," continued he; "he gave me learning, he gave me honours, and now if I were to go back to that country and they were to give me thousands, it would be nothing to me; and except that I know that it is God's will that I should live, my life would be a burden to me." As you might see by his behaviour in the chapel at Jacob's funeral, when he sat with his fingers in his ears. Abdulrahman is a bigotted Mussalman; but having mentioned the name of Pharoah, C. told him the history of Joseph, and of the deliverance of Israel out of

Egypt, saying that all these things were written in the Tourah or Old Testament, and offered to lend him a Bible, for which he said he should be much obliged.

In speaking of the Scriptures he used the term *Kallâm ul illah*, or "Word of God," which they apply to the Kuran, and like all Muhammadans, he never names our blessed Lord without styling him a "Prophet on whose name be blessings." He related a long story from the Kuran, which shows how the facts of the Gospel have been distorted by Muhammad. He said that Jesus wishing to know if the owner of a certain beautiful garden were truly grateful to God, entered it and asked him for some of the grapes that were hanging in rich clusters from the vines. The owner refused, whereupon Jesus left the garden, and and the churlish proprietor saw to his dismay, that every cluster of grapes had been turned into a human head dripping with gore.

He hastily overtook our Lord, and besought him to remove the spell, which he did by prayer, and then admonished the man, that whenever God gave blesssings, it was that they might be shared with others. It is hardly possible to quote any moral precept of the Gospel to a Musalman without the latter capping it, as it were, with a similar maxim from the Kuran; but these gems of truth are hidden under a mass of "profane and old wives' fables." We had a very pleasant drive on Saturday evening (towards Filor, crossing the old bed of the Sutlej and a nallah). Saw a small snake in a tree, which my husband killed with the butt end of his whip. It was above two feet long, beautifully marked, but with a flat head, and a tail tapering off very abruptly, two sure signs of a venomous snake. Several labourers and passers by saw its death with

great satisfaction, especially a traveller with beads round his neck, who said with a kind of horror, "It is an excellent thing it is killed, for it might have come out in the morning thirsting for something and have bitten ME;" On coming home we stopped at a great well to see the elephants get their evening allowance of water. The docile creatures came forward or gave way to others, just as they were bidden—the Mahout turned one of them hastily out of our way for he was "a smiter." The Bhistis put a leathern bucket of water before the elephant, who fills his trunk, and then blows it down his throat, making about two mouthfulls of the bucketful. Close by was a drove of camels, and on the other side some little mules, all forming a picturesque scene in the glowing twilight. The city police, which is generally drawn up for their evening muster about the time we pass, is a very ludicrous body, with no particular dress, but mostly armed with spears. We passed a little circle of men sitting on the ground and singing, or rather "crooning" a plaintive air in chorus.

I was very much amused the other day by one of the Havildars who came here with an English nightshirt for his sole upper-garment. It was very stiff and clean, and looked more absurd than can well be imagined. He doubtless thought himself arrayed in the newest mode. He had a white cloth bound tightly round his head and hanging down his back. He brought a Sepahi to be reprimanded, and I did not dare to look up for fear the poor man who had misbehaved should think I was laughing at *him*.

July 23rd.—I will give you an instance of what would be called *trickery* in an individual, but which is styled a *Government Regulation*. The Quarter-Master-

Sergeant related the other day that a Company's recruit is told in England that he will get sixteenpence a day. When he arrives in India he finds this, under divers pretexts, diminished to fourteen pence, and monstrous to relate fifteen days' pay is taken from him —you would never guess why—to buy his coffin. Supposing that he lives to retire, he gets neither coffin nor is the pay returned. Do you remember what the author of "Essays in the Intervals of Business," says of the different way in which men act as individuals and as members of a committee, and the same holds true of public bodies and Governments. The responsibility is divided, and therefore they will commit acts *as a body* which they would shrink from in a private capacity.

In our evening drive we passed a number of men sitting on the sand much as if they were going to play at "honey pots." We asked them what they were doing. They said they had been trying a charm to see whether the monsoon (rainy season) would be favourable, and whether the harvest would be good—and it would be very good.

We continued our drive literally cross country. The landmarks are formed by little pyramids of mud. The evenings and sunsets, during the rains, are lovely, but the name "Rains" is often a misnomer, when one gets so far north: at thus far we have only one rainy day in ten dry ones. The rains are considered the most unhealthy season of the year: swarms of insects and creatures of all kinds make their appearance; generally one particular species predominates for a few days. For some time we had white ants, with long gossamer wings, then black beetles, large and small, in such numbers that it was hardly possible to have family

worship at night, we were so much disturbed: then numbers of hairy orange-coloured caterpillars came *galloping* over the carpet with wonderful speed: musquitoes are abundant, and so are a beautiful kind of moth, with scarlet bodies and white wings edged with red. Any sore is most difficult to cure during the rains, especially on animals, and horses are subject to a very infectious disease, called barsati (or monsoon) ulcer, which is considered incurable, as it is sure to return.

Hasan Khán came the other day chiefly, I think, to display a beautifully embroidered new dress. I do not know what made him speak of relationship, when he expounded to us that those who are "of one milk," that is, of the same mother as well as father, are more closely related than any others, nearer even than parent and child. One may easily understand that this is the case among the Moslim, where there are children by half a dozen different wives, each with rival interests and sharing in the rivalries and enmities of their mothers.

Thursday, July 29th.—In passing through the city the last two evenings, I have been astonished at the number of rockets going off in all directions; quite poor people indulging in the luxury of fireworks. It is very pretty, as we sit at tea before the house, to see them rising all round the plain, looking like fiery serpents chasing each other. To-day is a great Muhammadan festival, when they make offerings for the souls of the dead, and believe that they are in some way gratified by the fireworks, which have been going on with redoubled vigour. We went out into the verandah after our drive, and about a dozen of our servants began their display. It was really very pretty, and I longed for the children to enjoy it with

us. Besides rockets and a wheel, which greatly astonished Bow-wow by sending forth a shower of fire over and over again, just as he thought of attacking it: there were a number of little things which they call anár or pine-apples. These they place in rows, and each sends up a shower of fire like so many little fire-pots instead of flower-pots.

Suleimán Khán, the Kundschafter I told you of, was contrasting the present state of Loodiana with what it was under former agents. Formerly, any one who was convicted of selling a child was severely punished and condemned to the roads for a term of years. Now it is openly done every day. Three men were found strangled on the high-road, close to Aliwál, about fifteen miles from this, and were buried at the back of our Lines, and such is the supineness of the civil authorities here, that I suppose nothing more will be done. Dost Muhammad, the poor Kashmirí, whom we have been treating so long for ophthalmia, was assaulted yesterday in broad daylight, and most cruelly beaten and kicked by some of his countrymen. He is a Shiáh (who do not number above twenty houses in Loodiana), while the Súnís, of which party his assailants were, are 20,000. This will make it difficult for him to get justice. Hasan Khán and most of the Afgháns are Súnís: the Persians and Kazilbáshis are Shiáhs. Mr. Anderson, from whom we heard not long ago, on his return to Bombay *viâ* Persia, says, the religion of the Persians consists in the poem of Hasan and Hoseyn. The two sects hate each other bitterly: I asked my Munshí some question about the wooden camels I saw during the Muharram in Calcutta. His knowledge of English being quite inadequate to express his feelings, he turned to my husband, and begged him to explain to

me that it was "part of the idolatry of those abominable Shiáhs, and that many of the Súnís had been led into partaking in these ceremonies without understanding them."

Thursday, August 5th, was a Muhammadan festival, in honour of one of their saints, who is buried here, and over whose body the British Government has built a tomb, because they thought that the prosperity of the place would be increased by the mélá or fair annually held at his shrine. This is, indeed, forgetting that "righteousness *alone* exalteth a people." The compliances with both Muhammadan and Hindu superstition, of which men calling themselves Britons and officers have been guilty, are perfectly marvellous. Almost every irreligious man, who has dwelt chiefly among the votaries of one or the other of these false religions, becomes more or less attached to it and imbued with the native prejudices against the opposite party, and in favour of his associates. At Dehli is a mosque built by Colonel Skinner; and Englishmen, in former days, under the influence of Hindu wives, have been known to paint themselves and perform Pujah, or worship at the river side like heathens.

What will you think when you hear of my taking a lively interest in a cat-hunt? There is no knowing what we may come to! Wild cats abound here, that is to say, cats of the domestic breed, who have become wild: they are very large and fierce, and do much mischief, and will even enter a house, tear open the meat-safe and carry off the contents. One of them came to get a guinea-fowl of Mrs. Janvier's for supper, but the dogs heard it and gave chase. We were taking our tea in front of the house, when my husband suddenly started off; away went also the Khidmatgar: the

little Ghúrka Náig on duty went after them, and I in much amazement followed to see what was the matter. The catamount was quickly slain, and nothing could exceed the fury of the little dog, when his big friend Bow-wow had killed his enemy. He sat down, put his paws on it, barked at it with all his might, and then began dragging it about the compound with unimaginable zeal. He will doubtless be a "great brave" when he is grown up.

We had an escape last night for which I am most thankful. Just as we turned down the road homewards, I saw the Sáís drop behind, brandishing his jhárran (or duster) and shouting hoarsely, while C. urged on the mare at full speed. It was a loose horse, whose master had got off to say his prayers, and who found no difficulty in dragging the iron pin with which his bridle was fastened out of the light sandy soil.

Our mare is a most vicious, spirited thing, though docile in harness, and would have kicked and fought with fury had the horse overtaken her. Nothing is more dangerous than a loose horse in India. Finding he was gaining on us, C. dashed into the court of the hotel which we were just passing: the men shut one leaf of the gate, and C. jumped out and kept the horse off with his whip. He was secured, and we reached home in safety.

My little dog is most perverse, and whenever there is a Muhammadan here, he insists on lying down on his feet, instead of coming as usual to me. But it is curious to see how all our servants overlook their Musalmán prejudices in his favour. They pat him, play with him, and even carry him. We never *ask* them to do anything about either of the dogs, that being the sweeper's business. I remark, too, that the

Muhammadans and Hindus are perfectly friendly with each other, talk together, sit side by side, and help each other to let off the fireworks; but Shiáhs and Súnís generally appear unbounded in their antipathies, though I believe less so among Hindustáni Musulmans than among those of other nations.

When my husband related the attack on poor Dost Muhammad to Hasan Khán, although the latter is full of generous feelings, as soon as he found the sufferer was a Shiáh, he lost all his interest in the story, and began to explain that Shiáhs were very bad people. C. told him that they were just as good Muhammadans as himself, for he had read the Kuran, which Hasan Khán had not, and that there was not a word in it from beginning to end about Shiáhs or Sunís, or about the Khalifas. "Yes," said Hasan Khán, "but they do not believe in the Char-i-Yar," or four friends. These are Abubekir Sadíq, or the Just, Omar, Usman, and Ali, and the word Cháriyár is quite a war-cry among the Afgháns. "But," said my husband, "there is nothing about that in the Kuran: it is enough if a man acknowledges that there is but one God, and that Muhammad is his prophet. Do you not acknowledge this?" he asked Dost Muhammad. "Of course I do," cried the poor man, and repeated the Muhammadan Confession of Faith. "Ah! but they don't acknowledge the four books," rejoined Hasan Khán. "Yes, I do," shouted the other; "there is the Kurán, and the Tourat and the Injíl (the Old and New Testaments), and the Psalms of David." Hasan Khán was so confounded at this proof of orthodoxy, that not knowing what to say, he turned to C. and asked him if he acknowledged Muhammad as a prophet. "No, I do not," he answered; "one part of your religion is

true, that there is no God but one, but one part of it is a lie—that Muhammad is his prophet." Hasan Khán's eye flashed fire, but C. added: "I will talk to you about this another time; now, we are speaking of Shiahs and Sunis; and I tell you there is no difference between them; but you are all imposed upon by your Mullahs, who tell you whatever falsehoods they choose." This seemed to make some impression on Hasan Khán, who, like all Afgháns, has a horror of being thought priest-ridden; and my husband showed him that the Mullahs in Afghánistan cannot read the Kuran, as it is written in Arabic, which they do not understand, and they have no translation.

The assailants of Dost Muhammad have been fined and bound over to keep the peace, which pledge they performed by attacking him on his way home. My husband sent his two orderlies to escort him, and they found that his enemies had beaten his wife, and broken all his cooking vessels. Mr. D., the Assistant Magistrate, has therefore placed an armed man to watch over him. This business has caused a great commotion in the city, and Hubíq Khán, a poor Afghán whom we have often assisted, told my husband he had just been defending his character, for the people in Bazar said he was a Shiah; "but I told them," added he, "you were not anything half so wicked." C. was roused at this, and asked, "Do you think if I believed in Muhammad, I would remain as I am?" "No," said Hubíq, "I do not think you would." C. told him that as there is but one God, so there was but one true religion, and *that* he believed to be the Christian faith, and he considered Muhammad an impostor." The man grew quite pale with anger at this. C. repeated what he had said to Hasan Khán, that the

disputes between Shiahs and Sunis were founded on the falsehoods of their Mullahs, and not at all on the Kuran. He added, "half of you do not know anything about your own religion;" and turning to one of our servants, several of whom had drawn near, he asked, "Who are the Char-i-Yar?" "Prophets," answered Vazira rapidly, whereupon even Hubiq burst out laughing.

Hasan Khán came to see us a few days after, and said, "The Ramazan will begin in a few days, but how can a man fast in such hot weather?" he exclaimed, with a kind of peevishness. I had just been prescribing for him; so my husband suggested that he was not well, and therefore need not fast. "How can I say I am not well when I come here, talk and laugh?" He finally announced his intention of going into the jungle to shoot and hunt, because when a man is on a journey or hunting, he is exempted from fasting if he make up for it in other ways. C. told him that Christians fasted differently; and on his inquiring our doctrine on this point, made the Babu read him what our Lord says of fasting, which he pronounced very good. An Afghán of high rank whom we often see, came here the other evening in the greatest distress, having sold even his sword, he said, to satisfy his creditors. Teimur Shahzadeh owes him a small sum, which he will not pay, and he was at his wit's end for fifty rupees. We could hardly do less than offer it to him. He said he knew of our debts, and nothing but dire necessity drove him to come; but, said he, "Who can I go to?" He begged C. not to give him the money before the servants, so the matter was artfully managed, and he departed with a lightened heart.

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfraz Khán, came to

consult C. about his affairs, he too being wretchedly poor. C. told him he had little hopes of serving him, but that if ever it were in his power, he would gladly do so; first, because he had a great respect for him; and secondly, because his brother Aminullah had ordered him (C. himself) to be blown from the mouth of a gun, and we were commanded by our law to return good for evil. Sirfraz Khán said he believed he was sincere in what he said.

Abdulrahmán Khán (the slave of the Most Merciful), of whom I told you as such an intelligent man, and to whom C. related the history of Joseph, asked in consequence for a Bible. C. promised him one that is coming from Calcutta. He then asked for a New Testament in the meantime, "for," said he, "I have heard that the Gospel of John may be depended on." You know that although Muhammadans acknowledge our Scriptures, they assert that they have been corrupted. Of course a copy was joyfully given him.

My husband told Abdulrahím, Hasan Khán's peshkhidmat, that his master's child was so fine a boy, that he was convinced one of his ancestors must have been a son of Anak who had settled in Afghánistan, adding, "You know about the Anakim." "Oh yes," he answered; "they were a people sixty yards high." In spite of the perverted version of Scripture narratives which they have got hold of, they always defer to C.'s account of any of these things as the proper one, and stand corrected by him. Rahím, who has had fever, was doubtful if he might take medicine to-day, according to my directions, on account of the fast. C. told him he certainly might, as he was ill, and appealed to my Munshi if that were not the doctrine of the Kuran. The Munshi said, hesitatingly, "Yes, if he were very

ill," whereupon C. expounded to them that a little illness was like a little lion; if you let it grow, it becomes too strong for you, and eats you up. It was also like a man finding a small hole in a dyke, and neglecting to stop it, because it was so small: he goes to sleep, and the next morning the waters have overthrown the dam, and flooded the country. By which illustrations they appeared quite convinced; and Rahím departed, thanking us much, and professing himself our slave.

# CHAPTER VIII.

The Regiment Quarrels and is Punished.—Conversion by the Sword.—Baptist of a Mussalmá Rahim.—Singing Bird.—Forbidden Marriages among Mussalmáns.—Fasting.—Churning.—Doctrine of Imputation.—Mussalmán Legends.—Alta Muhammad on Fasting.—Regimental Bazár.—Tacts.—Official Delays.—First Death in the Regiment.—Munshi and Monasteries.—"Son of Fowl."—Influence of Native Women.—Brahman on Popery.—Children of a Missionary.—The Pis-zadeh Convert.—The Arabic Character Disliked.—A Father's Picture.—"The Great Day of Atonement."—One Hour's Housekeeping.—Native Mode of Sleeping.—Officers and Non-commissioned Officers on Promotion.—English Doctrine of the Sabbath.—Temperance for Ladies.—Description of the Old and New World.—Superiority of Hindu Religion.—Condition of Widows.—Indian Mussalmáns.—Purgatory.—Afghan Idea of the Heavens.—Falling Stars.—Deficiencies at Sobráon.—State of Magazines.—A Jezailchí—Sympathy.—Salubrity of Different Stations.—Want of Discipline.—Eclipse of Moon.—Regimental Festival.—New World.—Kindness of Prince Taimúr.—Respect for Catechists.—Sufferings of Soldiers' Wives.—Sympathy of Afghans.—Injudicious Commandant.—Promotion of Havildar Major.—"The Labourers in my Vineyard."—Poor Bhistí.—Orphan School.—Dogs.—Tinkling Feet.—Evil Example of Officers.

On Thursday evening, the 12th August, just as we were going to bed, all the Afgháns of the regiment rushed over in a body, having had a fight with the Sikhs, bringing with them a mullah whose beard had been pulled by the latter. C. forthwith turned them out of the compound, refusing to hear any particulars;

and bade them go and lie down, without saying a word, good or bad, to any one. He also warned them that if there were any more quarrels, he would strike all the Afghâns off the strength of the regiment.

My husband being determined to quell this spirit of discord, took his measures accordingly. The next morning, he put his plan into execution. The native officers were much to blame, as they should have prevented anything like a fight. After the regiment had been drilled for two hours (from 4 to 6), as usual, instead of dismissing them, he sent for the Granthi, or Sikh priest, to accompany the men; gave the word to march, put himself at their head, and led them, in the first instance, through two pools of water, past our house, where they evidently thought they were to stop; past the turning into the city, through which they probably flattered themselves they were to return; through a great piece of water, which, as they were not suffered to break line, reached midway above the knee of many of them, and wherein one of the subadars, a very fat, clever man, stuck in the mud, to his extreme disgust, and was obliged to be pulled out by two Sepahis; to a pillar on the Umballa road, full five miles from their lines: when within a quarter of a mile from this pillar, he ordered the bugler to sound "double quick," and thus made them "charge" up to it; from thence he brought them back, leading them over the sandy, broken, rough ground at the back of our house. They did not reach the lines until 9 o'clock, thoroughly knocked up; so that, as the acting Havildar-Major confessed, each man drank a whole jarful of water. The Granthi was in a pitiful plight, from excessive heat, and the consciousness that the men were laughing at him. The old Senior Subadar's red coat had become

black, and never was there such an expression of disgust and weariness as on the face of his fat comrade. At noon there was drill for stragglers; at 1 o'clock a roll-call; another at 3; drill for the whole regiment from half-past 4 to sunset; a roll-call at 9, and another at midnight; and the penalty for non-appearance at any of these, instant dismissal from the regiment. C. issued an order to be read at ten successive roll-calls, in which he told them that the State required 800 soldiers, and not 800 Mullahs, Pandits, or Granthis; and that any one who should in any way insult or attack another on account of his religion, be he Christian, Muhammadan, Hindu, or Sikh, was guilty of a high military offence; and that any more such occurrences as disgraced the regiment last night, should be visited with severe punishment; ending by forbidding all Faqirs or religious mendicants of any description to come within the lines. He also told the Sikh Priest that if any more quarrels occurred, he would be instantly dismissed.

This morning, Saturday 14th, the men were in a great fright lest they should be put through a similar course of discipline to that of yesterday. After drill the regiment was drawn up in about sixteen small sections, to each of which the order was read in Urdu and Gúrmúkhi, and explained by the Munshi and Granthi. Eleven men, absent from roll-call yesterday, were inexorably dismissed, and as C. rode along the ranks he made divers pithy speeches on the iniquity of Faqirs in stirring up strife, describing them as men who said, "'For the sake of God, I eat other men's bread; for the sake of God, I am filthy and unclean; for the sake of God, I am an unspeakable rogue;' only let me catch one in my lines," added he, "and he shall be beaten—so that it shall be terrible." On

coming home he told me this, and grieved for the eleven discarded men, who of course lose their livelihood by being discharged. I suggested that Mr. Bean might intercede for them, and then he could safely pardon them; and accordingly I wrote to Mrs. Bean, asking her to persuade her husband to intercede for the men; an intercession with which (although quite a Roman Catholic one in its circumambulatory course) the Commandant was only too happy to comply. So now I hope they will all be good boys.

My husband having accused the Musalmans of converting by force, my Munshi denied this, and said it was "*only when people would not listen to reason.*" C. had his sword in his hand, and making a lunge with it said, "And then they converted them in this way;" the Havildar Major laughed, and added, "Half my caste (the Rajput) are Muhammadans and half Hindus. How came it that any left the faith of their forefathers? Why, they were made Muhammadans by the sword." And the Munshi was confounded. The regimental Munshi, who is a Kashmirí Hindu, said this morning that the Mussalmans were always boasting of their religion, but that he knew better. My husband said he had a book which he had once lent to two Jews; it was a comparison between Christianity and Muhammadanism, and it enabled them entirely to defeat the Muslim." "A good book to read," said the Munshi eagerly. "I will lend it you," returned C., "and you will be able to confute all the Mussalmans in Loodiana." So I must go and find the Mizan ul Haq for him.

August 18th, 1848.—We have been very much interested in a case of, one cannot but hope, real conversion. Golak Nâth, the native minister in Jallander,

has written to the mission here to say, that a Pir zádeh (son of a saint), the chief man of a village not far from Jallander, who five months ago, when Golak first went, was so opposed to Christianity that he would not even take a tract, has now declared himself a Christian. He asked the brethren and their wives to go and dine with him and his family; and, though advised not to do so for fear they should be assailed by the Muhammadan population, who are greatly excited at the conversion of a man so much esteemed, they went, and nothing happened to them. Azim Khan, the inquirer, has now asked for baptism. May he be baptized of the Spirit, and be an instrument of turning many to righteousness, so that the knowledge of the Lord may speedily cover this country!

The Afghans appear one of the finest races on earth, both physically and mentally. They are very manly, full of intelligence, talent, and courage, and with strong feelings and extraordinary energy. Their very vices, like gigantic weeds, show the richness and vigour of the soil which produces them. What a people they would be did they but know the Truth! Hasan Khán has been very ill, and finding he had taken some horrid Bazár medicine, all I could do for him yesterday morning was to send him some arrowroot, which he ate in spite of the fast, and afterwards, thanks to homœopathy, he became much better. We went to see him last evening, and found that he and his handsome Peshkhidmat Rahím had had a grand quarrel and parted.

With his usual impatience he is not satisfied with knowing that the Governor-General is negotiating in order that his family may be allowed to join him; but he must needs despatch Rahim to Kabul, at the

risk of his life, to see why they have not arrived. The Peshkhedmut naturally enough refused to go, and thence the quarrel. Hasan Khán, in spite of his weakness, waxed quite strong with indignation, and abused all Kabulies and Afgháns as if he himself were not one of them. This morning, however, Rahim came to tell us that Sirfraz Khán had made it up between him and his master; but Hasan Khán having assured him that C. was exceedingly angry with him, he had come to clear himself, for that he being (literally) "a seizer of his skirt," *i. e.*, one who sought his protection (he touched my husband's thigh with both hands as he spoke), could not bear that he should think ill of him. C. explained that it was an exaggeration to say he had been very angry with him; he had merely said, "it is not good." Like a devout Mussalman, during the Ramazan, Rahim carried his beads in his hand. The rosary has ninety-nine beads, one for each of the names of the Most High; but he confessed he could not say them by heart, though he could if they were written.

This morning C. and I were listening to a beautiful little lark of our Khidmatgar's, which sings delightfully.* We asked Baedullah if such a bird could be bought here. Baedullah squeezed up his two fingers and thumb, saying, "Why, you would not give five rupees for a bird so big?" with an air which expressed, "You never could be so demented." "Besides," added he, "it only speaks its own speech," meaning that it could not talk like a parrot or maina; but it imitates the notes of all birds, and some of its little trills are lovely. It goes on singing quite late in the evening. Baedullah will call our great mastiff, whom I have

named Bow-wow, "Pow," and told us this morning that "Pow was an eminent swimmer."

The Munshí, in speaking of marriage, informed us that marriage with an aunt, by either the father or mother's side, is wholly unlawful among Muhammadans.

A man may marry his wife's sister provided the first be dead. The Ramazan should be kept by all men and and women above the age of twelve or fourteen; even women who are nursing should fast, that is as my Munshi expressed it "all good women." None of our servants appear to do so. They ought to abstain from swallowing anything whatever, even their saliva, from early dawn, *i. e.* 3 A.M. to sunset; but Baedullah was puffing away at his pipe long after sunrise, and a young horsekeeper who goes out with us in the evening runs in front of the Buggy with surprising vigour, for one who is supposed to have fasted all day. Owing to the Muhammadan year being shorter than the astronomical one, some of their months having thirty, and others only twenty-nine days, the beginning of the year, and consequently the Ramazan, falls at different seasons, and of course the fast is much easier to bear in winter than in the hot season. It was the Ramazán when C. was besieged in the Kila i Nishan Khan at Kabúl, and he took advantage of the enemy being engrossed with eating and drinking during the night to cut his way through them. The city is now a most lively scene just after sunset, every one being engaged either in cooking or eating, and whiffs of roasted meat and spices assail one on all sides.

Yesterday morning I saw my own churn for the first time: a wooden thing, something like a horse-

shoe, is placed with the curved part inside the mouth of an earthen pitcher, and the two ends tied to a little tree, a large bamboo is placed upright in the milk and within the horseshoe, and supported at the top by a string fastened to the tree. It is turned by a leather-strap passing round it, one end of which the churner, who sits on the ground, holds in each hand. We have excellent butter made, as the natives always do, from the milk.

August 19th.—Abdulrahmán Khan told us this evening that his sister had lately lost a little girl of nine months old. He said that children of that age being sinless, present themselves before God, and their innocence is reckoned to the account of their parents. It is curious to see that the doctrine of imputed righteousness, to which so many unbelievers in Christian lands object on the score of injustice, should be so prevalent all over the world in an erroneous form. That and the corresponding belief in imputed sin, are deeply rooted both in the Muhammadan and Hindú systems. Does not this show that man naturally feels the necessity and the justice of the doctrine of imputation both of sin and righteousness, and that consequently cavils are suggested by Satan from his hatred to the truth? He never objects to the doctrine when a false application is made of it, because he knows well enough that a soul will never be saved by the vicarious suffering of an animal or even of a Monk; and that the merits of Romish Saints and Muhammadan infants are alike inefficacious; but when men are called upon to trust to our Great Substitute who bears our Sins and gives us His Righteousness, then Apollyon storms and rages, and finds fault with the principle itself as unjust, unnatural, and quite incomprehensible. There is a sad

perversion of many Gospel truths in Muhammadanism. Abdulrahman said the other evening that the Messiah would come again at the end of the world, making use of the Kaiba, or black stone of Mekka, as a ladder to alight upon the Earth, and that then He would convert all nations to Muhammadanism, and give up the government of the world to that now wretched Deceiver!

Atta Muhammad being here, asked my husband if he fasted? He told him that Christians were left to their own discretion in this matter; that he himself being far from strong, never fasted, for if he did his thoughts would be fixed on food and drink instead of on the things of God. "Ah!" said our stout friend, "that is the case with me. All day long I think to myself, could I but have a drink of water—could I but eat a kawáb!—could I but have a chillam! (pipe)." As for Hasan Khan he took a pipe here yesterday, and said "he would make it up in the cold weather." The convert at Jallander of whom I told you, was baptized on Sunday, August 22nd, with his infant child. His wife is not yet baptized, for she cannot prevail on herself to come from behind the pardah (curtain).

The Quarter-Master Sergeant and Babu do all the the Adjutant's work. They take the accounts of the regiment, make out indents or applications for arms, tents, &c., &c., pay abstracts, *i. e.* bills for the monthly pay, and copy all the official correspondence. When the Regimental Bazár was first established, large advances were made by C. to enable the shopkeepers to lay in stores for the regiment. He waited until the men had eaten up more than the advances, and then settled the accounts of the Baniahs (shopkeepers), who were

thus entirely in his power. They had not only made out false accounts, but endeavoured to bribe the Babu to pass them, thinking that the Sahib would never look into the bills himself. The Babu brought the money to his master, examined all the accounts carefully, and found numbers of charges made for men of straw who had no existence; and relying on the ignorance of the recruits, especially the Sikhs, who did not know whether they had eaten two annas or six annas worth of meal a day, but only knew that they had had enough, endeavoured to cheat them also by charging them for immense quantities of food. C. had warned the Baniahs to give credit to no Sepáhi beyond two annas a day, telling them that he would only be responsible for that amount. He therefore struck off all the extra charges, turned off the man who had established the Bazár, and who had incited the Baniahs to offer the bribe, and told the remaining ones, that if they could not keep up their shops without advances (which they declared was impossible) that they might depart. Almost all of them have, however, stayed. My husband gets advances of 5,000 to 10,000 rupées at a time from the treasury. This money I keep in a trunk, and the Havildar-Major comes daily for 125 rupees, for the subsistence of the men. By-the-by, hutting-money, *i. e.*, an allowance to enable the men to build huts for themselves, has just been granted; or rather, the news of its being granted has just come, though the order itself is dated June 7th. Thus the regiment has been kept in tents during the whole of the hot weather and rains, chiefly owing to the utter confusion with which everything is managed.

Part of the Frontier Brigade is under Colonel Lawrence at Lahore; part of it under Major Mackeson.

This regiment, and the 3rd, which is at Amballa, are under Major Mackeson; yet both get their pay from Lahor, though there is a Paymaster in Amballa itself. Perhaps the reason of this may be that these regiments are paid from money levied from the protected Sikh States, instead of the contingent which they were formerly bound to furnish; but surely the Government must have heard of such things as bills and drafts. All the pay abstracts of all regiments have to be sanctioned by the Auditor-General in Calcutta; as he and his subordinates have far more than they can do, the whole business of revising the bills falls on native clerks, who make innumerable retrenchments, perhaps more often wrongly than rightly; while the Auditor-General, who, as you may suppose, is the *bête noire* of all military men, can hardly manage to sign the innumerable papers presented to him. The bills are then sent back, with all the retrenchments marked in red ink, and the rest sanctioned. A correspondence generally ensues; the officer giving his authority for the charge objected to. Nothing goes direct; but every letter through the immediate superior of the writer; so that the delays are frightful.

I will give you some extracts from the letters of an officer who is raising another of the Sikh regiments:— "June 7th.—As usual, can get no definite answer from Government about anything, and lucky to get one of any sort in three months at earliest. How get you on with the Auditor-General? Of about 14,000 rupees advances I have had from the Treasury, 53r. 1a. 11p. is the sum total yet credited to me by passed bills. Pleasant that; and I meaning to walk off in October." My husband drew nearly 100,000 rupees on his own responsibility, for the use of the regiment, before his

bills were passed. . . . "Have you contrived yet to ascertain whether drummers are drummers or buglers? whether any tents will be allowed us or not, or Khálasís to take care of them? I can ascertain nothing, although I put my questions in tolerably plain terms; and, under all this provocation, as impertinently in style as may well be."

"July.—Patience and impatience, civility and incivility, argument and persuasion, everything have I tried, and all to no purpose. The only reply I can get out of them is an imperturbable silence." (The writer, an excellent officer, is an Irishman.) "My arms and my accoutrements I have not received; my indent was kept two full months in Calcutta, in order to allow of the rain commencing, and the roads becoming impassable for carts; so that I shall probably not see them for the next two months, or five months after sending my indent. And they expect the regiment to be rapidly complete; and Mackeson—the innocent individual—writes to know if I am prepared to send out detachments, treasure escorts, &c. . . . . The Khalais war still goes on, in the shape of furious letters on my part, and deathlike silence on others—satisfactory sort of thing, especially as I am paying the establishment myself all this time." Speaking of his authority as joint magistrate, he adds: "I have taken no notice whatever of their commission, or *diploma*, or whatever they call it. When a fellow is caught thieving, I give him a licking in front of the regiment, and kick him out without any form. This thieving is the only *civil* offence they commit; and for military ones, extra drill, guard, and reduction to the ranks, have sufficed without any court-martial."

There seem to be hardly any beggars here, except a

few religious mendicants, one of whom rides his horse as he asks alms. Some aged and blind people come to the house every Monday, and one now and then during week; but that is all.

August 31st.—The first death that has yet occurred in the regiment took place yesterday. When a Sepahi dies, the men of his own caste in the regiment bury him; and this one was burnt early this morning by the river-síde. As he left very little to send to his family besides a brass pot and a sheet, we have just paid the expenses of his funeral, amounting to 3½ rupees. It fills one with a feeling of indescribable pain to think of the dread realities on which this poor idolator has now opened his eyes. What an awful revelation of truth must that be which takes place (for the first time) on the other side of death! How this should make us pray with increasing fervour that the kingdom of Christ may soon come with power over all nations, and that the glory of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!

My Munshí was telling me this morning about the Mussalman Sabbath. No work *ought* to be done on that day; but the poor people continue their labours as usual, except that they often attend the public prayers, which begin about one o'clock, and generally last two hours.

After prayers, they have a sermon, and some people then go to the Bazár, and buy and sell as usual; but the Munshí said, "that was not very right." I told him about our Sabbath. He happened to ask me what a monastery was. I explained to him about monks and nuns; taking care to assure him that we had none, only Roman Catholics had; for he understands the distinction between the two faiths very well, and told

me the other day that the Shías were like Roman Catholics; which I thought a most convincing proof that he had formed a very bad opinion of the latter, whom he considers as "But parast," or idolators. He then asked, very simply, "Nun—wife of monk?"

Loodiana, September 8th, 1847.—The Múnshi often diverts me. The Khansaman came with a very grave face to announce the death of a chicken. I did not hear what he said, so the Múnshi interpreted in a solemn tone, "Son of fowl—dead!"

He also tells me many things about the customs of this country. He gives a frightful account of the state of morals, and when I told him that marriage was for life among us, he answered warmly that that was a *very* good custom. You may imagine the degraded condition of the people here, when I tell you that we constantly pass women in the open street bare down to the hips, little children have generally no clothing at all, and many of the men the smallest possible quantity. They do not seem to have the least sense of decency. We daily see fresh proofs that the whole world lieth in wickedness.

The conduct of the Europeans, in many instances, is such as to make the natives despise and abhor them; for although worse themselves, yet they expect those above them to be better than they; and they know full well that our law requires a life of purity and holiness. Besides which, the usual haughty and domineering manners of the English makes them as unpopular here as on the continent of Europe, and as they are almost all in stations of some influence or authority in this country, evil conduct on their part is the cause of injustice and suffering to those beneath them. When a man in office is under the power of a native woman,

she invariably takes bribes, and he gets the credit of doing so; for she of course gives out that the Sahib shares in her extortions. Thus, whether the wretched man does or not, he loses his character for common honesty. Now, putting the principles of morality out of the question, it is evident that an officer who thus places himself into the hands of a Heathen woman, is wholly unfit for any situation of authority.

The natives universally remark that the Sahib-lóg do not live according to their book, and therefore despise their characters though they fear their power. And the evil example of the Europeans has doubtless been one great reason why the Gospel has not made greater progress in India.

Some time ago I read a very clever paper by a heathen Brahman, showing why he would not embrace Popery. His argument was, that he, as a Brahman, professed all that Popery offered; that they were too much alike to make it worth while to change. You have your images, he said, and we have ours; you have Monks, and we have Suniasis; you have the Virgin and the Saints, we have Kali and innumerable Deities; you have rosaries and holy water, and so have we; and thus he went on, making a minute parallel between the two. Now I am sure that a similar prejudice is created against pure Christianity, when Mussalman and Hindus see that the lives of professed Christians are no better, and sometimes more openly scandalous than their own. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the influence of the most insignificant creature, either for good or evil.

We were speaking this morning of several proofs of this. For instance, a Missionary on board ship had two odious children, one a mere baby, just beginning to

walk, the other a boy of three years old, both so excessively naughty and disagreeable, that I am sure those two children, young as they were, confirmed and created a prejudice in almost every one of the passengers against Missions and Missionaries in general, thus doing as much harm as their father's labours did good.

We took tea with Mr. Porter the other evening: he told us about Azim, a new convert at Jalander. He belongs to a family of Pir zadehs (or sons of a Saint), who live in an inclosure, out of which none of their women are ever permitted to go, even veiled, and if they do go out they may never return. This is the reason he has not brought his wife from behind the Pardah, because he has nowhere to take her to, and if she once left the Compound she could not re-enter it. He has some property, which he holds jointly with the rest of the family, and he is now trying to get his share separated from theirs. Mr. Porter thinks him a truly converted man. Azim says that there is another man in Jalander who is ready to become a Christian, but being very poor, he would require support.

Mr. Porter said, that the Convert's knowledge of all Christian doctrine is quite wonderful, considering the short time which has elapsed since he first heard or read the Gospel. He is a well-educated man; another proof that nothing is too hard for the Lord, for the difference in bigotry between the learned and unlearned Musalman is very marked.

The feeling of the former regarding the unlearned of their own creed, seems to be exactly that of the Jewish Scribes: "This people who know not the law are cursed;" and if we did not remember the sovereignty of Divine Grace, we should be inclined to pronounce the conversion of a Mullah or Molevi (a priest or scribe)

impossible. It is hard for a man to acknowledge with Paul, that all his learning is loss in comparison to the knowledge of Christ.

By-the-by, we have been endeavouring to get the Bible Society in Calcutta to print Bibles, so that they will be read. Some time ago we sent to Calcutta for a Persian Bible, for the purpose of presenting it to the Shahzadeh Shahpúr. It arrived beautifully bound; but all the old testament is in the Arabic instead of the Persian character, and, consequently, not one Muhammadan in twenty, either here or in Afghánistan, either can or will read it. The Arabic appears plainer to us, it is much stiffer and straighter, while the Persian is more flowing, like a written hand; but still many cannot, and more will not, read the former. Who would read a volume printed in italics? In vain the Missionaries have represented this, the Bible Society will not listen to them, for the Arabic is cheaper, and all the learned men down in Calcutta approve of it.

Arabic is the study on which an Eastern scholar especially prides himself, just as a European does on Greek; and European Orientalists are infected with the same preference: but not only are the people in Calcutta as profoundly ignorant of India in general as a Cockney, who has never left the sound of Bow bells, is of Ben Lomond, and more so, for the Cockney might read about Scotland; but what can a man read about Upper India?—the Cockney could get Scotch newspapers, but what can be found equivalent to these in Calcutta—but all the learned Molevis whom they consult, think of nothing but displaying their learning, and are wholly opposed to the Gospel. Now are *they*, or are the comparatively unlearned Missionaries, the best judges of which will be most acceptable, and most read.

Would you consult Hannah More or Dr. Porson anent tracts for the poor or cheap testaments?

My husband wrote vehemently to Dr. Duff, and told him that by this false economy rupees are saved and souls lost, so that I trust he may be able to influence the Bible Society to a better course.

My curiosity was aroused by a very animated dialogue between C. and our Khansaman at dinner time. It appeared that Saiad Khán, the Khansaman, although a Mussalman, had lent a large bamboo fan of mine to some of the men of the regiment to brush away the flies from an abominable idol of theirs. C. reproached him, and said, though he would do anything for the comfort of the men themselves, he would in nowise countenance or help them in dishonouring God. He then scrawled a hideous face on a sheet of paper, and said, "I know very well that Idolators say they do not worship the image itself, but God through or by means of the image; but suppose your son were to make a hideous picture like this, and then take it to the Bazár, and tell every one that it was your likeness, and then make salám and pay respect to it, what would you do? Would you be pleased?" "I would make him eat blows," returned Saiad Khán very decidedly. "Well then," my husband answered, "do you not think it must be most offensive to God to have a vile image made by man worshipped as his likeness?" The two Mussalmans heartily agreed, and the old Hindú bearer, who was pulling the Phankah, broke in by vehemently declaring that idols were nothing but vanity and wickedness. This confirms what the Missionaries tell us, that both Heathens and Múhammadans will constantly grant many Scripture truths, without, however, making the

slightest change in their practice. Just as we ourselves too often do.

Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, records that a large body of Hindús whom he addressed on the folly and sin of Idolatry, all, with one exception, assented to every statement he made. He adds, "I could not but regard them as the willing subjects of the Enemy of Souls." Yesterday I sent off half of a translation I have been engaged in for some time past. It is of a German book called "Der Grosse Versöhnungs Tag," lent to me by Mrs. Rudolph, and consists of a Meditation and Prayer for each of the four-and-twenty hours of the last day of our Redeemer's Pilgrimage on Earth. It is very simple and affecting, and I found it so profitable thus to dwell on each portion of our Adorable Saviour's sufferings for our sake, that I thought a translation of it might be useful to many at home. And if it be instrumental in leading any to see more of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, what a cause of thankfulness it will be, and the chain of events which caused its publication will be a source of praise. It was written and published in Germany about 100 years ago, but was quite out of print and unknown, when a copy was found at Helenendorf, a colony on the other side of the Caucacus, in the hands of a pious old Christian woman from Würtemberg. Nothing could have induced her to give up this precious book but the hope of its being useful to others. It was brought to Germany by a young Missionary, and has passed through two editions at Basle. Now, in this remote corner of the East, it falls into my hands to be translated. May God give the increase!

I find drawing or painting almost too great an exer-

tion in this very hot weather, so that I have sketched very little.

Now that I have had some experience in housekeeping, both here and at home, I must say that I consider the excuse which ladies so commonly make for not doing fifty things that they are conscious they might do—viz. that they have so large an establishment manage — quite futile. A large establishment need take no more time than a small one, and I am sure that a lady may look into everything herself and keep her house in excellent order by devoting an hour a day to it; so from henceforth I enter a protest against all excuses on the score of housekeeping. I must tell you of an act of gallantry in Hasan Khán which quite astonished me. He was leading me by the hand across the court just as you would a child, when he suddenly fell down on one knee to tie my shoe-string which had become loose. I, however, preferred doing it myself, as the task would have puzzled him. Coming home the other night we saw six or eight Kúlis lying flat on their backs in the road with their heads close to our wheels, fanning themselves to sleep! Almost the whole population sleep out of doors. They just draw in a foot which is sticking out beyond their charpaís as our Buggy passes. These light Charpais, *i.e.* Bedsteads, which are merely a frame on which a mat of cord or tape is stretched, show one how easily the paralytic could "take up his bed and walk." The houses are very miserable—I mean those of the poor people, being only a kind of stall or booth open to the street, and containing no furniture whatever. The walls are of mud. The ovens are sunk in the ground like wells, are first well heated, the fire is then cleared out, and the bread, which is not unlike bannocks, pasted round the inside of the

oven. It is then shut up and they are baked. Of an evening the streets are full of Kawáb sellers, each fanning his fire and surrounded by hungry purchasers. Every now and then the clink of brass drinking vessels tells of the approach of a Múhammadan water-seller with his goatskin of water at his back. At sunset there are rows of Musalmáns at their devotions in front of the little mud mosques, while a loud bell announces the idolatrous rites of the Hindús. A native officer called the other day in full uniform, followed by a Sepahi. With many salams the officer presented the hilt of his sword and some rupees, first to my husband, and then to me. He touched them, and the Sepahi offered two rupees in like manner. They came to pay their respects on promotion, the Sepahi having been made Naig, and the Jemadár Subabar. The latter is a meritorious old soldier to whom C. is now making up for former frowns of fortune. The grace and self-possession with which natives acquit themselves on occasions of this kind are remarkable. Nothing could be more perfect than the manners of the Subádar.

Monday, September 13th.—We have been very anxious about Captain C., whom I have mentioned to you as almost our only Christian acquaintance out of the Mission Compound. He is a young man, but ill-health has made him stoop and look older than he is; very shy, so that at first I thought him most uninteresting, for he said scarcely a word, but twiddled his spoon in his tea, only listening attentively to all that was going on. We now hail his visits with joy, for he is a Christian of remarkable simplicity, humility, and spirituality of mind, always ready to speak of that which is evidently uppermost in his thoughts, Christ and his Gospel. He is an insatiable reader, and yet so modest that one might

fancy he knew nothing, asking the opinion of others with a meekness and desire to learn that is quite touching. He labours much among the soldiers, but with little visible success, and lives very retired, though he seems most thoroughly to enjoy the society of real friends.

Do you know I have been astonished to find lately the extent of the difference between Scotland and England on the subject of the Sabbath! The "Times" and many other organs of public opinion, and many people whom we have met, state the English doctrine to be much lower than the Scotch—far more so than I knew of. I thought the difference was chiefly in their practice, but one finds even clergymen holding that the Christian Sabbath is not expressly commanded, or to be strictly observed, as it was under the old law. But this is a digression from Captain C.

You may easily imagine how, especially where friends and Christians are so scarce, one becomes knit to such a character. For the last week he has been very ill from exposure to the sun. He was nearly well when he went to a court-martial, a piece of imprudence, from which he is suffering greatly. It appears like low typhus, with congestion of the brain. C. visits him morning and evening. We trust he is improving a little.

By-the-by, dear L. attacked me in her last letter for what I said about ladies taking too much wine. But I am more and more convinced of the sad fact, and I no longer wonder that most people have bad health in India when, in addition to exposure, often unavoidable, to the sun, they eat and drink even more than in Europe. Meat twice and even three times a day, wine, beer and porter, are enough to kill any one in a climate like this.

Several people have assured me that in the hot weather I should find it absolutely necessary to drink beer or porter, *because* I am delicate. I am quite convinced I should have been laid up with fever had I touched either, and I rejoice to say numbers in India are beginning to find out that abstemiousness is the best way, both to husband and to increase strength. As to the question of total abstinence, I am greatly in its favour; first, because it is a Christian's duty not to put a stumbling-block or occasion to fall in our brother's way, and the force of example does wonders—*here* it is essential to health, and at home the example is still more needed, on account of the lower classes; secondly, a pledge keeps people steady to their own resolutions, and provides a sufficient answer whenever they are tempted to break them. There are inconveniences, but they must be endured for the sake of the great good both to health, mind, and soul, and especially to temper, which total abstinence produces. I do not think it *wrong* to take wine or beer in themselves, and in extreme moderation; but I think the evils arising from them are so great and so extended, that all Christians ought to come boldly forward, and endeavour to stem the torrent. As to the argument from Scripture, the art of distilling was not known for some hundred years after, so that the wines spoken of in Scripture were not *spirituous*, and it is alcohol that is so pernicious to health.

I have always omitted telling you of an interesting passage relating to the manner in which America was populated. It is by a Dr. Lindley, of Tennassee, in the "American Biblical Repository."

"Bengel says, that Gen. x. 25, means 'he was called Peleg, *because* the earth was divided in his days.' The word means a physical and geographical division which

happened *at once*, and it is principally applicable to a division of land and water. Whence in the Hebrew tongue, Peleg came to signify a river. Plato relates that the old Egyptian priests taught that there was formerly near the pillars of Hercules, an island called Atlantis, larger than all Lybia and Asia, and from it an easy passage to other islands, and from these to the continent which was opposite and next to the true sea or Pacific. In after times, there happened a dreadful earthquake, which continued a whole day and night, and the island Atlantis being overwhelmed by the waves, sunk in the ocean. And the sea in this place has been ever since so filled with mud and sand, that no one can sail over it to those other islands, or near the firm land. The islands alluded to as beyond Atlantis, are evidently the West India Isles. The whole account is probably true, and affords a reasonable solution to the division of the earth in the time of Peleg, and also to the question how America was peopled. If from Africa, the extermination and subjection of Ham by Japhet meets with striking fulfilment in that hemisphere. The Red Indians are not unlike the ancient Egyptians, and the earthquake happened long enough ago to account for the depth of the sea at present, although 1500 or 1800 years B.C. it may have been still choked with sand and mud."

I wish you could find out if Columbus knew of this passage in Plato, and if it had any influence—(if he knew it, it must have had some)—in convincing him that there was a great continent beyond the Atlantic.

It will give you some idea of the depravity of the Natives, to mention that we passed to-day a pretty little girl, singing at the top of her voice; and C. told me that the words of the song were so utterly detest-

able and vile, that hardly any man among the worst in London would sing such, unless previously intoxicated. Muhammadans are practically as bad as the Hindus, though their religion is far better; for nothing, it is said, can equal the abominations of the Hindu deities and modes of worship.

The verses taught to children at school are such as cannot be repeated. I saw a letter lately from an educated Hindu, who after citing one or two, said that "decency forbade him to give any further specimens of the slokas or couplets he had been taught in his childhood." Think what must be the state of a nation, when children are systematically trained in wickedness, and their acts of worship consist of crimes. Mr. Janvier was saying the other day, that although the abolition of Sati is a thing to be carried through by all means, still that the condition of a Hindu widow is often so lamentable as to make death almost preferable. She is obliged to submit to all kinds of austerities and fasts, and from their patriarchal mode of living—(all the branches of a family live together under one roof, and under the authority of the father or eldest brother) —too many jealous eyes are over the poor widow, to allow of her escaping any of these inflictions.

I now, with the help of the dictionary, manage to have long conversations with my Munshí. I was telling him the other day about the Algerines, and mentioned that they, as well as the Turkish and Egyptian Muhammadans, freely ate and smoked with Christians. He said at once there was nothing in the Kurán against it. Although a learned man, he knew nothing about the Egyptians beyond the name, nor about the Memlúks, or the Beys, or the Dey of Algiers. I endeavoured to give him some idea of Christianity,

and in return he told me that Muhammadans believe in purgatory, which they call "Aráf," and which is tenanted by infants of Hindus and others, who dying before they have committed sin, are consigned to this abode, which is situated between heaven and hell. When the gales from heaven blow over them, they revive and live; when the gusts of hell reach them, they die; and this alternation continues for ever. I rather think wicked Mussalmans go to hell for a time, but I must inquire.

Many of their traditions and doctrines are childishly absurd, and others are rather poetical. For instance: Abdulrahman Khan, who often comes and sits with us in the evening, on our admiring the extreme beauty of the sky, deigned to enlighten us on the subject of the stars, by saying that all things were created with a reference to man, and that the stars were stuck in the sky for our pleasure, just as brass-headed nails are stuck in a door. Soon after, we saw one of those beautiful falling stars, so frequent in this climate; C. asked our Afghán friend what he thought of them. He said that the evil angels constantly endeavour to listen to what is going on in Paradise, but that the heavenly watchers at the gate hurl these fiery darts at them, and drive them back.

The Quartermaster-Sergeant mentioned casually the other day, that at the battle of Sobráon only one mortar had a platform, without which essential appendage, a mortar, on being fired, goes head over heels and buries itself in the sand. Two or three howitzers burst for want of platforms, and the supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries were silenced for want of it, at the very time when they ought to have covered the advance of the infantry against the Sikh

batteries. The consequence was, that the latter played on our troops with redoubled vigour and effect, and caused most murderous results. There were so few artillerymen to serve the guns, that most of the horse artillery were dismounted to man the batteries. When, therefore, the horse artillery were required, the guns were brought forward under the charge of bare-legged Saises (grooms), with here and there a dragoon whom they had picked up as they could, the horses kicking over the traces, and everything in confusion.* Major T., who you know is a kindly Scot, told C. the first enemy they met, that he never saw such *confoosion.* You may imagine that the authorities have not profited very much by the lesson they then received, on the danger of being unprovided with military stores; for the magazine here is almost totally denuded of everything it ought to have. The nearest magazine is that at Dehli, 200 miles distant, situated in the heart of the city, in the midst of a fanatical Muhammadan population, three miles from the cantonments, with a slender guard, thus being open to a surprise by any daring adventurer or sudden outbreak.

Last campaign there was nothing to prevent the Sikhs

* Quartermaster Serjeant W. C. Wharton, who related the above, was a first-rate non-commissioned officer. He was afterwards transferred to the 23rd Bengal Native Infantry as Serjeant-Major: on one occasion, during Sir Charles Napier's expedition in 1850, he killed no less than seven men with his own hand, one after the other, chiefly with the sword. For a feat for which Napoleon would have given him the Legion of Honour on the spot, and which Sir Charles Napier, with his quick appreciation of military excellence of every kind, would have rewarded to the extent of his power, the only recompense he got was a coarse rebuke from a coarse commanding officer, telling him he needn't expect to obtain a commission, zabardast (*i. e.*, by force) in that way. This excellent non-commissioned officer has lately fallen a sacrifice to the climate of Bengal (1851).

pushing on to Dehli, except the good providence of God which kept them from doing it. Colonel Drummond, Quartermaster-General of the Army, who has just finished a very laborious work for the Governor-General, on the comparative salubrity of the different cantonments in India, was telling my husband of a curious instance of perverseness in the Governments of India for a great number of years. Chinsurah, near Calcutta, has been the depôt for newly-arrived troops. It has been remonstrated against on account of its extreme unhealthiness, ever since the place came into our possession, yet the successive Governments of India have persisted in maintaining the station, and have built barracks at an expense of 3 laks of rupees (30,000*l.*), where the men die by scores. Each man by the time he is fit for duty in India, is reckoned as having cost the Company from 100*l.* to 120*l.*, so that the extravagance of maintaining so unhealthy a station, to say nothing of its inhumanity, is obvious. Colonel Drummond is a very fine old officer, full of energy. He told C. that although a Qui-hy* himself, he always inveighed against the want of common discipline in the Bengal army. He recollected the time long ago, when he was on service with some Madras troops, when he nearly got into several serious quarrels with officers of his own Presidency, for openly asserting the superiority of the Madras system of discipline. C. however thinks that the incessant worry of the Madras system would never suit the Bengal Sepahí; and even as it is, it chiefly falls on the shoulders of the unfor-

* *i. e.* a Bengal officer; so called from the number of servants employed in Bengal, who are summoned by calling Koi-hy? Who is there? Bombay officers are called Ducks, from a fish for which their presidency is famous. Madras officers, Mulls; I know not why.

tunate European officers, for the Government of the "benighted presidency" have long been in the habit of yielding to all the demands of the Sepahís, who, being very low caste men, manufacture and obtrude their religious prejudices on all occasions, when the high caste Bengalís would never think of making an objection.

As an instance of this culpable weakness, a Madras officer related to my husband that the Adjutant-General having determined to introduce the Kilmarnock cap worn in Bengal, in place of the absurd monstrosity hitherto in use (the sight of which is enough to provoke Heraclitus himself to mirth), it was arranged to try it in one regiment, on the principle that if one sheep leaps a dyke, the rest will follow. The men cheerfully agreed to it, with the single exception of the son of the Munshí, who was incited to rebel by his father, a bigotted old Musalmán. The cap was no more against his creed than it is against yours, nevertheless, instead of at once dismissing the malcontent and serving out the caps, the authorities had the incredible weakness to reverse their own decree, to recall the caps, and restore the ancient monstrosity to its former "hideous reign."

I am happy to say the muskets C. rejected, have, on his representation, been changed by Government, who have ordered him some of a superior kind (fusils), but which are not to be had nearer than Dehli, so that he is not likely to get them until November, although he indented for them in May.

One of his old Jezailchis stopped us the other day as we were going out, with such a handsome open countenance, that I was quite interested in him before I knew who he was. Hasan Khán remembered him

perfectly, and confirmed his assertion that he was one of the last men that remained with him after my husband was given up as a hostage. C. has now furnished him with clean garments, and is trying to get a pension for him. He has lost the toes of one foot from the frost on the retreat from Kábul. His name is Muhámmad Khán. He lives here, and, like Homer's Heroes, is no less remarkable for his prowess at the feast than in the fray. Báedullah, who has acted as his purveyor, assured us that he never saw a man eat so much at a meal; he has devoured ¾ of a sir of meat and 1½ sirs of meal daily, and as Baedullah added, "He made us all lay hold of our ears, and cry 'Tobah!' when we saw him." This they do to express extreme astonishment. Now, as a sir is equivalent to 2 lbs., it is no wonder that the Jezailchi has grown visibly fat during the last week. He does nothing but walk about, sleep, eat as aforesaid, smoke, and look as meek and as happy as a lamb.

September 16th.—The Express came last night. Heard that my dearest and honoured father had entered into his rest. As we were coming home at nearly dark that evening, we met Prince Shahpúr, who immediately sent a horseman to inquire how I was. I must tell you an instance of his ready politeness. On riding home one morning, C. happened to look over the Shah Zádeh's wall, and seeing his venerable monitor Sirfráz there, made some little compliment on its good order In the course of the morning Shahpúr sent us a tray of the best vegetables he had. The Afgháns have shown me much sympathy and kindness. When Hasan Khán first met me, he was quite moved, and repeatedly said to my husband, "Comfort her, comfort her."

Monday, 21st September.—The letters did not arrive

till this afternoon. Sad as they were, they were full of comfort to me. I look up with joy, and think of my dearest father, with his youth "renewed like the eagle's," seeing Jesus "face to face," and I feel I cannot mourn for him.

22nd September, 1847.—My Munshí came to me this morning, and seeing me look sad, he tried to comfort me as follows:—"Wise man—not know what sorrow is." I smiled. "Patience very good." I assented. "Will of God." I then told him as well as I could the ground of comfort I had; that my dearest father had loved God on earth, and that, therefore, I trusted he was now with God, and told him the comfort he had in reading the Scriptures.

September 24th.—There was an eclipse of the moon, which the Hindus believe is caused by the attempt of a great green dragon to devour her; they usually make a hideous noise to scare away her assailants, but the Hindus of Loodiana showed remarkable apathy, and made but few efforts in her behalf.

The 6th Native Infantry had a great wrestling match, to which our regiment was invited. We stopped as we were passing their lines, but it was all over, except some of them playing at single-stick with very small shields, under the thick shady foliage of the spreading trees. Several of the 6th came up, as scantily clad as decent men well could be. They were evidently pleased at our stopping, and brought out a long-necked bottle of rose-water, wherewith they sprinkled my husband, and then, having asked permission, they dexterously sent a showerful into my eyes. They then offered us a tray with slices of apples and spices, a few of which I took. This is the simple and courteous entertainment they offer to each other.

On our return home, we found Abdulrahmán and his father Atta Muhammad, who had come to pay me a visit of condolence. The old man, who says he considers me as his daughter, told me he had not come before, because he understood it was not customary to come immediately. They both seemed really kind.

The father afterwards asked my husband why America was called the New World. C. related the history of its discovery. Atta Muhammad had heard the expression from Sir Claude Wade, years ago. I think it would be well if we were as alive and as anxious to inquire into all we do *not* know or understand. The Khansáman amused me the other day, by panegyrizing the little dog "Nel," in comparison to "Bow-wow." He said "Nel" was a dog *full of respect*, for whenever he came by, when they were either cooking or eating, he always made a great circuit, instead of thrusting his nose into every dish, as "Bow-wow" tries to do. As we were coming home after the eclipse, we saw the Shahzadeh Teimur, Shah Shújah's eldest son, preparing for a drive; and as I wished to see him, we left the buggy, and walked into William the Catechist's house, close by, from whence I saw this curious cortège, preceded by about a dozen men on foot, in scarlet, with spears; then came the Prince in a buggy, followed by some horsemen, while divers Saises scampered after them on foot. It was so dark that, being in the shade of the porch, they could not see us. A horseman came and asked for William as the "Chota Padre," "chota" meaning little, junior, or inferior. Teimúr spoke to him in Hindustáni—a great condescension, as a Sovereign is supposed to know no language but his own; asked after him and his family, and his brother, the other Chota Pádre, meaning Haldhar.

William told us that when the Sikhs came to Loodiana, Prince Teimúr sent for him and his family, told them not to fear, and most kindly kept all the women and children in his own zenána for safety. So much for the "*old-Indian*" idea, which Dr. Duff exposes so well in the July number of the "Free Church Missionary Record," of native converts being considered as outcasts, and despised by their countrymen. Doubtless they are outcasts from their families and friends, just as a convert from Romanism is; but we see with our own eyes the respect with which the native converts are treated by their countrymen in general, when their lives are consistent. Muhammadans of course consider a Christian much better than an idolator; and Hindus think each man is to be saved by the religion he professes: if indeed they have any idea of what we mean by salvation.

September 30th, 1847.—A young Scotchwoman, wife of a bombardier, came to ask me if I could get a situation for her. She told us that coming up the country, the women and children were brought up in the river boats; and the voyage from Calcutta to Cawnpore was only fourteen days shorter than from Liverpool to Calcutta. They were sent up in June, the very middle of the hot season, in boats, as usual, pervious to the sun. The doctor (Macpherson by name) who was with them, took no charge of them whatever. Doctors seldom do give advice or warning to either the soldiers or their wives, thinking it of no use. The surgeon of a hussar regiment laughed at me for warning a ruddy young girl fresh from England, who was sitting bareheaded in the sun, saying, "We never give them any advice, it is of no use; we let them take their own way:" and of course numbers are sacrificed to their

ignorance of the climate and its dangers. Many doubtless are obstinate, but not all. Money was given to these poor women for subsistence, but no one told them what food they would require, or what they ought to get; so that many of them lived on a little tea, without any milk or sugar, and thick, indigestible chapátis of wheat-flour and water. The consequence was that the deaths were frightfully numerous, five or six bodies of women and children being often buried by the river side in one morning; and yet no representation was made by their officers.

A poor soldier's wife is indeed to be pitied; she is often a young, inexperienced country girl; nobody cares for her, no one looks after her; her health is as likely to give way as any lady's in India; she is treated more like an animal than a woman, obliged to live day and night in barracks, in the same room with a crowd of rude, depraved men, married and single; probably her husband beats and kicks her; and when on board ship, she is worse off than a female convict. In India, she is sent hither and thither at all seasons, and she may truly say, "No man careth for my soul," for hitherto I have only seen two chaplains who can be considered as truly Christian men; undoubtedly there are others, but they are rari nantes, &c.*

Wednesday, Sept. 29.—Hasan Khán's wives came to pay a visit of condolence; they had offered to do so

* Orders have lately been issued for married soldiers to have separate barracks from the single men. Sir Charles Napier also made some excellent regulations regarding the number of cubic feet to be allowed for every inmate of a barrack. But still more recently the number of married men has been limited to twelve per company, which is beneath the present average, at least in the artillery. Now certainly any one who has the welfare of the soldier at heart would endeavour to increase the number of marriages instead of limiting them.

before, but we deferred it. When they spoke to me of my loss, they both wept; and although this is the custom, I am sure they felt sincere sympathy, and it was a comfort to me.

Except Mrs. Henry Drummond and Mr. Janvier, the Afghâns are the only people who have spoken to me of my dearest father's death, and have shown real and natural feeling on the occasion. Surely the cold English fashion, or awkwardness, whichever it is, of passing over the cause of grief, and saying nothing about it, is not in accordance with the apostolic injunction, to "weep with them that weep." Paul well knew that sympathy is the best comfort; and I assure you that these wild Muhammadans have been of more comfort to me than all the Christians in Loodiana. This ought not to be so. An Afghán or a native speaks to me of it, says he is grieved, and tries to afford me consolation; and the very attempt is pleasing. A European, even a Christian, asks me how I am, and seems afraid to allude to the subject; and therefore his or her company is a restraint to me, which I would much rather be without.

That huge burly Náib Rassaldar, Atta Muhammad, came here a few days ago; and on hearing of the loss I had sustained, he begged C. to tell me how grieved he was, and then opening his hands like the leaves of a book, said, "Let us have a 'fátiha,'" or prayer. C. put his hands in the same position, and, with his face quite red with emotion, and his eyes full of tears, Atta Muhammad prayed that God would bless and comfort me, and that the blessing of Jesus the Messiah might come upon me. Then they both stroked their beards. The heartiness and earnestness with which it was done quite touched me. This kind man cannot read, so that

he could not use a New Testament. But is not this a fine native soil, and will it not be a glorious harvest, when the good seed of the Word springs up to everlasting life in the hearts of these men?

Another of my husband's gallant little band of Jezailchis arrived the other day, Amir Khán, a Naib (or deputy) Jamadar, whom C. appointed to take charge of Captain Eyre's family on the retreat, and who brought Freddy Eyre on his horse, safe through the Kabúl Pass. He came to ask for a certificate. He is a stout handsome man, with, like most of his countrymen, the most beautiful long silky eyelashes imaginable. They are the handsomest race I ever saw. Hasan Khán is just what the Hindus would call him, "The Unquiet One." He is never happy unless in a state of fiery excitement; the other day he worked himself up to boiling-heat, in speaking of his old Commandant, Captain F., and related several facts, which are certainly not to his credit. A sister's son of Hasan Khán's, who was with Captain F. when he was attacked at Peshbolak, fought to the last with the greatest gallanty, keeping the gateway, and as Hasan Khán said, "behaving like *a man.*" At last he was killed. When Captain F. met his uncle afterwards he never said one word to him on the subject, expressed no sympathy, did not even tell him his nephew had been killed. Muhammad Hasan said, "If he had only said, 'your nephew was killed fighting,' it would have been enough;" but he only heard this from some of the Jezailchis. How can such a commander win the affection of his men? Again, previous to Hasan Khán's momentous expedition to Kábul, a relation of his was dying, notwithstanding which Captain F. wished to detach him on a treasure party, and on his remonstrating, assured him it was

necessary he should go, as there was no one else he could trust. When he returned he found his relation dead and buried. "I took up his body," he said, "embalmed it, and asked leave to go and bury it among our own people." I told him I should be disgraced if I did not do it; all my tribe would say, 'Ah! he is too busy making money, he does not care for his kinsfolk.'" It was in vain—Captain F. would not let him go. He describes everything in pantomime as well as in words, so that I can almost follow his narrative.

October 9th, 1847.—C. has lately promoted his Havildar Major to be Subadar, the highest rank of native officer in a regiment. When he told him of it the man, a very fine Rajpút, who has done excellent service since he joined, said nothing, only made a military salute, and when C. afterwards in private expressed his gratification at having the opportunity of promoting him, he merely joined his hands, and tried to mutter something, with tears swimming in his soft large eyes. C. was quite touched, for it was so different from the usual exuberance of verbal gratitude shown by the natives. He came soon after in uniform, to pay his respects on promotion, and looked very happy; an arm-chair was placed for him, and he sat down as a visitor for the first time. Since then he comes on business in his usual simple dress. His promotion, however, excited great wrath in another Havildar, who came and requested to be sent back to his former regiment. For this most insubordinate request my husband deprived him of his pay Havildarship, reducing him to plain Havildar, by which he loses five rupees a month. He then ordered all the pay Havildars to assemble here (such a fine set of men!

none under six feet), and caused the regimental Munshí to read to them the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. He told them this is the word of God; and explained to them that they had entered as Sepahis on seven rupees a month, and ought to be contented if they remained so always; they understood the parable perfectly, and were quite pleased with it. He certainly appears to me that he has a most admirable way of dealing with people in general.

I was much interested in another regimental incident. A poor Bhistí or water-carrier got leave to visit his mother who was very ill, over stayed his leave, and did not come back till after muster—a heinous offence, and moreover no one gets pay, who is absent without leave on muster-day. He came just as we were going to dine out, and was most ostentatiously and imperiously desired to depart by the Orderlies, who, in virtue of their office, are the most overbearing and despotic personages imaginable, for this was not the proper time to come. C. beckoned to him to approach, whereupon they cried, "Now halt, don't advance a step farther." The poor Sikh stood with his hands joined making his petition, and my husband's old Bhisti, who was with him at Peshawar, and who always amuses me, by his grey beard being stained red, while the moustache is left white, was so moved that, although the delinquent was a Sikh, and he himself a Mussalman, he could not help crying, "Oh, be merciful." I am happy to tell you the poor man was re-admitted and got his pay.

The Orphan School here is really disheartening to the Missionaries. Mrs. Rudolph, who has had the care of it the last year told me, that she had taught them Scripture History until she was quite weary of

repeating it. On asking them casually, a short time after, who Adam was, one said an angel, another a devil, and the rest did not know. Some of these girls are from twelve to fifteen years of age. A nice young girl of fifteen, named Louisa Sylvester, is staying with the Rudolphs. Her father, a hospital steward, was killed at Kabul; she has lost her mother, and was in the charge of a lady, who, about a year ago, placed her in the Convent at Agra, where she was nearly made a Papist of. Mrs. Rudolph very kindly offered to take her, but said she could not devote any time to teach her. I have therefore undertaken to give her a lesson in geography and history daily; besides which we read a chapter in the Bible, and she has a Bible lesson on Sundays. Though by no means advanced even in the groundwork of education, she is quick and diligent, and a very pleasant child to teach.

October 19th, 1847.—Sometime ago we sent a shepherd and a Choukedar of the regiment with 100 rupees to buy a flock of sheep for the Mutton Club. They were obliged to buy a large he-goat to walk at the head of the flock, for until they did so the sheep ran hither and thither, and could not be driven comfortably. Does not this illustrate the expression (Jer. iv. 8) in which the Jews are told to go out of Babylon, and be as the he-goats before the flocks, that is, set an example to others to follow?

Again, each of the servants has so many dusters in his charge, one of which he always carries about with him. Most of them gird themselves with it, and I seldom see one unfasten the end of his towel, if about to wash anything, without thinking of our blessed Lord condescending to do the same.

These are just some of the illustrations of Scripture that we see daily. The crowd of wild Pariáh dogs, which rove about the city, give quite a different meaning to the expression, "Dogs have compassed me," (Ps. xxii. 16), to what it has in our ears, who are accustomed to have only faithful and civilized dogs come about one. You remember how many passages speak of tinkling of the anklets of the Jewish women: here they not only often wear a whole row of silver bangles, but sometimes they have little silver tassels attached to them, which of course make a great jingling in walking.

END OF VOL. I.

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